

Worldwide Choppers

Tech N9ne

(Turkey)

Sen kalk, bir minik mikrofonunu getir
Bak jak burada mikrofonuna tak
Kağıt kalem bir de ilham alınacak
Tam gaz choppers, havada düşman avına çıkalım
Akalım, haydi bu battle'ı kazanalım

(We started in the Midwest)
(Now we 'bout to take it)
(All over the world, baby!)
(This is the pinnacle!)
(Yeah, Tech N9ne!)

Follow me, all around the planet, I run the gamut on sickology
They could never manage, we do damage with no apology
Pick them out the panic, a little manic cause I gotta be
Frantic, I'ma jam it cause I'm an oddity
Gobble the track up like I'm grubbin' at mama nakas
I can pop at you proper cause I'm partners with Waka Flocka
Give me the top of hip-hop and watch him make 'em rock
With a show-stopper, chakras popping off the (Worldwide Choppers)
If you anybody, you notice it
Tech is the pinnacle, not an identical soul is it
Loaded cold as the polar get wrote it quick and they quoted it
Yo it exploded the flow behold it cause when the motor spit
A-bi-de-a, bi-de-a, never to get free of the real
Better ya just kneel to me or ready to get near my heels
Give me the knock and I'ma chop, he came and he went tomorrow
But I'ma lock it down and hop in the pocket like empanadas

Hit 'em up and get 'em up, I ain't done, I ain't did enough
Trip when I rip it up, I be the ish when I split em up
Sort of like I was liquored up and backing up in the gut
Everybody be knowing I be acting up when I bust
From Missouri to Canada, I be keeping the stamina
If you never been a fan of the man, the planet's unanimous
Can I cuss? Fuck anybody, Tech is calamitous
Leave them in the dust, ain't nobody tough when I'm standing up

Tech is hostile, he's awful
He really be wicked when he be off in the bottle
You with it, you dig it, you never lost the apostle
He's thinking he give it the Poe and toss in Picasso
Killing everybody off is the motto
And I be the only chopper that's tossed in the brothel
You said it's pathetic, my head is off in the taco
I sped and you bled and you in the coffin when I go

I'm light years, ahead of my peers
Want some, you can come bring it right here
Can't clown me, don't come 'round me
Bow down, I was crowned when they found me

(K.C.)

Check it, I'm ahead of them, chop it up with the veterans

A legend developin', ain't gotta tell him it's evident
Gotta notice an elephant, none of you niggas relevant
You're delicate, but loving every second of this

(Denmark)

De vil alle tjekke når vi ligger det
Kommer ind og smækker det beatet jeg vækker det
I ved hvad der kommer ud af min mund
Hanger med de vildeste gutter
Det minder mig om vi stikker det af
For de kalder mig alle vild "Fucking Chopper"

(Alabama)

What if I ran into you with a Pogo stick?
Hopped up on top of you rappers like a Jehovah's Witness?
With a photo of Jesus and a paper pamphlet
And I threw up a rejection like I was playing Hamlet?
Syllable burning, that internal damage
Swing, batter, batter, but then I lay back on a hammock
Under an oak tree, like I was peeling pecans
But instead, I'm peeling rappers' heads, making a sam-a-wich
Pick up a .22 and put a bullet inside of a
Motherfucka from inside a 1987 box
I'm headed up, yeah, headed for bucks
Fuck 'em all, make them feel my dread like I had a head of locks
Feel every bump, like you had dead shocks
But I hopped on the fuckin' beat and I worldwide chopped
Wanna fuck with Tech N9ne, twist up the pine and
Smoke a beat with Mr. Busta Rhymes, well, sure, why not?
Really don't need to show any more of my cock
But I run across the stadium in a pair of your socks
In a trench coat with the pencil and a watch
Then drop a verse before you can focus to read the clocks
Slumerican is out of control
Heat it up, beat it up, then I gotta go
But I'm a dump truck, just send another load
Peter Piper dump a pile of peppers in your throats
With an alien probe

Twista! (Chicago)

Like I gotta focus up in my rhythm or loosen the venom
And hit 'em and give 'em astig-a-ma-tism
And then I'ma spit 'em somethin' so full of vengeance
That everybody'll wanna devour the pieces of my enemies 'cause of cannibalism
Breaking them off into particles, they get in a predicament
That be never reversible 'cause a nigga be too versatile
Makin' you nervous, you could never compete with the colonel
I burn you, I'm an immortal, and that's the reason I murder you
Focus on my hocus pocus and make a lick a magic
After I wreck and check ya, then your respect I better have it
Because I'm an anomaly, able to give a lobotomy
To any motherfucker challenging my astronomy
Hopping out, I don't stop with the fire when the flames thrown
I'm one of the most popular choppers and my name's known
Throwing it up in the air, taking it there
We W-W-C, if you can't keep up, should've stayed home
My alien knowledge be making other astronomers'
Work look as ancient as a discovery of paleontology
So play me and I'ma be shining on them haters

I'm finna be using it as energy, watch how radiant I'ma be
Like a helicopter when the words fly
Entire families all the way out to you girl die
If I catch you fucking with the most intricate lyricists
Don't even try to stop us 'cause we choppers and we worldwide
And I'm

(New York)

See now they ask when I'ma stop it, my dude
And when I'ma cock it and pop it, and when I'ma drop it my dude
Inevitably, it's that I'ma be the most incredible dude
To ever spit on the record and put it together, my dude
And then they ask "What in the world is you proving?
What, when you already the best? And what the hell is he doing?"
Well, I'ma be chopping and cutting and breaking and beating and shaking
And fucking everything up 'til there ain't no further mistaking
And busting everything up like a fucking angry Jamaican
And shutting everything up, especially the ones who be hating
They loving everything until I got 'em stuttering stupid
You hear 'em now? "D-d-d-d-don't do-do-do-do it!
P-P-P-Please? Wh-wh-wh-why you gotta t-try us?
W-w-w-w-we already know that you be the nicest!"
And now I'ma come and kill 'em, get them, hit them, and finish them
And bang 'em in the head and diminish them, and then I'll
Hit 'em again at a minimum, repeat it coming to killing 'em
Then he be gotta be drilling them, thinking "They gotta be feeling him!"
Spitting lithium, see the way a nigga be spilling them?
And getting them stupid to the point where there's no forgiving him?
Hoping you're listening and you're paying attention
And you're witnessing the way that I be christening the mic
And getting in the zone, I be flattening and packing in
People from the front to the back and
They got me actin' a fool, I'm black and
Nigga now I'm home!

(Kansas City)

My fire annihilate make fighters retire instantly
I'm chopping, don't call me Michael Myers in my vicinity
The way I be killing 'em with rhythm, it get illegitimate
The Gilla will finish it, ending any predicament
And the enemies in the vicinity, I gotta mack up
They know they never can get with me whenever they mention me
The history of a lyrical criminal more deadly than chemicals
Check my resume, they say that your boy's biblical

(California)

I hit 'em with venom when I get up in 'em, I bend em and send em and you can
feel me
Digging up in your brain and bringing the pain, they often wanna kill me
Filling 'em with that fury, get up and hurry, you can feel the Real me
Coming in with that shit, I'm having a fit, and you will never peel me
Off of you when I'm on top of you, I got the drop on you
And popping often hitting 'em up with a bullet to the (Brain!)
You can look into the eyes of a heathen, breathing, you're fiending
And dreaming to find a demon, name insane, I'm a worldwide (Chopper)