

Sriracha (feat. Logic & Joyner Lucas)

Tech N9ne

(Jesus)

Yeah, yeah, hell yeah

Yeah, yeah, hell yeah

Yeah, yeah, hell yeah

Yeah, yeah, hell

Froze over, when you thought you could hold Yoda
With flows older than the first sold cold soda
Grow more for my bros those rojo soldiers
Them cincos are at it again, blow doja
I am like Iron Mike, back in the day
My rhyming's iron height, defiant flight
Try and bite, like a razor in a candy apple
A taser in a jammy, tackled
By a neighbor with the family shackles
Laboring a man he's gaffled
I get angry, I sip bombs (chea!) on your rich lawn
I was brought up Muslim and Christian
I been studying Chrislam (chea!)
That's not a thing so I place this John
In your chicks palm
Give her something beautiful to kiss on
Till I spit one to her lip balm (chea!)
I've been rhyming since Reagan in politics
Polished it then got a big wallet where all of my dollars sit
To the wall is split, then I gotta sick the casa, your god exists
Cause a lot of chicks holler "Mr. Chopper you're hot as shit"

They say I'm the best at what I do

After me it's 5, 4, 3, and 2

Sometime I think they all gum bumpin'

So I tell them all to put that on somethin'

Sriracha, I put that on everything

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Yeah, I guess I'm supposed to come with that fast flow

Woo! I guess I'm supposed to come with that gas flow

But no, I'ma just spit it, I'ma get it good

Wish you would tell me what I should do

I don't know, hit the door
Uh, yeah, feel like I been here before
Maybe I have but I can't fuck with it
Hit 'em with a semiautomatic, watch 'em duck with it
Speaking on lyrical ability
Everyone in my vicinity blowing they mind like Kennedy
I got no love for the enemy, somebody tell me the remedy
I'm like what's good, been fine
Tell me what's on your mind, rewind this shit
My message is beyond this shit
I put that on everything, I'm just being honest, shit
So what's up, hold up
Tech I'm sorry for the hold up but I been on the road
Should have had this verse to your ass a long time ago
When I put that on everything, I ain't had a minute to myself
But I been living like I ain't finna see tomorrow
I ain't focused on no wealth
I been living good, I been feeling fine
Pass the sriracha, I put that shit on all of mine
Busting like Columbine combined with a terrorist's mind
That's been confined in four walls for some time

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Sriracha, the flavor popper
We gotcha, even haters jock us
These choppers invade the knockers then blocker
Disintegrating every chakra eager to off ya
You can bet that we doin' it proper
When I put the bullets in a fully with a hoodie
Ain't nobody gonna stop us
Ain't nobody gonna stop us, nobody gon' top us
We leave 'em with no option, leave 'em with no conscience
Leave 'em with no oxygen, leave 'em with no problem
And even though I could see what they watchin'
TV with a DVD, I can repeat
When I see these street shockin'
Easy, if it need be then I just eat beats
And I'm Eazy-E, Compton
I eat meat like I'm EBT shopping
Credit Card Max, bend the bars back
Fuck your hoe, get brain and all that

Run in your house and bring your whore back
Sever your face and dead the doormat
Who got the keys to the rented Corvette
Can't catch me, I'm the man in all black
I been a nice chap since Catman on crack
Fuck that, I been nice way before that
Can't ignore that, you can try though
But you gon' end up next to Dido
I'm that pen that wrote the Bible
I'm on your skin like vitiligo
Sing for the moment, I hit the high note
Someone please let Elton John know
Tell the lieutenant I'm Hect Camacho
With a Catholic priest and the Pentecostal
Why you niggas wiggidy wiggidy wack, gettidy get in the back
With a umbilical patch, jump in the middle of the track
None of y'all niggas can act so y'all niggas are packed
Come and get it again, fuckin' a bitch in the whip
Give me your moment to fall, I'm gonna fit in the car
I can do better than yours, I can be ready to brawl
I can be shattered and all, nobody want to be hard
Better be ready for war, tell me who ready for more
Joyner

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