## On the Bible (feat. T.I. & Zuse)

## Tech N9ne

Niggas in Missou ain't changed
Make ya have to let loose thangsHave you ever seen a MAC-11?
New TEC-9 with the extension
HK, AK-47

Mayday, man down, call the reverendI put that on the bible boy, count your blessings

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I felt like they tone said "I'm comin' to get ya"

Well, that's when all of the heavy artillery come in the picture

And luckily cause of your past, you can have someone assist ya

I was raised a cool brother but these motherfuckers went and summoned a nigga!

I swore to never let a man's hand take me to my grave nigga

With my fortune, I'mma get to torchin', like Orkin I spray nigga

I know they dyin' to get it with the N9ne

That's fine, they wanna make a nigga do the woop

So I'mma take the carbine and put it to ya mind

It's goin' through you, not around ya like a hula hoop

Put that on the bible, if ya fuckin' with Tech, get the rifles

Totally trippin', tryna take my title, lift you right up in the sky with the Eiffel

If you psycho, you can do this, if he chooses to be foolish

The gun never loses, never give you the deuces

Nigga, this is Su'Wu biz, ahh!

Let me calm my nerves, I'mma simply put this on the word

If ya hella aggravated cause of a song ya heard from the N9ne I smoke a nigga like my ganja

herb

I'm on the verge, no life beyond the surge

When I bomb, ya served, what does one deserve?

But a head stomppin', now put ya teeth on the curb, nigga!?

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Put that on the bible boy, count your blessingsAye, fuck all that goin' back and forth with a

nigga

Got a problem, what he really wanna do?

If you know like I know, then you know, true

And niggas make songs but they really don't do

What they say, got guns but they really won't shoot

He afraid, I'll lay a nigga down right now

Face to the concrete, nose to the ground Do him in the streets 'fore his prayers hit the cloud And the flash and a bang, it is rarely allowed But a whole body down and a hole in the ground Dig one for the niggas who be holdin' ya down Better know I got rounds and they will go around, it's enough Eat a bullet from the four-pound if ya tough And then let the choppa spray ya down and get up Ya pull that off, I'll believe you ain't soft Otherwise, nigga you just soft as all them other guys I'll kill ya dead and I put that on my mother eyes Don't listen to these niggas, they just kick a bunch of lies How they got a bunch of guns? Shot 'em all a bunch of times I really do believe Tech got a bunch of nines Before they gave my nigga Meech a bunch of time I really know my nigga Young had a bunch of pies For the low, all my niggas had it for the high So you believe them niggas out there talking bout they BMF? They should be them niggas, none of mine I know Young got it bout what he rap bout I really pulled Meek Millz out the trap house Just like I seen Doe B with a OZ Turn around, two weeks, had a whole ki Just cause I said as a joke that the dope game dead Like this, God, a nigga went and showed me Guess what I'm tryna say is, nigga, I don't know you And fuck them ol' pussy niggas, I don't want to Have you ever seen a MAC-11? New TEC-9 with the extension

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Put that on the bible boy, count your blessings
Put that on the bible boy, count your blessings
Put that on the bible boy, count your blessings]Haahahahaha!
Man, we just killed a small village man
You know what I'm sayin'?
This hip-hop, aha! Love this shit
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by http://www.1songlyrics.com/