

## Bout Ta' Bubble

Tech N9ne

Dedicated to all the DJ's all over the world, man.  
(One for the treble, two for the bass  
Come on Tech a Nina, let's rock this place)

Tech's in the place, everybody get mainy  
Punks betta cuff yo lady, can't nobody tame me  
Blame me. For keepin her runny eyed rainy  
Ladies used to hate me, now they comin out they panties  
Girls on the jock, pocket full of socks  
Got fat knots, somethin gone squat  
?Down, puttin it down, down for the block?  
Tryin to be hot, but you flop,  
When you shot to the top but you not... DWAM!!!  
I ain't never seen so much green  
Than when I seen when my team hit the scene  
It must be a dream. Hit the stage, everybody holla  
Gettin throwed, ?stripper shows throw away a dolla?  
Father, I don't want to leave nobody too blessed  
'cause they greedy in the middle of what I do best  
You fixin to see me in the TV with a few guest  
We bout to bubble baby, get ya waterproof vest

Bout ta Bubble  
Bout ta Bubble, Baby  
We calculating

We drinkin and smokin and humpin and likin it

Yo, get ya ID, passport, state skippin  
All around the world, busy with the bass hittin  
We ain't come for bustin heads, yea we hate trippin  
When we through rockin the shows, man we chase kittens  
J's on my feet, car full of beat,  
Trunk full of heat, Caribou in the seat  
Frown, you can make a song. Clown in the street  
Gimme the beat and we leakin  
No mercy for the haters that weep  
On to the next, Minnesota to the Netherlands  
Veterans, caravans, gettin chedder, man  
Round the world in a day, off in LA  
Oklahoma, Dallas, Kansas City to the Bay  
Everybody hifey, the South really like me  
Ill Bill got it where the East Coast invite me  
Tech's in the air when the mood really strikes me  
Hey, we bout to bubble, so imbedded in your psyche

Hey, be-boys hit the flo' wit it  
Off in Jamaica let me see ya heel toe wit it  
Clown and crunk wit it, A-Town stomp wit it  
At the set, jugglettes make they double D's jump to this  
House on the hill, hella tip drills  
Paul Wall said he'd do me up a red grill  
Busta Bus circlin' the 5-6 ville  
Forty water, he told me a lot in this business for real  
Stormin. In Salt Lake City performin for Mormons  
Out of they garments before the mornin, I'm charmin  
Leavin em torn, mess with the bull you get the horns

Nina gets with a beauty best, it's armin  
Misery's behind me, labels tryin to sign me  
Ain't too many who don't know just who the Tech N9ne be  
Is she lookin for somethin with a future so shiny  
Kansas City, Missouri is where she gone find me