

# Red Rags

Tech N9ne

Some gangsta's wanna head blast, cuz I run with the red rags  
Free Uno Ace Capone. The homie Keith Fudge, I got your back homie  
LETS GO!

Crew, Su-wu  
Nigga that's what we do  
Who, be you  
If you want funk me too

I'm bool as a bubumber  
Laces in my shoes makin you wonder  
Am I gonna act a fool or bring your crew thunder  
Thinkin I pack the tool don't wanna use on her  
I ain't trippin when the old days got my mind glitchin  
Like different signs that ain't my kind got they 9's whistlin  
Like a nigga wanna find this and strip clips till my wines drippin  
But nobody wanna do no crime they just talkin about rhyme spittin  
When I'm at the movies, careful how you steppin to me  
Cause I think who's starin at me wanna do me  
Cause Im flamed up and Soo woo-ey  
Dead crash, my head's bad  
Cause I be thinking some gangstas wanna head blast  
Cause I run with the red rags

I'm a motherfucking animal, red devil, Tasmanian  
Bangins' in my cranium, deuce click and five claimin it  
Kansas City thang, from two clips at my range is bandana dangerous  
You's crip when I'm sayin' it?  
It's Soo-Woo business, then yous through nigga  
Blood? I don't give a fuck if I knew you nigga  
That's that 85 mentality, victim of your reality  
Catchin, pumpin' that 7-11 in your fatalities  
It's another nigga's wake-up, smoke water and drank up  
Heavenly, blocks flames from 20's to the seventies  
It's ballers tuckin' fed cash, to get you dead fast  
Gangstas to head blast cause I run with the red flags!

Uh, I'm just bicken back and bein' bool  
You don't this feelin, look you fuckin with the realest  
No, gloves no, mask look you know we bout to kill it  
Disrespect us will get your mami pinned to the ceilin  
This is still holdin hemi's even when I'm in my jammies  
Niggas wanna catch me slippin leave me sleepin like a mami  
Plus they still sendin this, haters wanna pack me out  
Bunch of internet bustas always wanna run they mouth  
I ain't trippin still, thuggin for [incomplete]

Signed up, suited and booted, old nigga, ready for war  
Layin back, stackin cake, but it don't take much to activate  
Snatch it back and act innate, reignin' down the hand of god  
Chopper get to sang a nigga smokin like his elder bar  
Forgive me Lord I'm trynna keep it cool  
But I'm a old nigga with a quick fuse, quick to smell the bitch in dudes  
Hard to walk in Scooby's shoes, do the shit that Scooby do  
Fi' block, a general, I done paid my fuckin dues  
Nigga this the life I chose, fuck that, life I choose  
Still livin gang rules check the laces in these shoes

Gangsta nigga through and through, tried tested been approved  
On blood, one love, nigga what, soo-woo