

Yates (feat. Marcus Yates)

Tech N9ne

Ever since my cradle date, on my prenatal state
I was blessed with the gift to disable hate
With fatal takes on the mic is makin' my halo break
And smash every lady workin' at Strange, call them my label-mates
I throw the squad up, them I'ma pour ya broad up
Genital, so plentiful, ya chemical's low but shot up
Wishin' they'd slow the god up
But I ain't trippin' when I rip I'm twitchin'
They think that I be sniffing on Snow Tha Product
Bitch I might be, this a nice key, to get ya hyphy
Dick ya wifey, this for Ike
Slice of sin or source if ya see somethin' slither slightly
Step inside the surface of Strange or simply sight-see
Spit the flow, get the dough, then I hit the ho
Mister irresistible twisted is this kiss the toes
I'ma kick ya nose if one of ya pricks oppose
I'm all he hates, cause I became a landmark like Ollie's Gates
Molly's great, tall estate, y'all debate, nigga, call me Yates
It's no challenge, It's no challenge at all
When you up the ball against the low average
The low average, killin' 'em, toetag 'em
I'ma let you be great though But it ain't no stoppin' a YatesLately I've been like fuck rap
What? Did he say "fuck rap"?
Oh no no, Imma write in bold and plus caps
FUCK RAP
Cuz all these tough cats really don't have no nut sack
Trust that 'nuff scratch does back much wackness
Flush that shit
Down with the gowns with the sounds for the clowns
And not in a good way
You can drown underground with the pounds
When they gust that shit
Oh so, low we stojo, hoes and dough negro we flow though
Let the soul glow, mojo niggas
Pillowcase, over the head of the industry
Illustrate, with my mouth and murders my ministry
Seal the fate of my enemy, feel the way of my energy
I heal the hate. Facilitate. Disc jockey's will scrilla make
Then play your records until you break radio
Ain't nothing but real estate
Is still a fake deal of mates who ain't real awake
But them ill is great and ain't no iller ape that can kill a Yates

I can keep my hand, while everybody else losin' theirs
No Marcus, I told you, don't start this debate
I'm all arsenal friend, we the medians like, you feedin' me in
Tired of bein' with the intermediate
Faded on bullshit, control the whole medium
I done ran inside my meniscus
I done out-rapped everybody Christmas
So why in the hell would I fail?
If I do, I'm just being (?)
Front line level, untamed, unchained
After all this shit, I remain on lane, loser
And that's what yo ass get for hittin' that snoozer
My brain is worth the future, and yes, I don't get worked
So my verses hurts when they send me to kill 'em

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>