

Things I Like

Tech N9ne

(I like) A really hot morn
Wakin' up going at it so rough she get her top torn
I like feelin' like I shot porn
I like Buncha Crunch inside of my salted and buttered popcorn
Yeah I like that, I like my people and crew
That know when it come to me they never take no fecal in you
I like (here we go) android over iPhone
But I'm thinkin' of gettin' one equaling two
I like the fans, I feel like I'm y'all play brotha
Super elite and I be rippin' it all day for ya
I like red, white, black, and all gray colors
And the ethnic aisle at Walmart is Raw Shea butter
I like to (leave alone)
Issues and goin' all petty rot in hell and you gets none
But I really like (Creed cologne)
If you ain't knowin' already I ain't tellin' you which one
I like I'm a black king that'll bomb first and shoot
I like fat strings in my converse and boots
And in my shell toes that I bought off a Melrose
Without jackers tryna kill me peel me like Velcro
I like the high bro I've been when I go hidin'
I like to microdose chocolate Psilocybin
Tech just showed out, when I exit blowed route
I like grilled barbecue chicken at Texas Roadhouse

(I like)
Hey back then I used to daydream 'bout green and other things
(I like)
Hey but now I'm stepping way clean I'm king at everything
(I like)
Ayy this ain't to make the fans bring me things know what I mean
(I like)
The way I'm spittin', the way that I'm living ayy
(I like the way)

(I like) a lady not bringin' torture to me
Lucky me I got that and really court her truly
I like Victoria's Secret for her boobies
And because of my mother I like horror movies
What really (moves me though)
Is havin' a get together with (who we know)
When they leave I clean up and I listen (to me flow)
In my all black Beats by Dre (studio) headphones (yeah I like that)
We got guap big cheese chunks
'Cause my trio will not stop till we slump
I like makin' the spot hop watchin' me stunt
Then I listen to Yacht Rock or P. Funk
I like wit skill I can't be handled
Write like I'm back in the ghetto rockin' janky sandals
Like I'm still writing heaters off in a stanky bando
Now I'm in my house or hotel I like my Yankee Candles
I like to do it wit' the lights on
When the N9na be gettin' to it, it's like a cyclone
Hit my home, I rule it when I get the mic on
You know I'm really flowin' fluid wit' this I like song
I like to think my fans take the love in my music
And use that so they can shake the drug

Problem one thing I like when I stand face to mug
You look me right in my eye with the handshakes or hugs mane

Yeah, I like my plans to visit Africa
Uh huh! And I'd like to see Jamaica and be smokin' that reefer
Yeah yeah, or go to Greece to straight release
And I like when we go to Puerto Rico walkin' la placita wit' my Mamacita

(I like)

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(I like)

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(I like)

Ayy this ain't to make the fans bring me things know what I mean

(I like)

The way I'm spittin', the way that I'm living ayy

(I like the way)

(I like)