

Fuh What?

Tech N9ne

Blah, blah, blah, bitch
Using bid'niss just to sit up on my dick
How I know is cause she asking for my Addie, Addie
When we at work, she hopin' that we both be chatty patties
Yeah?

Fuh what?
They want your number so they can call you
Fuh what?
Just to come over to cook for all you
Fuh what?
Thought she was thirsty and it was all true
Only business she want is hopin' you let her fall through
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Givin' y'all the shout of the day
We celebrating, we no longer selling powder for pay
Though the ladies really wanna question without a delay
They beat around the bush instead of gettin' it out of the way
Come to my success, we yelling "Prost" (Prost!)
I can never blame the bitches wanting to get close
Cause this independent game, we make the most
That's why all the ladies asking me "Can we get ghost?"
(Ghost!)
Then these ladies wanna fuck down
But they want us all to hush now
Instead of saying she wants her guts pounded, she think of everything to cut
'round it
I'ma just tell you to cut to the chase
You want the D, and you up for the taste
Lie and run away, got lots of people
They rushing for our way like fucking seagulls
Wanna see you after hours, to cut
But instead of steppin', like a coward, you stuck
Wanna come and make me chowder? drink some Amaretto Sours?
Play that Absolute Power louder to fu-fu..

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I ain't with that phony shit
Stop acting like we got bid'ness when you wanted to only sit on thee dick
See me and passin' you, wanna see you wag your tail
Worse that can happen is me telling you "Take this bag of L's"
Hate you had to fail, cause really it was on groom-watch
Havin' visions of you when I was livin' up in the Boondocks
Bringin' children up in the building, try'na consume shots
Blood-sucking bitches be the reason I keep my room locked
So keep a square bid'ness
The thing you really want from Tech Nine ain't near bid'ness
They really quick to run up and offer you their digits
They got millionaire wishes
They want you to bare witness, to share kisses

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Ringin' my phone
Real late at night when my bitch is at home
I can't believe it, this got me heated
How you gon' hit me this late 'bout a song

Bitch, watch your lip quick
Let us be realistic
If you come in fraudulent, you'll never sit on this dick
She look at my Rollie
Barely even know me, wanna cook me some Bertolli
Question is: fuh what?
Answer is: to fuck!

Keep it real baby bubble
Burning bridges being a bitch
Watch out!
Tech N9ne!
And she's on call, fuh what?
They want your number so they can call you
Just to come over to cook for all you
Thought she was thirsty and it was all true
Only business she want is hopin' you let her fall through