

# Come Gangsta

## Tech N9ne

The spiked red hair and the, and the paint in his face  
Whoa, hold on, man, Tech is losin' it, man  
He's not as grounded as he used to be  
Tech was a devil worshiper Now have you seen a black dude red hair, long beard  
I mean look, he look scary to me too  
Man, that ain't Tech man, he sellin' out, man  
That's, that's, he's doin' that shit for the white folks  
That's white shit he doin', man I've been writing for nineteen years for sure  
Hate rules in these times, niggaz don't wanna see me shine  
Stop me and then try to tell me, come gangsta  
And then compare me to Nelly, where ya bang bra?  
So this song's gonna tell me  
So called gangsta niggaz who the fuck has always been the bigger G  
Hey, I've been bustin' and fizz-knuckin' bitches  
It is nothin' for years puffin', I've been clutchin' riches from his muffin'  
Here's fuck you niggaz this is toughin' I  
Don't know what the fuck you thinkin' tellin' me this shit is hella fake Say, since way back in the  
days rappin' the blaze happen  
I raised raves craves the days was blade packin' and stage saggin'  
They's wackin' Nina stay laid back and I  
Rap at niggaz constantly they never know the money Nina makes Hey, this is amazin' how  
niggaz formulate they hatin'  
You fuckin' fornicate your mistakin'  
We can never correlate 'cause you fakin', huh?  
Who's bringin' in through bacon, huh?  
Who's keepin' this shakin', huh?  
Got any questions Sinister Tech and Tecca Nina niggaz, know the rest  
Gay, is all you punks and Mitch Bades  
Diss in your trunk won't get played on the radio  
Two gangsta for an old lady, bro  
Gangsta niggaz don't hate me no, wanksta niggaz won't face me though  
Talkin' shit and bunch my people tellin' me I really need a vest, okay I rep the town harder than  
any of you niggaz  
Wherever I stand my bills the same punk  
And you got the nerve to tell me Come gangsta, throw your rags in the air  
And know that nobody there will compare to your gangsta  
Saggin' pants to the floor  
Every woman's a bitch or a whore when you're a gangsta  
Pack ya guns in the club if they shrug  
And them thugs mean mug ya come gangsta  
Is what they sayin' to me I shoulda been done come with a gun  
For the ones who bump they gums who the one

Said a nigga wasn't gonna make another record  
Said I was wack and washed up, done  
Said a nigga might scare little ones  
He's a fuckin' nightmare, here he comes  
With red hair and my face painted  
They say gangsta Messy Marvin, Colione is so gangsta  
But I really ain't gangsta I need to come up wit a gangsta  
Scratch the scratch on my nigga Fat Tone is so gangsta  
You need a bit of that gangsta, you need to hang wit a gangsta  
Mr. Stinky Vigilante so gangsta,  
Brotha Lynch is gangsta  
The Bigga Figga is gangsta, 57 RDVs are so gangsta  
That nigga 50 is gangsta, they say  
When you in them streets, creep, creep  
'Cause some gangstas want a head blast 'cause I run with the red rags  
And tryin' to make the Feds flash, try to swipe my bread stash  
That's that bullshit I'm gon' skip and try to go and get the money grip  
Okay, you niggaz kill me  
in Nosferatu vampire bit my shit  
'Cause you niggaz feel me, surprised I got you right here with my shit?  
So you gotta be thankful to who?  
By the way homie what's gangsta to you?  
Money, dope and alcohol and plenty bitches all up on your dick  
I got that  
How can C-Bo be wrong?  
How can Yukmouth be wrong?  
How can Lynch be wrong?  
How can 2Pac be wrong, bitch?  
Come gangsta, throw your rags in the air  
And know that nobody there will compare to your gangsta  
Saggin' pants to the floor  
Every woman's a bitch or a whore when you're gangsta  
Pack ya guns in the club if they shrug  
And them thugs mean mug ya come gangsta  
Is what they sayin' to me  
I've been nice to you rapper cats for a long time  
I left Kansas City so them other cats can gon' shine  
But it seems these punks are confused because I'm my own kind  
But I'm back on deck 'cause Kansas City is who's throne? Mine  
This ain't no punk shit, nigga  
this is strength at it's finest  
I made this shit so all you simps can rewind it  
Meaning, you pussies who say this Tech shit ain't hard for real  
And try to disregard the real, you mothafuckers is hard to feel  
I get your death threats 'cause I'm  
the King, bitch  
Money, groupies, drugs and alcohol and bling shit  
But I stay ahead of the game and you punks is so lame  
'Cause my mobbin' gangsta track will demolish your whole team  
I've been with every rapper  
who's legendary  
Underground to mainstream know that Tech is very hard  
'Cause I bring the hater, love me 'cause I'm your leader  
Bitches, they suck my peter, while I drinkin' margaritas  
Niggaz get laid down, seven displayed  
sounds  
N9ne the Crazed Clown, lines like sprayed rounds  
This is for all you haters who don't bump my shit  
If you say this ain't gangsta you can suck my dick  
I might look like a Clown, huh  
But you niggaz sound like a mothafuckin' circus  
Fuck you motherfuckers  
This nigga is the tightest nigga movin' man

I mean, Tech N9ne will demolish all you niggaz  
From the stage show, to rockin' the mic, you name it  
That's why I roll wit him, he my favorite rapper, real talk, Tech N9ne.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>