

# Yada, Yada, Yada

Tech N9ne

Huh, my nigga Don Juan, damn..  
Been knowin' you for a long time, nigga (heh)  
We did a lot of shit together, man  
On this music tip, man  
Beautiful shit we did, dog  
Remember when we went out to L.A. man, with Quincy man  
Made all that shit pop, Yukmouth and everybody, Dubb C and everybody  
Had a lot of good times, dog, know what I'm sizzlin'?  
But that shits about to come to an end, dog  
You know? Never have I ever crossed anybody, y'all niggas know me  
The sands of time have already started to pour against you, dog  
So listen hard, cause I speak real softly, like this:

Just think: What if I could just, just blink your shit away?  
Niggas think: Because a nigga bust, I grips and grips of pay  
The pain grows in fame and kangos we're changin' strange hoes  
Who bang in Range Roves for thangs same shows with lames  
The rains goes will stain and insane foes who drain  
And hang rows with brains  
If you caught it, that means you got it  
And if you brought it, that means you should have shot it  
Cause I'm about to drop the ray and Nina locked to kill a liter  
Proped to meaner nigga I pop the millameter  
DeMarco I'm 'bout to spark flow ya bark so hearts with parts  
Gonna make ya heart blow (heart blow), blood  
And don't be was-in, cuzz-in me buggin' me  
Bout dubbz I be musclin these clubs really lovin, me  
It hurts my nigga, the hurt my nigga, but hurt my nigga  
Is what's inspiring these spurts my nigga  
At first my nigga  
Used to be my homie, used to be my ace  
Yellin' you gon' slap the taste out my mouth  
Nigga, I never scare  
Savoir faires everywhere  
If you need me believe me it's easy  
To put hoes in shock to tizzie  
Watch the wizie, these Glocks'll talk fa' shizie

Some say I should worry and watch where I walk  
Yada, yada, yada, nigga, that's just talk  
I'm a friend, if I was a foe I would be  
Knock-knock-knock-knock-knock-knock-knock-knockin' at yo' front do'

Industry's faulty, industry's salty (man)  
The industry cost me, industry brought me (pain)  
The industry taught me, industry caught me (strain)  
And you niggas know that the industry's awfully (vain)  
I ain't a snake nigga, all I did is make niggas money  
With Sonny now its funny, you playa hate niggas  
Over some cake the fake of a show me state nigga  
In my face will be Don Juan The Great to late nigga  
I don't speak a lot I peep a lot I creep a lot  
And people who speakin' usually weak and out for peace and no beef a lot  
Remember we used to kick it like bros  
Now you niggas act like bitches and hoes, with ya licorice souls  
Tecca N9ne I got the wickedest flows  
No kid in this MO, no misery will ever get wit this Rouge

I'm pissed in this hole  
Little for side a crypt in his soul  
Instead of a rap I should have twisted his nose  
Who kept Short Nitty from killin' you? (Me!)  
Who kept Diamond from drillin' you? (Me!)  
Whp kept villian niggas from bill dealin' you? (Me!)  
So now you can take away me and keep on talkin' crazy  
And I'mma let 'em know where you keep your baby and where you stay, D

You can't turn enough muthafackas against me  
You can't find a harder rapper that'll convince me  
I'm with the Canties, the Ashbees, the White Bears  
La Zhunes, the Harris's, and the muthafuckin Timleys  
The theories, the buyers, the Kennedy's  
You know the families that are known to be bad for humanity  
Can he be bad? Can he be tough? Can he be rough?  
No cream puffs are considered to be rough enough  
Nobody likes you not even ya bitches, I'm a witness  
They sick of yo disrespectful way of speakin' explicit  
Always talkin' about how big yo dick is  
Betta hope Anghellic go multi-platinum to get yo riches, blood  
This is the end of men who were once friends and then  
One asshole thought he was somethin'  
When punks bend over they get fucked! (Get fucked!)  
Hand over them Tech tapes or get stuck! (Get stuck!)  
You must think I'm soft for talkin' to Icey Rock 'bout the Nina out  
I'm trippin' without a doubt  
I'm a tell you really is yo friend  
Mail Bakarii and maybe you and him can get together and tell like it is again  
It's over man, I hope you brought your novacaine  
I know the pain, is slowly takin' over brain  
So calm that muthafuckin wombat, I don't need no Don Juan tracks to come bomb on rap

That's what I'm speakin' on, dog, that's real shit  
Nigga once said to me: "Nigga walk around like his shit don't stink  
Gon' cut ya nose off and stick up ya ass so you can smell that shit," man  
Ya know what I'm sizzlin'?  
Dog, you drew first blood man  
That was dog shit  
You know what I'm sizzlin'  
That ain't no friend  
Talkin' 'bout knockin' me out nigga  
Ya know what are we  
Yo

Dr. Dre here I come  
Timbaland here I come  
Neptunes here I come  
Rick Rock here I come  
Alchemist here I come  
Sick Jack here I come  
Boscoe here I come  
Swizz Beats here I come  
Trackmasters here I come  
Don Juan be done