

# Drill Sergeant

Tech N9ne

Death, yo death night set  
Yo death night death  
Yo death night set  
Yo death night

OG, nobody but the government control me  
But to my followers I gotta keep it low key to keep the image of a nigga that is so free  
I approach he, without a father figure I deliver gap and give a spot to parolees, makin' more cheese  
Pushin' rocks and we grow weed, never no permit and fuck the police, I'm a cold piece  
I get at 'em at a young age, so I can have 'em in a dumb rage  
Really combative in a numb way, static when my tongue say have a little fun with the gun spray  
But never let a hood snipe you, and you gotta know whoever in a hood might sue  
So let the good white through, the enemy I'm tellin' you to murder gotta look like you!

Killin' 'em up  
Dreads with the gold teeth, yeah, a fasho thief fed, while lead is the motif  
Killin' 'em up  
Said you can sure be head of the whole street, cre put a dead nigga so deep  
Killin' 'em up  
Bread be the trophy, betta get yo brie, bled hella red for the groceries  
Killin' 'em up  
Never to show grief, cheddar, get obese, beggin' he plead, give em no peace

Now flip this to music, seek out a company and find the biggest to move it  
Yeah, the lyrics are stupid, but critics approve it and people for the wicked will lose it  
I'll take you real far and raise ya, pulled out the ill tar and sage ya  
Who makes to kill art enslave ya? I am the drill sergeant major!

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Take the energy ta IG, Facebook, TikTok, put ya vibe on Twitter  
Ain't no limit, we can buy free make crook hip hop and push the eyes on niggas  
Lots of foes waitin', shot ya rotation to the top ops and more hatin'  
Lock and load nation got the globe breakin' ya block, so drop ya location  
Let 'em know that you a real one, emotion, you feel none, anybody really want it will come  
When he do you gotta peel some, never stop until the deal done, nothin' but a drill son  
Talkin' loud is how we make this fame, the hate exchange no face to face is lame  
Gotta slide and try ta take his chain, the safest thang, to keep livin' you bake his brains, nigga

Killin' 'em up  
Caught by the cop set, talk outta pocket, cross me, ya offed in hot sec  
Killin' 'em up

Walk and ya not blessed lost in the projects cost of the false shit I pop te  
c's  
Killin' em up  
When they comin' nosey tell 'em you don't know me, tell 'em a lotta nothin'  
really slowly  
Killin' em up  
Callin' you the doe B, never expose me and ya family won't need a sad emoji!

You can leave wit a blown mind, or confess to your own crimes  
With the feds I'm in the wrong bind, that can put my ass away for a long tim  
e!  
So, my job is to befriend the funksters, get 'em living foul, till they deep  
in the dumpster  
Drill sergeant, I lead friends to unda graves and penal system, I feed them  
the youngstas!

Death, yo, death night set  
Yo, death night death  
Drill sergeant got the real target, make you feel hard and get the kill star  
ted  
Yo, death night set  
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Yo, death night

You got big dreams  
You want fame  
Well, fame costs  
And right here's where you start payin'  
In sweat  
And in death