

Tech's Mex

Tech N9ne

Gave it a try, but I never considered the brothers would always try to hype me up
Shorty Macky, really psyched me up
When I wrote that back in the day, I was laughing to myself knowing they'd be jeffin'
When they hear this and they still do it today, but I wrote that style back in '87

I'm original, all they bite is a Tech's Mex
No residual, y'all should write us a blessed check
On the set, let's have a dialect test
Unequivocal, y'all are liars and Tech-esque
Why? I devour things
Kill 'em like a psycho shower scene
I'm authentic and y'all lost and sick
Shredded cheese, ground beef and sour cream

They be loving the way that N9na chop it up into pieces
They wanna thief it, not even keep it a secret
But the way I kick it, they couldn't stick it with adhesive
They wanna reach it up on a level the beast is
But they release it, we'll thank American cheeses
That is the cheapest, they know the price of the Seepage
I frequent, why in this business, we go make peace with the leeches?
We are the teachers, like a penitentiary, got the bars to keep ya
Being all believers, if you're not welp, hard to reach us like a top-shelf margarita
I flowed the best way, on the mic I'ma go for let's-play
Gassing, I got to go collect pay, behold the set say
Dressing like a soldier, essay
Beat you with a fucking molcajete if you chose the Tech's spray
You tried to see though
Said you came up with it, then you lying like a Leo
I'm quite the hero, but the pacifist level has went to zero
Try me, I'll roll you up like a taquito
With chicken and chorizo, bean sauce
'Cause of biters, the N9na had many dreams lost
But then when I became the bee, cut the sting off
When the king boss bring frost, making your lowest temperature seem false

I'm original, all they bite is a Tech's Mex
No residual, y'all should write us a blessed check
On the set let's have a dialect test
Unequivocal, y'all are liars and Tech-esque
Why? I devour things
Kill 'em like a psycho shower scene
I'm authentic and y'all lost and sick
Shredded cheese, ground beef and sour cream

If this pertaining to you, don't be sore papa
But you wallow my music like white on rice, that's horchata
Me checking you never pay homage to N9na is more caca
If you did not take nada from Tech you might live in a poor casa

It's over the way you sniffing and you digging in my hip folder to get dough
bruh
I'm never yellin' [?] you get shoulder or better yet a pistola

Bet the quick flow up (Ha)
You became a big roller (Ha)
How you gonna hiss cobra right out your lips soldier, you hit a brick boulder (Ha)
And this ain't for the fan that is inspired, wanna yank from the man that is in fire
When he's dank on the jam and he win buyers, bank's gonna land on his empire
Speaking 'bout the mental robbers and get in the dollars
Never say how they got it, don't attend the holler
Never mentioning Tech is like a sin to Allah like cheddar on enchiladas, emp anadas
I keep hearing the Tech N9na replay when I peep some of the cadences he spray
Use my formula to come up is cliché, but your movements are fishy ceviche
Everybody, they know Tech's flow, haters who clip it, they never pay no checks though
Tell 'em hasta luego, get low, hate it when I pop, fill up some Queso Fresco

I'm original, all they bite is a Tech's Mex
No residual, y'all should write us a blessed check
On the set, let's have a dialect test
Unequivocal, y'all are liars and Tech-esque
Why? I devour things
Kill 'em like a psycho shower scene
I'm authentic and y'all lost and sick
Shredded cheese, ground beef and sour cream

Tech N9na, original
All the others are Taco Bell
And I'm that El Patron having that paria