

The Birth

Tech N9ne

You see my artsy hate, Jellysickle dripping on ya
But these guys bars be fake, yeah these fists will hit them stronger
Really fly stars we make and I been doing this so long bruh
Agree by far we great, so I'ma take you right back home for
The B-I-R-T-H of Tech Tech N9ne N9ne
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When I was 'bout five years old my Christian mama took me to the show
Halloween was so ketamine and blow
But she taught me how to spell my name and how to flow
So I would know how the rhythm go
The clowns at Ringling Brothers Barnum and Bailey yo
They scared me so I'm out the door
She showed me so many crazy things living in the MO
So when I grow Red Nose will glow
I escaped all the fear and anxiety when I listen to Roger Troutman, George C
linton
More attention on the rap but I love sounds smooth-
As a water fountain, George Benson
And my step-father shouting ignored pimping
And all the red up on the block, never thinking that with all I said was gon
na pop
Never really saw the bread but wanna rock, chose rap something raw, my head
was gonna drop, boom!

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Oh God please tell me why my mom was cursed with the epilepsy for-
A physical war in her brain and core
I remember visiting her in the psychiatric wards
'Bout three or four but I don't keep score
Then I listen to Ice Cube, NWA and DOC
That woke us up they set me free
Was so abrupt, made me want to be dope as fuck
Used gospel, R&B, my mother and R-A-P, mixed that with rock
I'ma grow to be the creme of the crop, an elite MC and I just won't stop
Don't nobody really want it dancing or rapping, what's happenin'?
Let the war begin
At school battled daily but can't nobody play me like a stretched accordion
Bust first and I got ya the surgeon, a doctor, I guess you're the next to bo
re me then
Blood thirst hip-hopper, the birth of a chopper but I'm not Ecuadorian

You see my artsy hate, Jellysickle dripping on ya
But these guys bars be fake, yeah these fists will hit them stronger
Believe we make and I been doing this so long bruh
Okay by far we great, so I'ma take you right back home for
The B-I-R-T-H of Tech Tech N9ne N9ne
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5816 Forest

Non stopping rapping in the year of '85

But when the money dogs' rapping, MC rappers want to cry

But when you hear the vicious B Boy echo through your bones

Think of D-O-N-T-E-Z-Z because he stands alone

That was my rap