

The Worst

Tech N9ne

As I blaze the PM
I inhale with the scent of a million men
I exhale wit dumpin 17 up in the what the fuck I am?
In the midst of a crisis God knows all the sacrifices I made
Might have to hiest to get paid
In spite
But can't jiest the price
Instead a nigga played bitch made
Niggas think they know me
The don't know me
They, phoney funny
But they don't know
That I'm that ill type niggas that'll open that gut
Not much luck
I'm feelin skunk wit a capitol S
Hit the cess
Killed the stress
Rottin away in the Midwest
I guess
They was right
When they said that was such a psycho sight
Sick inside a slight
Deliver that makes me want to go Master P at night right
No more pain I complain and pray to God, AND STUFFS
It was unbearable until I tried COCOA PUFFS
That chocolate tie got me willin to fly up in the sky
But when I loose altitude that high
Just makes me wanna come down and die
Whos responcible for this madness, me?
Whos responcible for this sudden strike of sadness, me?
I can see
I can look into your eyes
Smile and then to your suprise
I'll be yellin "Die, nigga die"
When all the bullets fly
Don't know how much longer I'll be on this Earth
Cause I'm the worst type of, nigga on this here turf
So disperse

The worst, the worst yeah
They keep tryin to pull me under
But I been to long tryin to make it over
The worst, the worst yeah
After all that I been through
I just don't know what the hell to do

What it is
What it was
And what it shall be
You tell me
Cause this nigga ain't livin healthy
Bitches think I got money from here to Shri Lanka
So I'm thinkin of killin you when I'm makin love to you bianca
Can't you see I ain't you seein what I mean
I got plenty and mean streets my team tweaks
So my future seems BLEAK
Take a peak at me I ain't happy she got me

Under child social serviceses and shit for bein a slacky pappy
My khakis are low saggin from illio type little bags
Pushin ten of them on top of the world like James Cagney
Feel that agony
People naggin me
My ragedy life ain't worth livin sick of my aunt and uncle draggin me
See me drink my life away
Smokin tokin my life away
Tryin to put this trife away
In the deepest darkest hide away
If I could fly today to the Golden Gates
I could get away from this place of hell and fakes
But it might be too late
What it gonna be
D-E-A-D
Another S-T-A-T-I-S-T-I-C that's me
Puffin that stronger W double E-D that hunger
Don't know how much longer I'll be on this Earth
Cause I'm the worst type of nigga on this here turf
So disperse

That's why I say
F-A-H-Q
If you ain't crew
Some busters on my hit list betta hope it ain't you
My pockets thin
About to sin
I got to spend
About like 10
To get that Henn
To make that blend
To make that fool come up out his ins
Devilish thoughts
Hell is feelin kinda of crellish
God tell us what we got to do to make the muthafuckin rellish
Spell it, out to me cause broke is imbarasin
I'm psycho like Woody Harrleson
I can make a comparrison
Like Aaron Yates
Norman Bates
Perfect mates
Dippin up in Wally Gates
Bitches yellin head is swellin
Thinkin of goin in hell and bakin with the beans
Got me fiend
Murder for my green
Seems, I'm cursed not first
The last verse
I burst, into a blood thirst
But what is it worth
No hearst
Nobodies turf
Fuck planet Earth
Disperse
Because you're dealin wit the worst (the worst)

The worst
I know that it can't get no worst
The worst, the worst yeah
After all that I been through
I just don't know what the hell to do