

# Boss Doggs

Tech N9ne

Gun in my hand  
Hot til I land  
Boss Doggs! Boy this I'm tied  
Rebellin on the corners of Highland  
And if I die in this violence rest me  
Gun in my hand, hot til I land, boss doggs!  
But if I live past these sirens  
Niggas best beware of this tyrant  
Cuz I got some true mid-westiders with me  
Gun in my hand, hot til I land, boss doggs!

Rogue dog, rogue dog 57th street  
Bout a craft from the past that was excused by my peeps  
The same gang but a new game, no more cocaine  
Rap thang we maintain, hot like propane  
Up and here we pumpin that fear, lend me your ear  
The tightest shit you'll ever hear, at least this year  
All my lyrics is simple and clear, and sincere  
Full of that beery, rockin them shows, and fuckin them hoes  
Like we suppose we dealin with foes, leave em exposed  
That's what you chose for fuckin with Rogues, now you know  
We bout to explode, now here we go, all my Rogues  
Grab your scratch it's time to scrap, rear it rap  
You take a nap and that's a fact, all my hogs  
Who got my back, where you at, bring the pain  
To damage the brain, who's to blame, it's my gang  
We full of them flames I won't explain, it's in your veins

King of the hill, countin my skril, protecting my grill  
Gun on my hip, tryin to conceal, this killa shit  
That nigga Bakarii runnin that game, hold me back  
I'll break them chains, slap yo face, with this strap  
More than a rap nigga we hogs, down the brawl  
Take yo bitch, make her scream, for them dogs  
Murderers you can't touch my style, too complicated  
Camaflouged in the bushes, now I'm waitin  
Ready to get off in yo shit, feel my vengeance  
Soon as you slip I'll make the hit, no repentance  
Tryin to be rich and I can't be broke, I'm so relentless  
Ask me if it was potent dope, I'm offended  
Should've seen me comin nigga, them killa traits  
Couldn't detect this boss's greed, that's yo fate  
Under-seed smokin leafs, that killa fog  
Can't be tweak, so you sleep, on these doggs

Criminal play, all day, give me relish  
You going to war in all ways, max to devilish  
Remember when niggas seen me flow, on them corners  
Wantin to be like shorty chrome, never done  
Hittin em up with 56's, dookie browners  
Kickin it with them wicked bitches, all around us  
Give me my money with blood on it, cuz I'm wicked  
And if the game with love on it, til I'm lifted  
Nitty would never be without, my three 80  
Given a chance to up and dump, he must be crazy  
Ready to roll no matter the fault, if he's seeded  
Tell him to meet me at my show, fully fledged

Hearing shots pop pop pop, at my enemy  
It's better than seein that nigga drop, yall ain't feelin me  
Making my verse my worst then first, are yall with me  
Diggin my dirt for what it's worth, it's on me

Crumple this page, welcome mitch bade, hold my genitals  
We in a rage, if we don't get paid, nothing but criminals  
Put in the gun, nigga let's come, from the shoulders  
Here come the fun, watching em run, from these soldeirs  
Who be the doggs? Who be the hogs? Niggas on Highland  
Doing the broad, doing it for, straight out stylin  
Used to be down, look at me now, makin them heaters  
Niggas they frown, when they hear the sound, of nine millimeter  
Flowin in fog, who do you call? Donny Quest's in  
Haters with yall, nigga they all, learn they lesson  
Bianca zone, at my home, think I made it  
All on my phone, cuz it was on, Gang Related  
Seeing my face in magazines, up in the source man  
Do we plan on makin that green? Well of course man  
Mid-westside, give me the track, and I will attack her  
Scoobie do wild, check yo style, and flip it backwards  
I'm off on Highland, smoking that bud, drinkin that bud  
That Tecca Nina, be up in your fuzz, up in the club  
I lost yall, but I'mma return, do you recall?  
I'm killin em all, nigga we raw, boss doggs

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