

Too Good

Tech N9ne

Too good
Too good
Too, Too

One of the coolest to rep my sec
Only the foolish neglect projects
Coming from the newest and blessed by Tech
Clergy of crazed, worthy of praise
Like Anubis and Wepwawet
Dismissed what I play to thee
A Damu could must a wrong should
Slick spit from a hater sea
All the crew stood over strong wood
Mystics with the fate of tea
Read I move hoods, pray a song should
Critics what they say to me
Is that I'm too good for my own good
A lot of my people in circles 'round the hood
They treat my music like a Blondie
Too much emotion and too many cadences
They want you on the mic, a zombie
Lyrically against the ficklest
I'm quick to pistol-whip you like you're Chauncey
And I step with a thickey like Ashanti
Spit a web of witty, quite a Nancy
If you spit ridiculous and raise the bar up
They don't wanna reach it
And one of us'll get the moment I speak it
Don't wanna receive it
The one I'm alone at the top
You become something invisible to them
You then don't spark up
Opponent I'll beat it, I'm only conceited
The dummy competed, the toner retreated
They running, I'm gunning for god
Rigorous fail when idols give it
Wicked as hell and pyro with it
Gibberish cells and I grow vicious
Nigga this Del and Hieroglyphics
Too good at a thing, you might just be shunned
I can't even do verses with none
Cause I'm one of one

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What else can I do?
Standing next to you
Ruin your career
Cause that what they just fear
Make it so you can't ever ever ever come back around here

Uh
Too good, no I'm too great
I'm like two trey with the flu weight
Talking shit and outta toothpaste
Big Bs, Bobby Boucher
On my wrist I got the skeleton
Richie with the see-through face
Drop the whip without the toupee
Pregnant pistol got a due date
I'm too good for my own good
I cross my heart, I knock on wood
I lost my heart, I found, I put
I stand my ground and ground I stood
I walk my walk, that ground is shook
That time I bought, that time I took
That time I put inside these thoughts
Since this art, they gotta look, look
I'm one of the boolest to rep my set
I don't do computers but I sipped high tech
I don't do computers but my chips like that
I don't do computers but my shooters put a bullet wound in ya apple
It look bit like Mac
Just like that, like this like that
My drip like splat
With lips like that, she kiss my gat
Just might blat
Beat the beat up
Like this track tryna fist fight back
When the producer heard this verse
It left his eye black
Ask my chef
I eat rappers, I like mine prepped
Still an ex-con feeling like the only icon left
That's real shit, I'm still a shit
I ain't wiped mine yet
The greatest of all time
And I got a lifetime left, Tunechi

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It's crazy
Too good, too
Too good, too good, too
Too good, too good, too