

I Get It Now (feat. Krizz Kaliko)

Tech N9ne

Industry does not, feel you
I'm sick of this shit
Blind bitches wish
N9ne's wickedness always Motherfuckin' killer B
There's about to become a distillery
The majority don't really feel a G
With the paint and a dark soliloquy
Music, they said killed the fee
Me, Krizz, and Makzilla free
So I'm gonna have to keep it real with me
Fuck them straight with agility
They callin' me crazy
Don't wanna play me
So I make the music that will target they babies
And open 'em up to wicked shit
They wanna know how hip is this
This never been no hipster shit
So the fakers see me and diss the 'fit
I ain't cool like the late great Biggie Smalls, the illest
So I went the route of a killer clown comin' to pillage a village
Steady tryin' to get 'em all to feel it
But I learned you can't please everybody
When my mother was livin' they used to say "your son is scary Maudie"
I don't give a flyin', dyin'
Spy inside of al-Qaeda, they lyin'
When tryin' to diss Tech N9ne
And when they all shall buy us
I don't fit the part for main stream cause I'm rougher
Only time they wanna look like me is Halloween motherfucker
I realize I'm not inviting
You ain't with it
Sit it down
I'm a vicious
Wicked clown
And I'm livid when the critics give us frowns
Trippin' with this nigga's sound
Yup, I get it now
Get it, me and you, we are not the same
We unequal and the people is to blame, get it?
I get it now
I guess I got the wrong pants on
And I don't really make no dance songs, get it?

I get it now Y'all can't tell I'm fuckin' myself up more and more on purpose?
 I love scarin' the hell out of y'all, haha
 Stick the masks, wrap it off in the casket
 Sound like they wrist broken like put the fuckin' lotion in the basket
 How is he livin' lavish when he rap really fast and he mask it?
 They don't get it when I gas it
 They laugh at it, they mad it ain't ratchet
 They wanna wear clothes just like A\$AP Rocky, like Yeezy and Drake
 That's what they identify with, not with a nigga with the clown paint on his face
 I get it that I'm wicked
 When I spit it they be comin' to get 'em a ticket
 Talk a lot of shit at the gate and they got to zip it
 When I'm bustin', they open up to somethin' different and dig it
 I get it, I never looked like the average black dude
 Track shoes, gold teeth, and covered in tattoos
 Yak, booze, reeking and chiefting the sack through
 Speakin' about reaching them hardened hat screws
 Jack move
 Yes I've become a big boss
 But I'll never be cool as Rick Ross
 That's okay, N9ne's been rhyming
 And now he's shining
 Perfect timing You ain't with it
 Sit it down
 I'm a vicious
 Wicked clown
 And I'm livid when the critics give us frowns
 Trippin' with this nigga's sound
 Yup, I get it now
 Get it, me and you, we are not the same
 We unequal and the people is to blame, get it?
 I get it now
 I guess I got the wrong pants on
 And I don't really make no dance songs, get it?
 I get it now So what I've come to realize is I will never fit in
 So it's my duty to make sure I stand the fuck out "Meht etinu lliw eh esuac', meht sthgif reven eh
 yhw s'taht, meht ekil gnihton s'eH" If this thing does not kill you
 Grind back to back tracks
 Find racks on racks
 N9ne's stacking that all day
 Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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