

# Tech N9ne, Drill Sergeant

Death

Yo' death nigh set

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O.G

Nobody but the government control me

But to my followers I gotta keep it low key

To keep the image of a nigga that is so free

I approach he, without a father figure

I deliver guap and give a spot to parolees

Makin' mo' cheese, pushin' rocks and regrow weak

Never no permittin' "fuck the police"

I'm a cold piece

I get at 'em at a young age

So I can have 'em in a dumb rage

Really combative in a numb way

Static with my tongue say

Have a little fun with the gun spray

But never let the hood snipe you

And you gotta know whoever in the hood might sue

So let the good white through

The enemy I'm tellin' you to murder gotta look like...

You

(Killin' 'em up)

Dreads wit' the gold teeth

Yeah, a fa sho' thief

Fed with the lead is the motif

(Killin' 'em up)

Said you can sho be

Head of the whole street

Cred put a dead nigga so deep

(Killin' 'em up)

Bread be the trophy

Betta get yo brie

Bled hella red for the groceries

(Killin' 'em up)

Never ta show grief

Cheddar, get obese

Beggin' he plead, give 'em no peace

Now flip this to music

See, got a company and find the biggest to move it

Yeah, the lyrics are stupid but critics approve it

And people for the wicked will lose it

I take you real far and raise ya

Put out the ill tar and saved ya

Who makes to kill art enslave ya

I am the Drill Sergeant Major

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(Drill sergeant got the real target

Make you feel hard and get the kill started)

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(Drill sergeant got the real target

Make you feel hard and get the kill started)

Take the energy to IG, Facebook, TikTok

Put your vibe on Twitter

Ain't no limit, we can buy free made crook, hip hop  
It puts the eyes on niggas  
Lots of foes waitin', shot yo' rotation  
To the top, opps and mo' hatin  
Lock and load nation, got the globe breakin'  
Your block, so drop your location  
Let 'em know that you a real one, emotion you feel none  
Anybody really want it, will come  
When he do you, you gotta peel some  
Never stoppin' till the deal done  
Nothin' but a drill, son  
Talk a lot is how we make this fame  
The hate exchangin' no face to face is lame  
Gotta slide and try to take his chain, the safest thang  
To keep livin' you bake his brains, nigga  
(Killin' 'em up)  
Called but the cops said  
Talk outta pocket  
Cross me, you offed in a hot set  
(Killin' 'em up)  
Walk and you're not blessed  
Lost in the projects  
... the false should'a popped Tech  
(Killin' 'em up)  
When he comin' nosy  
Tell him you don't know me  
Tell him a lotta nothin' really slowly  
(Killin' 'em up)  
Callin' you the dobie  
Never expose me  
And your family won't need a sad emoji  
You can leave with a blown mind  
Or confess to your own crimes  
With the feds I'm in a wrong bind  
That'll put my ass away for a long time  
So my job is to befriend the funksters  
Get 'em livin' foul till they deep in the dumpster  
Drill sergeant, I lead friends to under  
Graves and penal system, I feed them the youngsters

Death  
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Death  
(Drill sergeant got the real target  
Make you feel hard and get the kill started)  
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Yo' death nigh  
(Drill sergeant got the real target  
Make you feel hard and get the kill started)

You got big dreams?  
You want fame?  
Well, fame costs!  
And right here is where you start payin'!  
In sweat, and in death!