I Think

Tech N9ne

I think very deeply
Scary creepy, fairly geeky, rarely beefy
But whoever the best is can barely beat me
I think a lot of them are there beneath me
Like a cherry piece, she see-pee
Rock the hoe, drop the dough
Now she begging me not to go, bitch I don't care, release me
I think that was my young life, I think now that I'm sun-bright
Like the darker with some sight, coming from fright
Gunfights releasing, gesundheit
I think if your lips are running, the blix are brung in
And I think if anybody fuck with Eminem or Royce, the crips are coming
It's what I think

When I think about it, what is harder? squad at a goal like soccer
Half full of stars, no lopper, ain't no ceilings, Wayne Carter
Something in the water
Track full of bars, no shocker, back full of scars, no doctor
Need to see me, I'm a rockstar
Must have forgotten that I came from the bottom, know every shortcut like a barber, sharper
Knots on my head like blaze, slick back at the fade
You can get a box if a kid wanna play, get drug chop a loose end off in this lane
I'ma light 'em up, brush 'em off then spray
If you do rag on me for the wave
Get your buzz-cut like clippers unplugged
Nigga really studied every trick in the tray

Got a lot of options, my opps can tell you they all deleted
That oxygen it be obsolete shit then all depleted
Come a lot more rocka, I'm shooting vodka in colosseums
They try to block 'em, my Kawasaki, you bottom feeders
Don't nobody really wanna come fuck with squad in pardon
[?] I'ma get 'em in a Harlem brawl, this laudin' holler Mazel Tov
He don't want no problem, man, his problem's off
One headshot, it be vitals lost
Himmi

I think I'm finna be fine by the design, due to me time
And it feed N9ne, see that he shine, the elite grind, so they be lying
And they try to bring down but he keep climb
And the noise getting out, better keep calm
And they try to bring foul play and grime
We all know that's a lot, gotta rewind
Joe Cool, he done went coastal, bragging about through Malibu, Noble
Y'all really wanna know what he go through, been a hoe, boo, soft flow back in '02
What I'm thinking is that you niggas better back up
Black on you niggas stack, homie better catch up
Half of these niggas attack when they try'na test us
Yapping, better get to scratch, nigga better bless up

I think I'ma kick it with a thought for the night
I ain't talking 'bout no bitches, but I'm lost in my mind
And I think a lot of niggas want the spot that is mine
Put a dot on your eye just for crossing the line

I think that I'm alone because the positive vibes
And I think I got Corona, better toss me a line
Because the suicide attempts, I think I've already died
And your God is a liar, 2Pac is alive
Think I sold more drugs than a doctor prescribes
Doing two white lines like a new Dodge Viper
I think rappers' in the Matrix, do not cypher
No kidding, but I gotta ask, "Who got diapers?"
Yelling "Who up?", I shoot up but feel like dice
I think I'm too hot for you broads, and you not nice
Or getting goulash for new plates, do all China
Going snake and bat shit like Wuhan diners

Kali Baby and this is my opinion
Just getting by until he fly and claim his own dominion
Not the fittest guy, I'm criticized, I smile but I'm pretending
Look him up in his eyes, vitiligo, might of been a psycho, I feel different
All of these niggas is just a derivative of me, I need 'em, I'm getting bell igerent
Who gave 'em tickets to pick off their fleas and they flick off more sweets that's for feeding my children
I'm just try'na stay sane, shit just ain't the same
I'm just saying Somehow today I felt everything had changed
But I be believing in a minute

All I really got is time, I'm a young buck
Hit by both sides like a nun-chuck
Been high, no lie, I'm a bum-fuck
One touch and I'm throwing all these guns up
We done did, motherfuckers never done stuff
One puff and your eyes looking fucked up
[?] with a knife, coming undone
Tied up, all of 'em in a dungeon
Run, run, is it really fun? It's disgusting
Hustling, I been on my grind, it's a luck thing
So I got no problems with all of these losers, these losers got problems wit h me
Yeah I might just throw 'em a couple of dollars and tell 'em to go shoot cap ris
You shooting at who? You shooting at me?
This cannot be true, not it cannot be

I been sinking down into the depths like quicksand with a red stripe
I been fucked before, so don't trust the Lord, I got no faith for the blesse d hype
I got bars dropping like an airstrike, kinda hard for us to fare right?
When the cream don't really rise up like it used to
Our clique is so consistent with the hits so you'd just have to be a skitzo
To be unsure that ¡MAYDAY! is still the shit bro
I calypso on your tombstone for even thinking you could take a snooze slow
Y'all want a hit? Come holler at the goons, that's what I think

'Cause this one's for the kids, this one's for the kids, ignorance is bliss
'Til they come for every little fucking thing, and ain't that 'bout a bitch
But I down a fifth, about to make a hit
Boutta get away to my cave and prepare for nuclear waste
They always doing too much, always divide and conquer
Got my Flor de Caña and flowers for Santa Barbara
I'ma show you how, and I'm gon' tell you 'til I come down
I'ma go get me some indo- now, kill the noise when I make it loud

Double entendre, mom said a mantra
She off in division of energy, let me conquer

Sickenin' doctors, and hospice and moccasins while I'm taking call conferenc
es
Yeah you don't got your hot in this, I bleed this, make enemies ovules
Knocking the vision, ain't nobody hot as this, rocking any bitch niggas talk
ing shit
Look, I'm a role model at this, no cuss words when I talk to the kids
She give me brain like "Hop on this shit", pussy and it's feeling so we hop
in this shit
Passing the six, infinite bliss, heroine flow when I'm mopping at this
Batman, no I'm Robin at this, except when the mask on, robbin' his clique

Keep it real fair while they still can't understand how I could just kill a
man
Never realized I could see inside of a killer mind like a Will Graham
Most certainly hold currency like a Brinks team, no security
Curious why you ain't never heard of me? 'Cause I sink deep while they stirr
ing tea
Subterranean alien, stunned and gunning over greedy beats
Fake bulletins, they full of shit, plumed and running under city streets
Nothing worse than a pipe dream, want smoke? Better know that my team-
With the hijinx that determ' why eyes pink bruh
You don't wanna know what I think

Why do they wanna be all on me like I was catering, told 'em I play to win
Haters who waited on me to be caving in gotta come up with a whole 'nother w
ay to win
Dumping that paddle on top of the paint again, breaking the chain to get ove
r the gate again
Feeling so livid the minute I made it in, head over heels when they come in
to hate on it
But it never matted like the weather pattern
So every father-
fucking head I'm gathering is stones to wrap around the wrings of Saturn
And I'm more than happy that I had to pack 'em in
Get a dick full for fucking with the Devil
I'm a curse of the worst version of he who can eat people

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