

# Stick It In

Tech N9ne

I just wanna stick it in  
I know it sounds sickening  
Bet I make it feel good  
I put that on the real hood  
Get on this and you bouncing  
You know my youth is the fountain  
Do this right and I'm announcing  
You be counting money mountains  
'Cause they give a lot of paper  
To the one that move the shakers  
You will accumulate haters  
When they find they women wanna taste ya  
I'ma be the biggest  
Thing up in ya cranium I give it  
To you when you want it, I can dig it  
Haters they be livid  
'Cause I'm 'bout to get it all  
She want the Tech, T want the neck  
Bouncing I stretch and I flex  
What I possess is a threat  
Those who ain't with me upset  
'Cause I get it wet  
Yeah

They don't be talking 'bout nothing  
You know I know  
I be pushing them buttons  
And I give it to you  
We don't need no discussion  
I don't be fronting  
I know what they want  
Take what I got and put it in your head  
I just wanna stick it in your head  
Let me put it in your head  
I just wanna stick it in your head  
Now let me stick it in (yep)

People really think it's evil  
When I put it up in the cerebral cortex  
Your bet is to know I am making galore chicks  
Wanna be giving me even more sex (Ay)  
Up off in the whore nest (Ay)  
Better give it your best (Ay)  
'Cause I'm gonna absorb it  
Of course I got the force to put the bitches in orbit (Ay)  
Each one wanna have a D one  
When the beat drums stick it where they pee from  
Become a Tecca Nina legion  
Wishing my D up in the V giving me some  
'Cause I'm driving 'em crazy  
When I'm rappin' amazing, I'm having the ladies  
Thinking they want Nina stabbing the labia  
I'm so good, they want to be having a baby  
T fetish, she get it and be wantin' me to wet it  
He regretted he fed it wishing that he never ever let it in  
I am the medicine  
You hating don't you do that again

Ain't nobody better than Tech Nina  
Baby your head is spent, go take Excedrin (Excedrin)

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See me cometh  
She got it in but her friends let him in 'cause I sin  
When they wanna flee from it  
Then with a grin I begin to get in to the skin  
With the pen then again I be winning a friend  
Wanna spin Tech and 'em be the creme de la creme  
With the gems look at him he pretends to be zen  
When his grim hella dim swinging limbs for the brims  
Shit, I don't wanna say nothing else  
But, my rhythm make your lady fucking melt  
Nuts, know that Nina and they know the wealth  
What, and what they want is right be low the belt (Out)

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