

Red Rags

Tech N9ne

Some gangsta's wanna head blast, cuz I run with the red rags
Free Uno Ace Capone. The homie Keith Fudge, I got your back homie
LETS GO!

Crew, Su-wu
Nigga that's what we do
Who, be you
If you want funk me too

I'm bool as a bubumber
Laces in my shoes makin you wonder
Am I gonna act a fool or bring your crew thunder
Thinkin I pack the tool don't wanna use on her
I ain't trippin when the old days got my mind glitchin
Like different signs that ain't my kind got they 9's whistlin
Like a nigga wanna find this and strip clips till my wines drippin
But nobody wanna do no crime they just talkin about rhyme spittin
When I'm at the movies, careful how you steppin to me
Cause I think who's starin at me wanna do me
Cause Im flamed up and Soo woo-ey
Dead crash, my head's bad
Cause I be thinking some gangstas wanna head blast
Cause I run with the red rags

I'm a motherfucking animal, red devil, Tasmanian
Bangins' in my cranium, deuce click and five claimin it
Kansas City thang, from two clips at my range is bandana dangerous
You's crip when I'm sayin' it?
It's Soo-Woo business, then yous through nigga
Blood? I don't give a fuck if I knew you nigga
That's that 85 mentality, victim of your reality
Catchin, pumpin' that 7-11 in your fatalities
It's another nigga's wake-up, smoke water and drank up
Heavenly, blocks flames from 20's to the seventies
It's ballers tuckin' fed cash, to get you dead fast
Gangstas to head blast cause I run with the red flags!

Uh, I'm just bicken back and bein' bool
You don't this feelin, look you fuckin with the realest
No, gloves no, mask look you know we bout to kill it
Disrespect us will get your mami pinned to the ceilin
This is still holdin hemi's even when I'm in my jammies
Niggas wanna catch me slippin leave me sleepin like a mami
Plus they still sendin this, haters wanna pack me out
Bunch of internet bustas always wanna run they mouth
I ain't trippin still, thuggin for [incomplete]

Signed up, suited and booted, old nigga, ready for war
Layin back, stackin cake, but it don't take much to activate
Snatch it back and act innate, reignin' down the hand of god
Chopper get to sang a nigga smokin like his elder bar
Forgive me Lord I'm trynna keep it cool
But I'm a old nigga with a quick fuse, quick to smell the bitch in dudes
Hard to walk in Scooby's shoes, do the shit that Scooby do
Fi' block, a general, I done paid my fuckin dues
Nigga this the life I chose, fuck that, life I choose
Still livin gang rules check the laces in these shoes

Gangsta nigga through and through, tried tested been approved
On blood, one love, nigga what, soo-woo