

# On the Bible

Tech N9ne

Niggas in Missou ain't changed  
Make ya have to let loose thangs

Have you ever seen a MAC-11?  
New TEC-9 with the extension  
HK, AK-47  
Mayday, man down, call the reverend

I put that on the bible boy, count your blessings  
Put that on the bible boy, count your blessings  
Put that on the bible boy, count your blessings  
Put that on the bible boy, count your blessings

I felt like they tone said "I'm comin' to get ya"  
Well, that's when all of the heavy artillery come in the picture  
And luckily cause of your past, you can have someone assist ya  
I was raised a cool brother but these motherfuckers went and summoned a nigga!

I swore to never let a man's hand take me to my grave nigga  
With my fortune, I'mma get to torchin', like Orkin I spray nigga  
I know they dyin' to get it with the N9ne  
That's fine, they wanna make a nigga do the whoop  
So I'mma take the carbine and put it to ya mind  
It's goin' through you, not around ya like a hula hoop  
Put that on the bible, if ya fuckin' with Tech, get the rifles  
Totally trippin', tryna take my title, lift you right up in the sky with the Eiffel

If you psycho, you can do this, if he chooses to be foolish  
The gun never loses, never give you the deuces  
Nigga, this is Su'Wu biz, ahh!  
Let me calm my nerves, I'mma simply put this on the word  
If ya hella aggravated cause of a song ya heard from the Nina I smoke a nigga like my ganja herb  
I'm on the verge, no life beyond the surge  
When I bomb, ya served, what does one deserve?  
But a head stompin', now put ya teeth on the curb, nigga!?

Aye, fuck all that goin' back and forth with a nigga  
Got a problem, what he really wanna do?  
If you know like I know, then you know, true  
And niggas make songs but they really don't do  
What they say, got guns but they really won't shoot  
He afraid, I'll lay a nigga down right now  
Face to the concrete, nose to the ground  
Do him in the streets 'fore his prayers hit the cloud  
And the flash and a bang, it is rarely allowed  
But a whole body down and a hole in the ground  
Dig one for the niggas who be holdin' ya down  
Better know I got rounds and they will go around, it's enough  
Eat a bullet from the four-pound if ya tough  
And then let the choppa spray ya down and get up  
Ya pull that off, I'll believe you ain't soft  
Otherwise, nigga you just soft as all them other guys  
I'll kill ya dead and I put that on my mother eyes  
Don't listen to these niggas, they just kick a bunch of lies  
How they got a bunch of guns? Shot 'em all a bunch of times  
I really do believe Tech got a bunch of nines

Before they gave my nigga Meech a bunch of time  
I really know my nigga Young had a bunch of pies  
For the low, all my niggas had it for the high  
So you believe them niggas out there talking bout they BMF?  
They should be them niggas, none of mine  
I know Yo Gotti bout what he rap bout  
I really pulled Meek Millz out the trap house  
Just like I seen Doe B with a OZ  
Turn around, two weeks, had a whole ki  
Just cause I said as a joke that the dope game dead  
Like disco, then a nigga went and showed me  
Guess what I'm trynna say is, nigga, I don't know you  
And futhermore, pussy nigga, I don't want to

Haahahahahaha!

Man, we just killed a small village man  
You know what I'm sayin'?  
This hip-hop, aha! Love this shit