

# The Answer

Tech N9ne

Yeah, I think they got me fucked up  
Everybody better hold up  
Cause they don't be feeling you like they feelin' me  
And I think I'm the answer

I really had to break it down  
I really had to keep it simple  
I had to run up and down the court watching y'all like the league official  
I never had to keep a pistol  
If I did shoot, I'd shoot to kill  
Talk is talk and that's cheap to me  
But nobody really know what I do for real  
I am what I always been, white kid with the rapping skill  
Maintain that I'm self-sustained  
Still CES came as a package deal  
Run shit like in track and field  
I'll pass baton in decathlon  
Search around and go find a verse where I came soft and I was slackin' on  
Puff puff and I'll pass it on  
My team strong and we here to win  
Repping hard for the underground, I'm an emcee and a lyricist  
Many men tried to mirror this  
They was scheming on me like a pyramid  
But they theory is full of bullet holes  
Period point blank I shoulda known

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I rap until my tongues tired  
I spit it like it's gun fire  
Anybody tellin me I'm not the best it gotta be I wear a mask like an umpire  
Sayin I should hang it up in music you're a plum liar  
A dumb guy or you're a bum sire tellin me I'm inadequate knowing it's not an  
yone higher  
(UP)  
That is where I am bitch  
Up in the clouds eating a industry sandwich look it I can spit cutting em up  
And is fuck it I'm feelin funny bout fair weather fan shit  
Kansas, City King has landed  
Anything remotely close to nope when I quote you're choked with a velvet rop  
e, Janet  
Is he crazy? Sho Lia wicked like Fangoria  
Fool is hatin cause he don't understand my communication, Nokia  
Tecca N9na spit it so clear like Ho sheer  
When I get to rippin this flow here  
All the women go ta grabbin their crotch they all screamin OH DEAR!

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Armed and dangerous  
Kali baby, y'all can never hang with us

Y'all strange to us  
Y'all niggas be gambling or rambling  
Count another mil', it's chump change to us  
I'm joking  
If I'm N9ne I keep that pistol smoking  
By design to find your prime time if their eyes open  
Sign of the times ain't dependent on the rhymes  
Quoted rockabye to smoking on the pipe but doing lines of cocaine  
I don't rock that shit  
I'ma drop that dime like they committed to crime on divine lines that I've s  
poken  
So get up if you can get the picture  
Only hurt ya if the shoe fits ya  
I really can't stay on my time zone  
I ain't user friendly word to iPhone  
A different creature, every feature I get on is my song

Well I, Well I know you got me fucked up  
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, better hold up  
See they don't be feeling you like they feeling me  
And I know I'm that answer

Too old for this bullshit  
Zoned out, turned up  
Your gross must pass through fire and that's why  
I'm burned up  
Hell all in my head, peace (Got a)  
Gapin' hole in my heart too (But I)  
Won't pray to no savior (Why?)  
These days I'm too smart to  
I ain't came up for no air yet  
I put dough down on a fare bet  
Niggas hood rich, I ain't there yet  
But I got holes like a clarinet  
And I jug lean and I pop pills  
And they hate Dean 'cause I got skills  
If these pussies don't shoot me, you can bet that the punk cops will  
I give two shits about who's with you  
Laugh loud when that boom hit you  
On the role, like I'm too cripple  
Getting twisted like two nipples  
My soul's darker than nightride but no night light, I write all day  
I get fancy with them blades in, and leave blood stains in the hallway

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Watch out