Bad Season

Tech N9ne

Everything was supposed to be all Jesus
Come ease us we really need to be free from evil deeds
Plus negros, hide in thee weeds waiting to see us
And we bust then they will bleed trying to seize us
Bad season, I'm ready to trip for that reason
Hire beef then go laugh when your ass vegan
I ask trees when cash is fast, and weed then gonna have cheese stacks
Then trash bags will have fees then
Yes sir that's why the milli is in thee dresser
For any motha f'er wanna test for Tech will get him wetter
Step into death your ex messing with a keffer
Never let your lover get put in less than a bed with a heffer
The mags breathing, these fags freezing cause cats teased him
And they passed on that evening
I flash B's, and sag my flags revving I blast heathins
If they had me in bad season

These things must mean bad seasons, and they must be for a reason
These things must mean bad seasons, and they must be for a reason

Hardly time for no hardey ha no laughter, (Ah, Ha)
Working them hard I can't leave no starving bastard, (Ah, Ha)
Pardon me if you see a star in me it startles me
And I ain't come to party but I'm always what inbottles me

I'm living for the chips for the extra, got too many deaths
And I'm trying to find the way out the selexta (AHHHHH!)
Jokes folks telling me gotta to bless ya
I ain't trying to Busta Rhymes, diffrence is there calling me besta (AHHHHH!)
My season is devil people receiving me
They party to my words but I don't think the motha fuckas is beleving me
Half the time I think my eyes are deceiving me
Fat boy that boy o'er there keep there hands in the air
You can do me like a new kid (new kid)
Rocket till it's sputred (sputred)
Articulate to prove it but motha fuckas is stupid (Okay)
Kali baby, and his thing never leaving (Ah, Ha)
Running out of breathe cause I'm breathing the bad season (Bitch!)

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