

## Smoke Sumting

Tech N9ne

Tech N9ne, Killer, July 1st  
Make me wanna smoke something, ya know what I mean?  
Ya, that's huge man, in his head, don't call me back!

Do you wanna light tonight? (Strange Music)  
Put your lighters up to the sky (C'mon)  
Wanna hit it once or twice? (Tech N9ne, baby)  
Put your lighters way up high

Strange Music, '08

Hello, the name's Tech, hello, polite fellow  
From the height Mr. Righteous and I'm nice and mellow  
But when I introduce myself, the least you niggas can do is jeff  
I swallowed my tongue so much for punks, that I ain't got no juices left  
You tell them your name, they like, "I know you, you ain't gotta tell me"  
Off in the club, full of Patron, and hella Belve, tell me  
Do you need a light? 'Cause your spite's not right  
You looking to fight, I'm ready to smoke something tonight  
And I ain't talking about no pipe to smoke, this get you nice and soaked  
Steamin' meanin' demon, your life's a joke  
I'm an animal, he think he cocky, but he soft as Barry Manilow  
Can a bro go Hannibal so Bozo, then he pop ten shots? He flammable  
You like the ganja, we like ya gone for  
Please don't make Tech Neez squeeze like anaconda  
Pleads, and owe me weeds, you'll see, because you under  
Freeze 'cause KC G's breathe bringin' the thunder (July 1st)

I'm the one that you love when it sing (Yeah!)  
The evil make the angel wanna smoke something  
Brraa! Brraa! Good tidings I bring  
'Til you cross the line and make me smoke something

You bless buddha, we get gouda  
You envy us, then we get 2s to shoot that fool up  
Ooze, when he bust and who's that shooter, steppin' with the Ruger?  
Left him twitchin', let this be a lesson to you losers  
Ridiculous how you spit at Misses is sick wickedness  
His in this, this again, his twisted, this is specific  
Dismiss a trick if he slip, no need for the fist 'o' brick  
Proceed with a pistol-grip, go deep into a bitch for this  
He demon, he shifty, quick to rid me like hicks in Mississippi  
Gifted he to no hippie that's iffy-iffy with me  
Vividly, visit T and get sticky icky-icky  
Trip with me, 'cause bitches dig me like this is Pretty Ricky  
Pissed at me? Clip is free! I'ma put that in your life and hope it  
Be a little better for the player-hater, just sit in your fright and focus  
Take a millimeter to the mouth and get red in your sight and posted  
One-hitter-quitter with a trigger, nigga put that in your pipe, and smoke it

(Killer, July 1st, Strange Music all day)  
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And for your shooby-dooby I got Scooby-Dooby to give that groovy  
Uzi tooly to me, shoot the booshy bulley through the booty  
Then "Hiyah!" I'm gunnin' you with the Glock brick in the dash  
Screamin' "Aaah! You son of a bitch you shot me in the ass!"  
Diablo got the hollow, never trust us kids  
That'll leave you lost, laying limp, instead of fluffed up jigs  
Now the reason that I ever have to come home to a fucked-up crib  
'Cause I'm creepin', but the haters see my lady and they never have a hushed  
up lid  
Now the reapin' gotta come down rough, like wife ain't enough, just live  
But they speakin' hella hated to my ladies because they seductive  
Now we beefin', why you do a nigga shady, like selling me crushed up Thizz?  
Get to chiefin', put the barrel in your mouth, take a hit nigga, puff-  
puff give

Some just smoke the Hookah, others hit the pipe up  
So when me says you smoke with me, you got to give your life up  
Start to runnin' Mr. Gunman, come to see you smokin' something!

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Yeah, show 'em  
Real, back up  
I'm serious, no joke  
Like that, yo  
How is it that being polite get you in a fight nowadays?  
You tell them your name like, "Wassup, I'm Tech N9ne"  
"Nigga, I know who your are" Nigga  
I can't assume that everybody in the world know my name  
I can't be big headed like that, nigga  
Just because you feel bigger, nigga  
The name is Tech N9ne, suck a dick ahahaha