

Question Mark This!

Tech N9ne

Shit was all good just a week ago
Fiddled with that middle the best
Then you reject, give a little respect, like Aretha, yo
Damn
Gotta stop it, I'ma drop it if you pop it outta pocket like a pita, though
I need a ho that gon' let the cheeba grow then receive a blow
Instead of pushing me in a Living Single Latifah show
Hear me out, though
Should be normal and thinkin', severely out your noodle and really groucho
Your silly mouth go illy on the milly until we shout so join me it 'til it k
ill me and should be outro
PMS-ing me nothing but a demon recipe
I'm seeing that could be being a threat to me fleeing effectively
You don't get to be effing me when you wrecking me
Guess when y'all confess and regress it 'cause we in a mess debris
About to issue a check for you to follow connect to who you swallow wit' exc
ommunicado
Into the water, regret, you do the lotto when Tech, 'cause boo, ya hollow wh
en X you blew in sorrow
I ain't tryna paint a dark picture
But I think that I needed a heart to heart with ya
But when the spark hit ya thinkin' that your bark sicker
With an imbalance to smothering yard nigga
Never been a fart kisser

I mean I can only take so much
You say some real shit, I'm like, "Hold up"
Never fails, every month, girl, you go nuts
Snappin' right out of it like nothing and be like, "So what?"
Actin' like it ain't nothing when I'm so sick
From the coldest that you spoke with
I'm 'bout to kick you to the curb like I'm co-quitter
Let 'em roll off of me why you bringin' up old shit

Why? I don't know what to do, I don't know what to do
You actin' a whole girl, no, girl, don't know what you be going through
Question mark this, what's the matter with you? It's like it's a habit with
you
If I ask you don't call, don't text, I can't take that PMS shit

Shit was all good just a week ago
Now you 'bout to see repercussions from when my heat explode
PMS PSA this a message to you weaker hoes
I be the best in LA, it is not a fucking secret, yo
I am not the female no-one I'm Lex Bratcher
But all these captions like, "You should gas that, Lex" huh
Spittin' with the illest and I be killin' niggas feelings then I go drilling
Nah, fuck it, you can have that Tech, ha
She throws, these little niggas know I cease flows
Decrease the piece from the West to the East coast
Keep killers with me, they from The Bay, they lethal
G's with me doin' more GTA than Niko
Why the fuck you talkin' that shit? But I peeped, though
Copy my raps and that's facts like they're at Kinko's
I'm in my bag, so get mad, 'cause dad you had your grasp
But fumbled your sack like at casinos
I know that my flow is vital

I be the IV to half of these pie holes
Try me, they sorry, s-s-stutterin' high notes
I never thought I'd come up with my American Idol
But Tecca Nina hit me up 'cause he like the way I be rippin'
Spit more content, got more fire than Scottie Pippen
If I'm honest niggas will probably never get this
Gotta be rockin', mama said keep them pots and pans in the kitchen
Like damn, you were supposed to be my G, ayy, man
Now they chalking your body dead in the street, amen
All these motherfuckers sleep
I'ma have to Lowrider George Lopez to my three AM
Hoppin' on your bros, where they do that at? Question mark
I don't know but 'round here we act serious
Head all bashed in family saddened
I'll leave a pussy bleeding and that's on period

Hey Tech
What's up, Mel?
Why you gotta flash on me like that though, man?
Tech, when have you ever known me not to flash on you like that?
You feel like that's cool? You know what I'm sayin'?
Why you gotta sample a nigga like that though?
Man, that's what the fuck I do

Why? I don't know what to do, I don't know what to do
You actin' a whole girl, no, girl, don't know what you be going through
Question mark this, what's the matter with you? It's like it's a habit with
you
If I ask you don't call, don't text, I can't take that PMS shit