

You're the one nigga  
Who's a dumb nigga  
And a bum nigga  
You're a slum nigga  
Better run nigga  
When I come nigga  
With a gun nigga  
You're a bitch  
Buck you  
Never trust you  
Never loved you  
Never was you  
Imma touch you  
Imma bust you  
Imma crush you  
Mother fuck you

That's my nigga Aaron Yates  
Style lee lee killa Norman Bates  
Holla at me like I'm ollie gates  
Imma put the milli to your face  
The nerve of ya yellin you're a murderer  
But ain't nobody ever heard of a  
Killa killa doing damage off up in suburbia  
Sinister rhyme minister  
TECH N9NE be the menace (yes, yes)  
Diminish ya finish with the dementia  
I'm the grimmest  
I done told y'all I was comin'  
Better start runnin'  
Or bust like a cannon  
Cause Imma leave hella destruction  
Mental breakdown and famine  
I would advise you  
Not to slide through  
Cause I will oblige you  
With a rhyme flow  
That will demise you  
How can I bow down  
To a broke rapper with a foul sound?  
How can I flow rounds  
With an MC that can't chow down?  
Where would you be  
If you didn't copy off me lil' boy?  
This type of shit that I enjoy  
I sum you up with  
Bitch flows, punk foes  
Sluts hoes, case closed

If you ain't got shit to fuck with this  
Take that dead shit on  
And if you're bitch in the club with ass on me  
I'm gonna take that home.  
By the sinister TECH N9NE  
By the sinister, by the sinister  
By the sinister, TECH N9NE  
Vill-on y'all know me by the

Hmm, Hmm, Hmm, Hmm, Hmm  
Hmm, Hmm, Hmm, HMMMMMM.  
Everybody say KC's in the house what

Bounce, rock, skate or fight, shoot, hate  
We so chilly they call us abominable  
Everybody know we phenomenal  
Get ya' money, get ya' women  
If you're getting nothing  
Your living is comical  
Simon bar sinister  
Climbing star finisher  
Swine and lard vinegar  
Rhyming hard blimisher  
Realistic Heathenistic  
Killer with a vengeance  
Breathing this shit  
Your whole facad's punkish,  
I'll make you kneel before Zod  
Biblical hits, flippable kickable spits  
Niggas with critical lyricals  
Never no mythical shit  
Step into the evil fickle abyss  
Wiggle in pittifulness  
Swivel this and get pistol whipped  
It's been along ride  
Tecca Nina just won't die ei ei ei eiya  
Better feel it when I drill it (trick)  
Real is when I kill it (Mitch)  
Hit it hit it  
Never ever tell a millimeter killer  
Quit it, Bitch!

Off the hook, stalking in clubs  
Tossing em' walkin' in blood  
Barking that rogue dog shit  
Dirty devils better hold yaw lips  
Nina ripping, ill beast flows  
Yeah we know it will reach gold  
Platinum, feel these flows  
Comin' off of kill creek road  
Say my name five times  
TECH, TECH, TECH, TECH N9NE  
I will appear in your mirror  
through your chest ripping out your spine  
Hungry like an Ethiopian  
Living off the blood in your veins  
Alias Donny Kevorkian  
Never were you ready for the pain  
What do ya get  
When you cross TECH  
With a hard ass track?  
Innovative, twisted  
Psycho, thugged out  
What do ya get  
With Rock, Will, Phlaque and Dynamack?  
Nitwits, misfits, sick shit, Nnutt Howze  
What do ya get  
When you cross tech with a fine bitch in the club?  
KY, bou lou, motel, sextime.  
What do you call a rappin' ass  
Rogue dog villain pretty mother fucker?  
Donny Quest, Azmo, Sinister TECH N9NE

TECH N9NE's in the house