

Bout Ta Bubble

Tech N9ne

Dedicated to all the DJ's all over the world, man.(One for the treble, two for the bass
Come on Techa Nina, let's rock this place)(Verse 1:)

Tech's in the place, everybody get mainy
Punks betta cuff yo lady, can't nobody tame me,
Blame me. For keepin her runny eyed rainy
Ladies used to hate me, now they comin out they panties
Girls on the jock, pocket full of socks
Got a fat knots, somethin gone squat,
Down, ducka-ducka, down, down for the block?
Tryin to be hot, but you flop,
When you shot to the top but you not... DWAM!
I ain't never seen so much green
Than when I seen when my team hit the scene,(JA)
It must be a dream,(JA)Hit the stage, everybody holla
Gettin' throwed, rippin' shows,'fo a bigga' dolla?
Father, I don't wanna leave nobody too blessed(JA)
Cuz they greedy in the middle of what I do best(JA)
You finna' see me in the TV with a few guest(JA)
We bout to bubble baby, get ya waterproof vest

(BRIDGE:)

Bout ta Bubble (6x)

(Hook:)

Bout ta Bubble, Baby (3x)

We got ya lady andAnd drinkin' and smokin' and humpin' and likin' it (2x)(Verse 2:)

Yo, get ya ID, passport, state skippin'
All around the world, busy with the bass hittin'
We ain't come for bustin' heads, yo we hate trippin'
When we through rockin the shows, man we chase kittens
J's on my feet(check), car full of beat(check),
Trunk full of heat, Caribou in the seat(yea)
Frown, you can make us all Clown in the street(yes)
Gimme the beat and we leakin
No mercy for the haters that weep
On to the next(JA), Minnesota to the Netherlands
Veterans, caravans, gettin' cheddar man(JA),
Round the world in a day(JA), off in LA
Oklahoma, Dallas, Kansas City to the Bay(JA)
Everybody hyhpy, the South really like me
Ill Bill got it where the East Coast invites me
Tech's in the air when the mood really strikes me
Hey, we bout'ta bubble so imbedded in your psyche

(BRIDGE:)

(Hook:)

(Verse 3:)

Aye, B-boys hit the flo' wit' it(JA)
Off in Jamaica let me see ya heel toe wit' it(JA)
Clown and crump wit it, A-Town stomp wit' it
At the set, jugglettes make they double D's jump to this
house on the hill, hella tip drills,
Paul Wall said he'd do me up a red grill
Busta Buss circlin' the 5-6 'ville
Forty Water, he told me a lot in this business for real
stormin, In Salt Lake City performin' for Mormans
Out of they garments before the mornin', I'm charmin'
Leavin'em torn, mess with the bull you get the horns
Nina gets with a beauty best, it's armin'
Misery's behind me, labels tryin' to sign me
Ain't too many who don't know just who the Tech N9ne be
If she lookin for somethin' with a future so shiny
Kansas City, Missouri is where she gone find me.(BRIDGE:)
(Hook)

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