

Speed Of Sound

Tech N9ne

I be comin like a auto but I'm murderin everything
I'm a killa wit the mission to flip it
I'm sick wit the givin, the lip I be itchin to give it
A wif of the wicked, I stick it wit the quick and they diggin i
t!
NIGGA!
Like I said it befo' I'm a get up and go
And get it, because I'm Mr. Malignant, keepin' you riveted
Livin' it, paligiment, sin a bit
And a chick in a minute, Tecca Nina be kickin' it
I flow for the middle west, go for your little neck
Don't let me get it, but your hoe, I'm a get it wet
Stop and drop, on top of twat, in your kitchen
Not the guap, I pop without an admission
Hailin' from Mizzery
You can smell out the hell in the thizzery, just remember me
Bustin' deliveries and I'm makin' them shivvery
I'm takin' my little city to lyrical liberty
I go for the gusto and lead the ground
No bush to beat around
All the midwest choppers on this track and yes, oh, we are down

Tecca Nina wit Bone, everybody gets on, all the MCs we a clown
And we do it like a bullet, from a gun, or better yet, the spee
d of sound!