

Trademark

"Industry is Punks"

Visit "[Industry is Punks](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[talking]

The industry's a bunch of fuckin punks!!
Here's what they said...

Well, yaknow Tech, your drum-n-bass might not
go well with uh urban radio, yaknow?
And, your orange hair, it's so.. not..
black, I mean yaknow, you understand what I'm sayin?

[Chorus] - 2X

They won't play me on - radio, cuz they be on
Punk shit daily y'all - industry's a shady one
They won't play me on - radio, cuz they be on
Punk shit daily y'all - industry's a shady one

[Verse One: Tech]

Yo.. yo.. check.. check..
Don't nobody wanna deal with a nigga that got it
together
for real, and even think his own thoughts
Everybody wanna do what everybody else do,
when the "copycat" is what they been taught
I'ma get in the brain of the lame
I contain pain, and I'ma give it to the rap game
The way you're doin it, the way you're pursuin it
you're gonna ruin the feelin, it's a goddamn shame
Are you ready for the real? Here we go now
Most on the radio can't flow now
Everyday I gotta cut the radio down
Sound like another Pac or an O-Town
We can't have a contest or a showdown
With two guys got the same kinda flow sound
Tecca Nina; I'm comin to put the mo' down
Run up in the record label with the fo' pound
Am I too versatile? Cursed to drown in the bowels of the
Earth
When I'll be first to growl, and burst out the fouts
of the original murderous verse out the mouth
Big Tech N9ne's gonna be the one winnin the race
That's real, I'm speakin to everyone in the place
I can deal what ya don't like; the drum and the bass

If you can deal with a motherfuckin gun in your face
I can't get wit it
Record labels in the industry are sick wit it
P.D.'s that really don't know a hit for shit
Kick the bitch - if you diss my hit, you might get pistol-
whipped
Catch him in the hall - hit 'em in the jaw
Give it to the fans, they can get it all
Cuz the industry is punks! - check I'm ready to get
crunk
I'm comin to straight dump with a pump!

[Chorus] - 2X

[Verse Two: Tech]

How many Tupac's and Jay-Z's and Master P's can they
conceive?
Cuz they know a few glocks, three 18's, and master
keys'll make 'em bleed
How you gonna say
black people won't listen to this and don't listen to that?
Like sayin a fool can slang 'caine,
a fool can gangbang but never will get hit with a gat?
You better - get your story straight
Cuz I ain't no devil for real - I'm a rebel for real
That Tech N9ne is on some other level for real
You a pebble to real niggaz - songs like "Psycho Bitch"
and "Real Killa"
"Einstein", "Niggaz" after mill still-a
The idiots say black folks won't feel us
What you think we dumb?
Do we all gotta run when the heat come?
Showin original tongue, it'll be fun
but the motherfuckers with the bums and the weak
ones
Suge Knight punked the industry quick
That's because most the industry's bitch!
Nigga I'm a man, I don't be runnin from nobody
We deal with the niggaz who trippin and givin us shit
Radio won't play the old fame
thought they wanted rap to advance but they all gay
Wanna die in my aunt's hate
Every industry's rackin 'em, givin money to the un-paid
Tech and Technico, dead peo-ple, involved from K.C. to
Mex-i-co
Strapped with that fat Desert Eagle
Run up on the industry and let the heat go!

[Chorus] - 2X

[Verse Three: Tech]

You can look into my E-Y-E's and you can see why these
motherfuckers don't wanna see my steez
Cuz I'm a killa with lyricals comin down like miracles
and
I come from a kingdom of humble drums and hums
become rumbles
I'm the one that begun the unsung
Got sprung, now everyone comin in bundles
Act like a bitch; treated like a bitch
Act like a chump; treated like a chump
When the funk jump - what ya gonna want?
Ain't gon' want nothin - in the street punk
You can run but you can't hide from the riot
So you can say that it's dope but I won't buy it
You can think Tech N9ne really won't fly
But I got a killa ear and a killa eye
Def Jam take chances; in my opin-ions
They give advances; to the niggaz that's really on
Universal, Loud, LaFace - that's some of my favorites
But the ones who call the shots; most of 'em on some
heinous shit
That other shit; call your mother, sis, or ya brother bitch
Not no lover licks, packin black and fat, blubber shit
Yeah the radio dead! - cuz the industry is punks!
(punks!)
Put the double-barrel to his forehead!!

[Chorus] - 4X

Visit [Trademark](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.