

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

Tech N9ne

Niggas in Missou ain't changed
Make ya have to let loose thangs Have you ever seen a MAC-11?
New TEC-9 with the extension
HK, AK-47
Mayday, man down, call the reverend I put that on the bible boy, count your blessings
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 blessings Aye, 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
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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

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>