

Mitchell Bade

Tech N9ne

Have you ever met a niga who was pie sprung?
Theres alot of slinky niggas where I come from
Theres another missile catcher just like him
His name is Mitchell Bade, Mitchell Bade

What up mitch?
Is it an everyday thing for you to act just like a bitch?
How does it FEEL, to have a nigga that will KILL yah,
for the foul shit you spit?
Number one snitch
A bitch with a dick
I found the remedy for the enemy
(What)?
Bust at the nigga like shooting at the Kennedy's
Cause Mitch Bade ain't really no friend of me!

To be exact
He's that nigga that talk, but he really can't back that shit that he talk
So he gotta walk around with a gat
But a nigger like me, I'll knock him out with the force of a hurricane
The penalty for the path if you disrespect the game

Now what goes on inside the mind of a nigga like this?
The nigga pissed
As I pumped off four rounds up in the trick he was with
But It ain't my fault you a little ole' bitch
(Without yo click)
Nigga run with a quickness
(Get away quick, but you bet not slip)
Better off with a Bianca then be stuck
(With a AK 47 on your lip)
Right!

Even if I'm lifted I can scope em' from a mile away
Nigga faking like intisapating they domes day

Camouflagin but I can see you acting like a Bitch
Which are the symptoms of a nigga named Mitch!

Have you ever met a nigga who was pie sprung?
There's alot of slinking niggaer where I come from
There's another missile catcher just like him
His name is Mitchell Bade (Mitch Bade) Mitchell Bade (Mitch Bade)
If a Mitch is yo mix, you best's ta check one
And get ret to go for milli, when the next one come
If a nigger got a foot off in his rectum
His name is Mitchell Bade (Mitch Bade) Mitchell Bade (Mitch Bade)

(Late night I got a page from Bianca)
She told me her man was tripping, so swoop her bout a block up
So I um, got prepared, My conscience told me grab the gat
But all I could think about, was hitting that kitty kat from the back
All about that hustle, but tonight I gots to kick it
Deep conversation, but it's her first time letting a nigga hit
But I'm not alone, It seems this nigga was on the phone
He heard the spot, the topic, whicked whicked, now it's on!
As I continue(continue) creepin(creepin) it's apparent

That I'm dealin with a Mitch Bade, I guess that's why he keeps on stareing
But I'm well equiped to handle a fleet, so nigga don't think I'm sleep
We can talk like men or we can get grim, and handle this shit n'the streets
Don't ever trust no coch
Especially when, a nigga like me is rollin up your block
Bitch Made nigga couldn't see that you was played
So we just changed your name
And Called you Mitch Bade (Mitch Bade)

Cruisin down the 'spect with five spliff's roll (roll)
Passenger seat (seat), Sunday the Hoe Stroll
Went to park with major loot
Dippen up on bitches, but the jealous Mitch is ready to shoot, peep
But it ain't complete, the day is foul without a big butt and smile
I need a chick that's running wet like Fury of the Nile
Bumped into, stepped into, this chick that's thick and photo genic
In a minute, I'ma get up in it, with a jimmy to avoid that AIDS epedemic
Get it, got it, good in the hood, shit's all good, so I knocked on wood
Got to her crib, drank some crown, laid me down, showed me the goods
Then, knock knock, "who's that?"
She said her man and he might be strapped with a gat
Put back on my shit, time to show this fool just where it's at
Ret to get wet, she opened it up enough so I could see
She cracked it a bit, but that nigga pushed her, then came after me
Extended arm, and bodily harm
He shoulda caught trigga, chiggas
MITCH BADE, BITCH MADE NIGGAS!!