

Come Gangsta

Tech N9ne

The spiked red hair...and the...and the, paintn' his face
Wha, hold on man, Tech is losein' it man
He's not as grounded as he used to be
Tech was a devil worshiper
You know you see a black dude with red hair
And a long beard, I mean look he look scary to me too
Yeah that nigga Tech man he sellin' out man
That is..that's he's doin' that for the white folks
That white shit he doin' man

I've been writing for
Nineteen years for sure
Hate rules in these times
Niggaz don't wanna see me shine
Stop me, and then try ta tell me (Come gangsta)
And then compare me to Nelly (What ya bang bra)
So this songs is gonna tell me ??
Hey, I've been bustin'
And fizz knuckin' bitches
It tizz nothin' for years puffin'
I've been clutchin' riches from his muffin'
Here's fuck you niggaz this is toughin' I
(Don't know what the fuck you thinkin' tellin me this shit is hella fake)
Say, since way back in the days rappin'
The blaze happen
I raised raves, craves days would blade packin'
And stage saggin'
Theys wackin' Nina stays laid backin' I
(Laugh at niggaz contantly they never know the money Nina makes)
Hey, this is amazin' how niggaz formulate they hatin'
You fuckin' fornicate your mistakin'
We can never coralate cause you fakin', huh
Who's bringin' in through the bacon, huh
Who's keepin' this shakin', huh
(Got any questions Sinister Tech and Tecca Nina niggaz know the rest)
Gay,
Is all you punks and mitch bades diss in your trunk won't get played on the
radio
Too gangsta for an old lady bro
Gangsta niggaz don't hate me no
Wanksta niggaz won't face me though
(Talkin' shit and books my people people tellin' me that I really need a ves
t)
Okay

I rep the town harder than any of you niggaz
Where ever I stand my bills the same punk
And you got the nerve to tell me

Come gangsta
Throw your rags in the air
And know that nobody there
Will compare to your gangsta
Sag your pants to the floor
Every women's a bitch or a whore
When your gangsta
Pack ya guns in the club

If they shrug to them thugs mean mug ya come gangsta
Is what they sayin' to me

I shoulda been done come wit a gun
For the ones who bump they gums who the one
Said a nigga was 'nt gonna make another record said I was wack and washed up,
done
Said a nigga might scare, lil' ones
He's a fuckin' nightmare, here he comes
With red hair and my face painted
They said (Gangsta)
Messy Mob and Colion is a (Gangsta)
But I really ain't (Gangsta)
I need to come up wit a (Gangsta)
Scratch the scratch the nigga fat tone is so (Gangsta)
You need a bit of that (Gangsta)
You need to hang wit a (Gangsta)
Mr. Stinky Vigalante so (Gangsta)
Brother Lynch is (Gangsta)
The Briggitt Diggitt is (Gangsta)
57 RDVs are so (Gangsta)
The nigga fifty is (Gangsta)
They say
When you in them streets, creep creep
Cause some gangstas want a head blast
Cause I run with the red rags
And try make the feds flash
Try to swipe my bread stash
(That's that bullshit I'm gon skip and try to go get the money grip)
Okay, you niggaz kill me in Nosferatu Vamppear bit my shit
Cause you niggaz fill me surprised that I got you right here with my shit
So you gotta be thankfull to who?
By the way homie what's gangsta to you?
(Money, dope and alcohol and plenty bitches all up on your dick)
I got that
How can see-Bo be wrong?
How can Yukmouth be wrong?
How can Lynch be wrong?
How can 2Pac be wrong? Bitch!

Come gangsta
Throw your rags in the air
And know that nobody there
Will compare to your gangsta
Sag your pants to the floor
Every women's a bitch, or a whore
When your gangsta
Pack ya guns in the club
If they shrug to them thugs mean mug ya come gangsta
Is what they sayin' to me

I've been nice to you rapper cats for a long time
I left Kansas City so them other cats can gon shine
But it seems these punks are confussed because I'm my own kind
But I'm back on deck cause Kansas City is who's throne? Mine!
This ain't no punk shit
Nigga this is strength at it's finest
I made this shit so you all you sins can rewind it
Meaning, you pussys who says this Tech shit ain't hard for real
And try to disregard the real
You mutherfuckers is hard to feel
I get your death threats
Cause I'm the king bitch

Money, groupies, drugs, and alcohol
And bling shit
But I stay a hell a game
And you punks is so lame
Cause my mobbin' gangsta track will demolish your whole tank [A screech of some kind]
I've been with every rapper who's legendary
Underground to mainstream know that Tech is very hard
Cause I bring the heater
Love me cause I'm your leader
Bitches they suck my peter
While I drinkin' Margaritas
Niggaz get laid down
Seven displayed sounds
N9ne the crayzed clown
Lines like sprayed rounds
This is for all you haters who don't pump my shit
If you say this ain't gangsta, you can suck my dick!
I might look like a clown
But you niggaz sound like a motherfuckin' circus
Fuck you motherfuckers!

This nigga is the tightest nigga movin' man
I mean...Tech N9ne will demolish all you niggaz
From the stage show, to rockin' the mic you name it
That's why I roll wit him he my favorite rapper real talk
Tech N9ne