

## E.b.a.h.

Tech N9ne

I'm hella mixed up, yes, I know  
A lot of good and bad stuff as I grow  
So now that I gotta live life when I'm both all I can say

What's my name? EBAH!  
Evil brain, angel heart  
Evil brain, angel heart  
Evil brain, angel heart  
Evil brain, angel heart!

Fucking right, I'm a maniac and I'm loving it  
Call me anything but my motherfucking government  
I can love a bit, no, a big my love'll get  
But in my brain I stay insane and I'm always on some other shit!  
Really wanna fuck a bitch, E.B. can't get enough of this  
See me take what I stuck her with then I gotta run and give it to another chick  
Gutter trick, suck a dick! State the texture of a brick  
Making them Magnum rubbers split, what a prick, the brother's sick!  
Now back to my love, like to go there  
Even when it's annoying like long nose hair  
I can so share my heart in the cold air  
And it's no fair, the size of it is so rare  
Bloody murder, muddy word of wretched death rhymes  
Take me light and my darkness will take your breath time  
Call me Chakra-tease or you can call me Tech N9ne  
But since I found my new sinister out of respect I'm

Liberate me, Lord  
I'm an angel and on this wicked planet nobody understands my angle is love  
I was sent from above, but I've landed in blood  
Psycho bandit, I've become a frightful damaging scud  
Missile, you Mitchells are misinformed and mixed in the middle of my menace  
Murderous, Michael Myers' my mimic  
Mom, you made a monster, I'm making minions in minutes  
Money motivated mishap Asmodeus monikers mended  
Feel like I'm on Molly, heart as big as my body  
When a hottie gets naughty, it's racing like a Ferrari  
My obese heart swelling when it beats hard, telling me  
To freak, not willing, like a beast, I'm yelling  
Bloody murder, muddy word of wretched death rhymes  
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My heart, smell like, vanilla icing  
If slicing my chest open, a light beam of nice things  
Of Christ brings bright wings, placement from thy king  
Knight, seems right around the corner in my dreams  
Horse shit, piss and human puke is this smell  
To whom ever wondered my level, this is hell  
Inside my crown I kill a gangster with feces pig tail  
And I'll live 137 years like Ishmael  
Yeah.. Nigga, it ain't misspelled  
E.B.A.H, there go creepy A. Yates  
Using women as a bait, and they face, fishscale!  
Just another nut, all the others suck

Sweet as a buttercup and fake as a rubber duck  
Evil brain, angel heart, yes, I utter much  
And I never cover up, why? (I'm a Klusterfuk)