

# Bitch Sickness

Tech N9ne

Don't hate us  
Cause our flows makes us mo' papers

(2X)

I will mistake your bitch sickness  
Gets dismissed with the quickness  
This nipsit get the lipstick, kiss this dick

Since the beginning, I only been in it for winning  
Through every inning 'till the ending, chase gs, these pretty women  
Are just here to make my ride a full course with all the trimmings  
Swimmin' in my water tank and drinkin' Henn' and lemon  
It's realistic, you got shit twisted don't get lifted off the feet  
I keep 6 clips with my heat like I'm enlisted  
Nigga this is far from the army, navy or marines  
We forming the gravy new lyrical criminal team  
To make the green, fuck you fakers my eyes dreamy  
For that 2000 Benz with doors like Lamborghinis  
Or Carrera Porsche, still enforce ones with flavor  
Bitch save the royal players don't hate an innovator

You got a disease, nigga, so please ease away from me's, nigga  
My feas ease be's about that cheese, nigga  
Your PH balanced for a man, but made for the woman  
Let's understand this: Niggas backwards: "ish-hop!"  
When do the shit stop? Nigga, like Atlantis we live and learn  
'Bout to playa hate when a nigga get his gs, flippin' hella keys  
Fuckin' bitches, money got the riches  
When the other mitches work at Micky D's  
I done seen, niggas straight hate me, mean mug me, wanna slug me  
Currency thickness due to the bitch sickness  
This Tecca Nina, niggas hate me thinkin' that they grass is greena  
They the tortoise and I'm the huffin' hyena, never dealin' with a bitch  
Nigga, this one goes to the bitch one's hoes  
This one flows like a quick gun blows when the bitch shit unfolds

(2X)

I will mistake your bitch sickness (Don't hate us)  
Gets dismissed with the quickness (Cause our flows makes us)  
This nipsit get the lipstick, kiss this dick (Mo' papers)

When the bullets fly squat knee high like Magnum P.I  
Lace my chucks up, vest up, this life is messed up  
They the fake, known to playa hate, low like snake  
Beat a snitch to beat the cakes and straight laugh at your wake  
You outta shape since '88, you've been losin' the race  
Couldn't keep the pace, but the hate's just sealin' your fate  
Talkin' what you at, what you gon' do, like you the man  
Bumpin' two bazooka tools in a dented Trans Am  
You livin' dreams, like a crack fiend who say he clean  
When we ridin' beams you steam, we drunk off ream  
Life for riches, gold diggas havin' finesse  
Put a slug to your chest with they bitch sickness

I hit they high I got it, so come get this with the quickness  
I'm antibiotics for that bitch sickness  
A few plotted, I spotted 'em, scope that made them open

They mouth to see if my Glock and dick fit bitch  
Nip this shit in the butt, split or split, twist above  
Flick the bic, light the bud, let my lips hit the butt  
Ain't no tryin' just smokin' Oakland city thug  
Leave your head fryin' like your brains on drugs  
Investigator on a respirator, rain unplugged  
Since I'm ballin' rhyme they all in mine, but it's one love  
You ain't knowin', this R&G prodigy is buildin' flowin'  
Dope selling to the paper touch the ceilin'  
Uh

(2X)

A menace in this business for this village stack of papers  
Ghetto chemist get us biggest spitters for this pack of haters  
We roll with fat teenay pom, for those who hate we stay bomb  
We come back poppin' like bigwom fayzon, player hate on  
This Midwest side nigga, we rogue dogs on the ride, killer  
With the Nnutthowze so ain't no need for us to hide scroller  
This nine milla wrecks like the princess, leavin' hater rappers defenseless  
Like Forrest they keep running, Tech N9ne: gunning  
Watch your back for the bitches with the sickness, come and get this  
Pistol grip, hit a nigga with the milli gets  
On the level with a nigga with the silliest mind state  
Unrealistic, your bitch sickness gets dismissed  
With the quickness this nipsit get the lipstick, kiss this dick

These niggas copy cat practicin', yo shit is has been  
You get choked, blade horse roped, open your throat  
With a razor blade, no prints, die slow shit  
Chance of livin' lookin' hopeless, you turn to codice  
Just cause I got the nuts to roll natural you wanna be phat  
Where the boss at? My Gucci linkin' learn to floss that  
It's best that you get your own dude and wear your own shoe  
Do what the boss do, I catch you, it's gonna cost you  
This small world, get your own shit, I'm tryin' to fit  
Rame and Tech N9ne spit for money grip, we makin' hits  
Trip this: I'm from the city where guns ain't shit  
Hundreds, think back, you hated fast, but now I've done it, done it

(2X)

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