

## Lowdown

Tech N9ne

Oh yeah, oh yeah, oh yeah, oh yeah  
Oh yeah, oh yeah, oh yeah, oh yeah  
Oh  
Oh yeah, oh yeah, oh yeah, oh yeah  
Oh  
Oh

Yeah, we gon' run far outside in time  
Oh, never do lie, never do lie  
I never do lie  
I put this on my soul to see your face light up  
Get them epeople out he way  
Anytime they like, break out them chains

Oh yeah, oh yeah, oh yeah, oh yeah  
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Yeah they wanna keep us low down  
Yeah

Mamma would have killed me (Christ)  
Stepdaddy would have killed me (Islam)  
If they both knew I chose a side  
That would put me off up in a ride  
With bloodthirsty killers inside  
For my nigga Scoob, riding with the whoopty whop  
To try to shoot the block then when the Uzi flocks  
And this nigga named Crazy one day robbed my homie with his babies  
For a lot of gravy got saved we  
Found nobody to put on the news  
Flame scatter brain splatter look like Jamba Juice  
And we all intelligent but this shit is irrelevant  
When they rob a real one for the hell of it  
Yeah we dawn to shoot  
Cause we coming from the ghetto  
Where you can die over jealousy or dinero  
Women not having had extended like a sombrero  
KC we never hesitating to let the metal go  
And they bring us down to they level  
And they taking fifty rounds from a rebel  
That's the sound of the Devil's semen  
Spreading round making little ones  
And mamma's on the ground cause they killed her son, grieving  
Yeah I chose a side but I flow now  
It don't matter Nina, it can still be a showdown  
Anywhere you go now  
So you better stand yo ground  
Cause they don't wanna see you climbing  
They wanna keep you low down

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Yeah they wanna keep us low down  
Yeah

They wanna see me falling like the rain drops  
It's not that I won't, but I can't stop  
Keep my brain locked on the game  
Put the pad away when the paint stop  
Cause they don't care if you slang rocks  
All on the same block  
Even if you're in Adelaide or in Bangkok  
Bussin, spreading your city name like Chiddy Bang  
But really they were sleeping and unaware of what it became  
What will it take  
I'm building my way into real estate  
While you Philly steaks children get really baked  
I'm here to facilitate a setting to celebrate over Dilla J  
Silver gorilla, mister vanilla face kill the brake  
A beat drop and you feel the bass, exhilarating  
Sleep on me, I'll slip in your pillowcase  
They wanted me to gate the buzz that we generate  
And give us as little pay as possible any given day  
They want us low down, dirty and shitty shame  
Cause if anybody profound go head and give me thanks

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Yeah