

B.I.T.C.H. (feat. T-Pain)

Tech N9ne

No, you ain't supposed to put on your devil suit
When you come up in the church, young man
Now they ain't about to think you a rebel
You 'bout to make them think you birthed from flames
La la la-di-da-da, wanna be on TV just to show out for mi mama
But breakin' into colored houses, admit
That it's a bitch when you sick like this Puttin' all the face paint I can put on
Put my black jeans and black hood on
That's your TV I just stood on
With a faded habit this brother swerves when I sip vodka
I'm the latest rabbit, in other words; I'm a hip-hopper
You disc jockers never played me, you said my shit stopped ya
2001, I mixed opera now every cliques' got the
Sick caca with lots of rippin' about they chips, oughta
Listen to this quick chopper flippin' and poppin'
With the spirit of Pac and Big Poppa!
Ya! This for your motherfuckin' rap quotes
My shit is surprisin' and shockin' like Barack votes
The traps broke when I rapped with Tunechi and Stacks though
OG Mug said I'm gonna be the first rapper to cross over to black folk
Ya, I'm breakin' into colored houses
Polo boots and hella dark-colored outfits
Ya, I'm breakin' into colored houses
Fellas better put a chastity belt on your spouses Man, it must suck to be you niggas
Cause it don't suck to be this rich
If you not fuckin' with me, brethren
You can suck upon this dick
Man I just get it how we get it where I live
Somebody better call 911 (Call 911)
I'm breakin' in these niggas cribs!
Yeah, we out here workin'
One things fo' sho', two things for certain
I'm for real! That's how I live
Somebody better call 911 (Call 911)
I'm breakin' in these niggas cribs!
Since 2001 my people dodged me like Durango
Now at my shows I see more N-words than Django
(From Missouri) like Nelly, Chingy, and Chain Hang Low
But Kansas City somewhere over the rainbow
I'm in yo' house baby, I'm in yo' living room
Lookin' down yo' blouse lady, and everybody is in tune
To Tech Ninna, sex fiend a threat to his and whom

They got a beautiful woman and givin' poon
 They want it cause I'm bout to be big and BOOM
 Breakin' into colored houses is hard, mane
 Cause everybody got guns
 And they got dogs
 And they got bars mane
 But I'm comin' thru that TV
 All the ghetto is gon' see me
 Sippin' the KC Tea
 Now you know Tech N9ne now everybody want a freebie!
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 Polo boots and hella dark-colored outfits
 Ya, I'm breakin' into colored houses
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 I'm breakin' in these niggas cribs!
 My people missin me, like Diana Ross
 No this ain't MMG, but I am a boss
 Although I'm wicked see, I'm fly and I floss
 So why am I lost
 Like my jam is off
 Yes you a day late
 Better late than never I'm a veteran
 My cheddar been truly silly like Stevie J face
 Every last one of these evil haters they see me vacate
 Tip to the crib, turn on the television and see my face like, "Hey, wait..."
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 you niggas
 Cause it don't suck to be this rich
 If you not fuckin' with me, brethren
 You can suck upon this dick
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