

Tell Me If I'm Trippin'

Tech N9ne

I wanted to find my gun, my lady runs to the bathroom
Yelling "someone", and when it's done
I'ma treat it like my daughters and son, we having fun
'Till intruders came knocking to come kill everyone
The beat and the kick ringing my bell uncontrollably
Four in the morning yelling my name so they know it's me
Scramble and try to find my nigga's gun, I'm supposed to be
Prepared for the crazy, my lady screaming don't go to see
Fuck it, I'm going down to the kitchen to get the knife
Invite 'em all in my crib and then take everybody's life
Chop 'em all into pieces, pray to God they heat-less
He in D shit, play with their bodies in the name of Jesus
One, two, three, god damn it's just the cops
All the motherfuckers must've scamm' when we hit the block
I was gonna kill am I wrong to feel
For my loved safety I'll leave you permanently still
Trav said he caught them on camera they came to his place
Two teen girls and the guy yelling "where is Yates"
Damn some fans would've lost some lives on this day
Mistaken, I would've been erasing all of the kid's face

Am I my paranoid or scared
Or is this my nightmare
Were they ever really there?
Tell me if I'm tripping
Am I supposed to sit and wait
While they storm through the gate
Psycho just like Norman Bates
Tell me if I'm tripping

Yeah, it's gonna be the shit, wait 'till you hear this, man.
You on keyboard, I gotta get this fixed, man, damn...
Alright, there we go. Alright man, sit over there though

Seven o'clock, I was upstairs
I was on the keyboard making that tear
Knock on the front door, C.O. got it
Niggas came in, I said "Yo, get in the closet"
Hit 'em with venom and run up in 'em while they rummagin'
Too many niggas was coming in, I wanna get me one
Hopin' niggas try me cause I'm finna feel like "fry me"
Eyes all Chinese, high off reefer
I'ma get deeper, turn to the Grim Reaper
Use a heat seeker when I creep with the heater
Leave a deep gash, bring the heat fast
Hit 'em with the venom, when I get 'em I'ma keep 'em
Giving them an enema, even if it's ten of 'em
Then I'ma, eat 'em like dinner in the cinema
Then I'ma, shit 'em out, get 'em out
In about twenty-four seconds I'ma fuck 'em in the ass
Tuck 'em in the grass, cut 'em up fast
Buttercup, shut 'em up, I'ma cut mass
I'ma cut lass, nigga he got it, he gotta fuck 'em up, yeah
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I don't really wanna play this, guys... This isn't something to mess around with
Come on, it's just a game, nothing to worry about, sit down
(Hey, man, hand me one of those beers)
But it's not just a game...
It is, everything is gonna be fine, hand me a beer too. Come on, let's do it

I can still remember, it was January twenty-third, 1994
And a group of us was chilling at the table, we was drinking with our fingers on the Ouija board
Tryna summon spirits asking "Ouija, can you hear us?" never thinking what was in store
Then the dogs started barking, in the darkness, all of a sudden it was knocking at the front door
Then we started approaching, cautious as hell as we pulled the door open
Nervous adrenaline, seeming slow motion, no one was there, we went back to the board hoping
That we finally made contact, with the deity, apparition on the other side
Then it started moving out and soon it was spelling out the warning in the morning one of us would die
We decided to stop it, said our goodbyes, and left the apartment
On the way home Sarah hit a patch of ice, lost control of her car, hit the ditch and lost her life

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Fuck that shit, nigga, hmm, let's party