

Cult Leader

Tech N9ne

Now with your loyal fan base and to the extent
That there dedicated to your music and your message
It has some people calling you a cult leader,
How do you feel about that?

Cult Leader eh ha ha ha

Yea there comparing you, to you know like Jim Jones or Davey Koresh

You know that's real fucked up
To um compare me to Jim Jones or uh Davey Koresh.
You know what I mean
Because those where not people that where for the greater good
You know what I'm sayin',
There tryin' to say, that I'm gonna feed my fans electric kool aid
They got me fucked up

In this house there is no room for envy,
This is why we wear our uniform!
Racist not welcome! Rapist not welcome!
Hatred, dreaded in this house!
Ready to fight hatred with love? Join us!

If you come with me then I can show you
Where we'll take you where you dare not go to
Follow me and let my mind control you
Where rebuild this world that will destroy you

How many wanna go? How many wanna know?
How to fight demons when the planets gonna blow
A lot of ammunition gotta be packin' a lot of doe
Being together it is wonderful the gun was loaded one exploded
Speaking to me with the tongue he just folded
From the Tech soldier some you get blessed over
Bums they straight come from under ?
I told you, That I would die for my loved ones
Kill for my blood ones beside a cousin
Together when the evil does come
I question are you willing to plug one
Protection is one thing you need
To battle any animal coming with greed
If evil try to penetrate us and feed
Simple mathematics demon you bleed
I know this comes off violent but this fights for love
It should not be this way but evil drew first blood
Put the roman numeral nine on your inside right wrist
So I can read it properly like this
That's how we know we're together within a crisis
And you don't need a lot of your money to buy this
Stay with me in the darkness when the light hits
I will promise your family low prices
A better war for your boys and girls might get a little
Dark and dirty before we get to the brightness

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The red is for the blood we all shed fighting
The black is for the nights we fight with no lighting
The white is for the clouds from which we came flying
Landing in this jam with man and then began dying
We sleagna see dread through these retina's
We beg to be swept up by the blessed head inspecta
But all these hecklers don't respect the way we lecture ya
Get next to ya, that's when the Tech get flexed ? with us
If I happen to die at the end of my run
Please give all my note books and guns to my sun
When the smoke clears I hope there's some folks nears
To vote me as the pope here, Not quote fear is not a condition the no tears
The new color is black clothes black boots and strings
I'm gonna show these non believes what mass lab producing means

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That's right,
There are people right outside these doors
That would actually attempt to be our oppositions simply,
Because of the love we have for each other, the love.
Ain't that something?
We still have our daily jobs we still pay our taxes, right.
Some of you all ain't payed your taxes but we workin' on it right.
So what do you think the problem is?
That we all dress alike?
That's petty that couldn't be it.
That we helped those in any kind of trouble,
That's supposed to be a good Samaritan, Right?
They evil that's why we have friction,
And what do we do to evil?
O.W.H.H. (O.W.H.H.)
Off with his head
(Off with his head)
Off with his head
(Off with his head)
Off with his head.
(Off with his head)
That's what I think