

# Shoot Tha Shit

Tech N9ne

Guns, we don't need your funds  
to the ones  
with hums  
If you don't get none, nigga, you dumb  
Scavanging for crumbs  
See, you wanna live life like a bum  
Nigga, fuck is you from?  
I come in with the polls  
Straight through your nose  
Hanging with all my roags  
See me, they roag  
I can't get in with these clothes  
Get stopped at the front door  
Go ahead, niggas wanna be hoes  
Nigga, don't play my flows  
Imma wait outside your club  
Liquor and drugs  
Tryna get me a little bit of love  
From a hoe who go so low to the floor, then go get a little grub  
At the bar we chug  
house jump  
Mushrooms, don't you try them, from the Midwest side  
Go high  
No matter how hard you try  
My enomies they die  
So you better forget your pride  
If you don't wanna die  
Who ever said Tech N9na was lies  
Put your hands to the side  
Quiet

Shoot the shit  
We killers, we sin  
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Shoot the shit  
We quick to stick your bitch  
Shoot the shit  
The westside is getting lit  
Shoot the shit  
Going up at 6  
Shoot the shit  
Your girl going on my dick

I'm from the place where you surve feends  
Got me fucking your girlfriend, let's begin  
The homies are insaine  
Pop off with no shame  
But Bear's not one to play, but they had no name  
Juan bring the ice, bout to fuck up the world  
Hit your girl maybe twice, come rock my world  
Selling beats, make a grand  
Play to Got my dick in your hand  
Cause you know I'm the man  
That's how we do on the Midwest, motherfucker, don't test  
Leave you a bloody mess  
Should've worn my vest

Life with no stress  
Living my dreams  
Statis of a baller, now you wanna join the team  
You haters got no skill  
Never had a deal  
Homie, just keep it real  
You ain't got no skill  
So stop with the games you playing  
Take your life, this the king, we hot like flames  
Motherfucker!

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Green, Roag Dog green  
Hustling in my nature, getting paper by any means  
Graduated on tripple beams  
If you got the cream  
Come at us like feends  
Roll the bean on our team  
After partys gettin hoes  
Who roll with more  
Living life, bitches coming out of they clothes  
For the camera, they pose  
Hoes wanna be stars  
Bounce that ass like a ball  
Make it do it, hoe  
Silants 'm all, Listen to that bullshit, I'd rather listen to us  
Knowin that you can't compare  
Who said it? Nigga, Bear  
Except the facts, but you really don't wanna go there  
Have you hollaring like hoes  
Friction knows  
See you running to your trunk, but I stop you with the 44  
Had to let the gat bust, your ass getting fucked  
Nigga, we shoot the shit, and your shit is shot up, nigga

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