

Trademark

"Yada Yada Yada"

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[Tech talkin]

Huh, My nigga Don Juan...damn
I Been knowin you a long time nigga, heh
We did a lot of shit together man
On this music tip man
Beautiful shit we did dog
Remember when we went out to L.A. man, wit Quincy
man
Made all that shit pop
Yukmouth and everybody
Dubb C and everybody
Had a lot of good times dog
Know what I'm sizzlin
But that shits about to come to an end dog
Ya know
Never have I ever crossed anybody, y'all niggas know
me
The sands of time have already started to pour against
you dog
So listen hard
Cuzz I'm speak real softly
Like this

[Tech N9ne]

Just think
What if I could just, just blink ya shit away
Niggas think
Because a nigga bust, I grips and grips to pay
The pain grows in fame and kangos we're changin
strange hoes
Who bang in Range Roves for thangs same shows, wit
lames
The rains goes will stain and insane foes who drain
And hang rows wit brains
If you brought it, that means you got it
And if you brought, that means you should have shot it
Cuzz I'm about to drop the ray and Nina
Locked to kill a liter
Proped to meaner nigga
I pop the millameter
Demarco I'm bout to spark flow ya bark so hearts wit

parts
Gonna make ya heart blow (heart blow), blood
And don't be was-in, cuzz-in me buggin me
Bout dubbz I be musclin these clubs really lovin me
It hurts my nigga the hurt my nigga
But hurt my nigga is whats inspiring these spurts my
nigga
At first my nigga
Used to be my homie, used to be my ace
Yellin you gonna slap the taste out my mouth
Nigga I never scare
Savoir faires everywhere
If you need me believe me its easy
To put hoes in shock to tizzie
Watch the wizzie
These glocks'll talk fa shizzie

[Hook: repeat 2X]

Some say I should worry and watch where I walk
Yada yada yada nigga, that's just talk
I'm a friend, if I was a foe, I would be
Kno-kno-kno-kno-kno-kno-kno-knockin at yo front door

[Tech N9ne]

Industry's faulty, idustry's salty (man)
The industry cost me, industry brought me (pain)
The industry taught me, industry caught me (strain)
And you niggas know that the industry's awfully (vain)
I ain't a snake nigga all I did is make niggas money
Wit sonny now its funny, you playa hate niggas
Over some cake the fake of a show me state nigga
In my face will be Don Juan The Great to late nigga
I don't speak a lot I peep a lot I creep a lot
And people who speakin usually weak and out for
peace and no beef a lot
Remember we used to kick it like bros
Now you niggas act like bitches and hoes
Wit ya licorice souls
Tecca N9ne I got the wickedest flows
No kid in this MO, no mysery will ever get wit this Rouge
I'm pissed in this hole
Little for side a crypt in his soul
Instead of a rap I should have twisted his nose
Who kept Short Nitty from killin you (Me)
Who kept Diamond from drillin you (Me)
Whp kept villian niggas from bill dealin you (Me)
So now you can take away me and keep on talkin crazy
And I'ma let 'em know where you keep your baby
And where you stay D

[Hook]

[Tech N9ne]

You can't turn enough muthfackas against me
You can't find a harder rapper that'll convince me
I'm wit the Canties, the Ashbees, the White Bears
La Zhunes, the Harris's, and the muthafuckin Timleys
The theories, the buyers, the Kennedy's
You know the families that are known to be bad for
humanity
Can he be bad, can he be tough, can he be rough
No cream puff are considered to be rough enough
Nobody likes you not even ya bitches I'm a witness
They sick of yo disrespectful way of speakin explicit
Always talkin about how big yo dick is
Betta hope Anghellic go mutli-platinum to get yo riches,
blood
This is the end of men who were once friends and then
One asshole thought he was somethin
When punks bend over they get FUCKED (get fucked)
So hand over them Tech tapes or get STUCK (get
stucked)
You must think I'm soft for talkin to Icey Rock bout the
Nina out
I'm trippin without a doubt
I'm a tell you really is yo friend
Mail Bakari and maybe you and him can get together
And tell like it is again
It's over man, I hope you brought your novacain
I know the pain, is slowly takin over brain
So calm that mufuckin wombat
I don't need no Don Juan tracks
To come bomb on rap

[Hook]

[Tech talkin]

Thats what I'm speakin on dog thats real shit
Nigga once said to me
Nigga walk around like his shit don't stink
Gonna cut ya nose off and stick up ya ass so you can
smell that shit man
Ya know what I'm sizzlin
Dog...you drew first blood man
That was dog shit
You know what I'm sizzlin
That ain't no friend
Talkin bout knockin me out nigga
Ya know what are we
Yo

[Tech N9ne]

Dr. Dre here I come
Timbaland here I come
Neptunes here I come
Rik Rok here I come
Alchemist here I come
Sick Jack here I come
Boscoe here I come
Swizz Beats here I come
Trackmasters here I come
Don Juan be done

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