

Bitch Slap

Tech N9ne

Entering my personal space with an intent to harm may be a direct ticket down under

Not to be confused with Australia and New Zealand

This ticket is usually issued after your reaction to the bitch slap

Somebody go hit the coroner there's been a mishap
This one's a real altercation and no fucking diss rap
Thinkin' about phonkin' with us and you takin' a big nap
All of the drama because of the sauna you got it because of the bitch slap
Everybody's got an expiration date
But you running your mouth can make your date arrive faster
You come up in my circle with that other shit
I'm sure that we can help you out and take you to your master
Let's go!

Bitch slap!

Quick cap!

Bitch slap!

Quick-

Phonk is the condition, won't give up submission
Wrong as fuck for the hissin' at the throne that buss the clip and hush the trippin'
That a strong enough description?
You don't listen, ya slipping! (Slipping, slipping, slipping)
This expression doesn't apply to women
Just the men when utterly sinnin'
Gonna be winnin' souls within 'em when I blast those
Especially if you don't see no kinda grinnin'
After your lip in the beginning up shit creek is where you swimmin' you asshole

Bitch slap!

Quick cap!

Bitch slap!

Quick- (GreatDaeg)

Talking all your shit, cut the crap (Cut the crap)
I don't do the chit chat, I bitch slap (I bitch slap)
You big cap (Big cap), you big mad (Big Mad)
You need a hand but you gon' get this bitch slap (Yah)
Look me in my face, look me in my eyes (In my eyes)
Lil' Myers flow but I don't need the knife (The knife)
These hands ain't no joke, would make a devil cry (He'll cry)
I know it's hard for you to do, but bitch don't kill my vibe
You can get it too, get-

Bitch slapped!

Quick cap!

Bitch slap!

Quick-

By the time you hear the truth, the streets will burn

Anyone that looking at what a suicide

Do 'em and may confirm

I betcha

Motherfucker is a prodigal landmine

In the medias, never get a number one
I'm falling down a fucking flight of stairs
Like I'm Jesus fucking Christ
Bitter is the blood of everyone who had it coming
Don't ignore me, God you bore me with your indecisive sermons
I'm tired, tired of avoiding what must still be said
Stealing from the hands of those gathered
Show me where you stand on this matter

Bitch slap!
Quick cap!
Bitch slap!
Quick-

Ayy yo, Tech! Hold up!
I got something to say on this shit real quick man
Yo

At it again
Let me find out you been yapping your lips
That's an offense
I ain't gon' stand for this shit, I'm throwing Colin Kaepernick fits
I'll gladly assist you and spit in your face
I'll dismantle your tissue, the issues I bring
Are as tragic as missiles and quick to repay enemies with the pain
Is you afraid? Prob'ly so
Bitch, I'm rowdy and treading where don't nobody go
Lining haters up, eenie, meanie, miney, moe, now he goes, adios
Then I reload the beast mode to behold the King's throne
Get Deebo'd and be gone
If you don't wanna get bitch-slapped, don't leave home, nigga

Bitch slap!
Quick cap!
Bitch slap!
Quick-

Bitch slap!
Quick cap!
Bitch slap!
Quick-