

# Fan Or Foe

Tech N9ne

Back up wait a minute  
Why you looking at me like that  
Do you really wanna trip or you flip in the script  
Do you wanna rap with a nigga  
Or bang is a whoop in a rip  
I don't eva want us to come the bust and shots, nigga misery cant produce enough cops and a'  
Don't know if you wallin' or what?  
All you wanna do is free stopping cop  
Fan or Foe I don't really know  
Off at the show niggas they know  
But I look light, was a good night and i was looking like a mutha fukka wann a jack all me doe  
Come up to me  
My kids would be chillin'  
Betta think twice I'm a 5-6 villain  
All they wanna talk about  
I did it  
When I did it  
Man I thought I was gonna get a bullet in a minute  
You Should be care full how you walk upon us  
Got a bonus for all the opponents if they want it  
I kno they wait for Tecca Ninna moments  
Till' the opponent be poppin' up and hes you don't it  
We don't if they be tripin' or not (NO)  
Probably cuz all of them live on the block  
When you rapping niggas know what you got  
Toughest ever, when you up on the top  
Show some respect when you approach me  
Don't you be mugging me  
Might have that drug in me  
Plug in a nigga, for nearly shrugging me  
Ain't nothing wrong with people peeping,Geeking  
Where the man hoe  
But the grandma so bama, stama  
I don't know if you fan or foe

We be tripin', we can go  
Peeping like hes seeking doe  
Want the doe or want to go  
I dont know if you fan or foe  
I dont know if you fan or foe  
I dont know if you fan or foe  
Easy, hang and speak and brawl  
I don't know if he fan or foe

Now easy how they speak  
With broken teeth  
That they did, young flow he can dope be choked  
So yo' ass and you be walking off with it broken  
Run up poor muthafukas in the open  
Making them shut up  
Woofing with that cold shit  
Cant that shinanigans  
Thinking you makes it the manikans  
Thinking you silking the lotion  
Back up wait a minute why you looking at me like that

I'm just a nigga with a little bit of fame but if you get the trippin' than i  
m giving up my game  
Never catch me slipping  
You can get it out yo brain  
Maine Fan or Foe!  
Fuck a nigga try to get his hands on my doe  
But if you really want come on  
Try to get a, you can feed the unpulla  
Tuck my hands on your throat  
Man im a Low  
Want a background for sack town  
Better watch out from the Blao Blao  
BLACK OUT, BLACK OUT, BLACK OUT, BLACK OUT (braararararaa ttataaaaa)  
Stay with my kimmers, stepping nockle doodle  
Waicking there game on blood goca doodle  
Think you gon catch me slip at a show  
No factor slick Oh slack, shock a zoolu  
Watch me do you  
With all that fake shit  
You fill with hate trade  
Hoping wishing you wre my replacement  
Courage so vicieuse you gon' have to face it  
They try to taste it  
Cuz i laced it like a tennis shoes and Ive been a fool  
Like Zeepo bitch and X-Raided  
But this is a different interview

Living a bee a bad idea  
If it never go home again  
Nigga looking at me  
Like imma chicken dinner  
Looking back at niggas  
Like a shot of hennessy  
So i gotta carry the four  
I don't really know though  
Cuz they walking past me  
Giving me the eye  
When they past me they be asking  
When you new shit coming out  
At tha picture house  
They be huddled up and i think i might pick one out get tha nigga bigger tha  
n me  
For tha trigger to see  
If he tough enough  
Make it what he trying to be  
But he aint bad though  
Dont know how to approach a vulture  
Get to close how im post up

Cant even live in peace  
And when I eat with my peeps In the place  
You in my face with your mix-tapes  
And if i try to listen to it  
We get it to it  
And fo' all that fue it  
Then its time to do it

Uhhhh...Cuz a nigga from out south out the mouth  
Your girl be loving me giving me mouth to mouth  
(yea)

But it aint fair that the music gotta do on what you wanna do when you aint  
there

And if too softly, softy when you see me out you betta get out off me