

# 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 cinco's 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 Sriracha, I put that on everything Sriracha, I put that on everything Sriracha, I put that on everything 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 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 Sriracha, I put that on everything Sriracha, I put that on everything Sriracha, I put that on everything 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 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 Sriracha, I put that on  
everything Sriracha, I put that on everything Sriracha, I put that on everything

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songlyrics.band/>