

No More Music By The Suckas

Tech N9ne

Young intelligent brotha gangsta demeanor
The game done changed dog eh tell me have you seen her
I'm used to brothas gettin fluent with the pen and pad
Not niggas talkin bout what they shoulda coulda woulda had

So homie watch my flow and yea I dabble in it
I'm puttin words all together like ima scrabble winna
These suckas dead on the track yea they cadavas
Nigga abracadabra now these wack cats are no contendor
These rap cats in the game sweet I call 'em splenda
I'm the realest nigga you ever know, no pretendor
So if you ask me the game need a renivation
So we ain't gotta hear they wack lines on every station
Yo they be like who that is, it's B.v. the god rippin on that whoo kid shit
Ima new breed of emcee on a M-I-C on stand by the resurected game from D-I-E
So if you answer back homie yo just think twice
Cuz fuckin with the guys like blasphemy just no christ
But if ya'll do decide to step up yo homie bring your A game
Spittin lyrical zombies rhymes eatin through they brains

No more music by the suckas (Yea Yea Yea)
If you want it, got it for ya (Yea Yea Yea)
No I don't wanna be the one to tell ya (tell ya)
If you ain't one of us, it's a failure (failure)
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Eh good morning and good night
We lickin em up and puttin em back to sleep
Cuz they been actin like they got sleep apnea up on they beats
But it ain't their fault, sure I didn't have ain't come quick enough
And in order for how to be hip enough is gon' take these three niggas to com
e and lift it up, easy
Without a damn bone without a dance song
I know you can't trust me white man but believe me
Slave ship comin I think ima hide
You can save them slave deals for them monistads
Om hovi like twenty nine ramadon
Ain't nothin like bein with family in a ryme-a-thon
Lookin at the time it says mine oh nine
Which means I'm comin to invade you like taliban
Hi, hello, didddat, exit,
Couple more thidddats because the stanky leg was flexin
My words my words I know they quite vexin
But I know they more annoyin thean freestylein while textin
Geez, Capiche, but before you capiche, at ease
And plant your allegance to the double 0
You wanna get up on this track nigga double no (rookie)

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Mother fuck the P.D, smile at me when they see me
But they wont play my cd's even though they know it's so demeely
Really cuz they greedy feeding shit on radio and t.v.

See, I'm surprised their never been a kill a P.D spree
N9nes trippin yes I'm bitchin when they act like I ain't rippin
Rhyme spittin I'm line stickin like I designed diction
And this is my mission when I'm in they eyes
Vision Minds quicken entire ripsman of this on the grind strippin
The plot thickens when record executives sign fiction
Align this with his and his fizzles and mind sickens
Rewind this and give it to whomeva's behind listenin
And try an fix 'em meticulous with this n9ne grippin
No more music by the suckas, word from Chuck D
BDS will see me yet rotation will bust free
From media to mediatly dissin like fuck me
But when weezy got with speedy tech, the nina's a must see
Thanks weezy it ain't easy to slang cd's and make a bank
When blank pd's spin it but it ain't meaty
And the dj's they be puppets for them motha fuckas
I'm sure they had it nothin like us guess they want no more music by the suc
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