

RACING

K.A.A.N.

Ain't no paper trail, you're getting off the track
Had to give 'em help, I'm making artifact
Dealin' with a lost I flip it like a pack
This shit ain't for sale and bitch don't overreact
Hyperventilating off the gas I feel like (Racing)
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Concentrating on the math, numbers look like (Racing)
Champagne for the bubble baths, this shit feel like (Racing)

Tell em turn me up, tell em hit the light switch
50,000 feet, feeling like a flight risk
Cut the cameras off, you don't want to see this
Too much fucking motion, leave a bitch sea sick
Think I need a bigger boat, tidal wave comin' in
Trying to get the money shot, make em do the running man
Paper in a brown bag, ship it to the mother land
Flow is ambidextrous, did it by myself
Brought the whole squad with me, section off another section
Locking in locking in, did about a thousand records
Crash your lil' party, we don't do the party favors
Never been the type to congregate with all the haters
My schedule is looking full, all my shit is jam packed
Serving up another pack, yeah I know you loving that
Yeah I know you fuck with that, how that boy bounce back
Looking like he never left, 'bout to take a euro step
Well we can take it way back, swisher sweets and wave caps
Interstate blunt rides, took this shit to overdrive
Clocking in this overtime, 'bout to make em overdose
We about do the most, making sure we overshine
Inhale the smoke, mashing the gas and now we on a roll
Divvy the pie split it up with the bros
Fill up the tank and we back on the road
Give it and go, I'll be the star of the show
I'm ready to even the score, level the playing field
Only feeling your shit if it's really real
How I really feel, let the beat build like a peak pill
For the real deal not a cheap thrill
This is overkill like a headshot that I got in stock
Let the clip pop till the shit stop
Call it planet rock, real hip hop
Get ya face cropped and ya body dropped in a drop
(Racing)

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N9ne is the finest rhyme ship
Find it, rewind it
Negative 13's the climate
I mean ain't too many mo' I align wit
My prime sits in time in confinement
That's why they callin' me Tech
Wine, it's crime spit and a bitch mine
Design Heimlich
Behind it
Off that and on one

You really done talked at the wrong gun
With me and your false raps ya gone son
All cap ya song sung
All facts the throne won
Wherever the boss at the clones come
That make you a soft batch, I want none
Y'all wack, atone some
Halt tracks that don't drum
Raw slaps are grown from
Drawbacks in known slums
Racin' nobody
'Cause I'm placed in the south pole, Aitken basin
So jolly
And I know that mean the fakes been hatin'
Mo prolly seein' me
Music makin with Scarface and Yo Gotti
They get very somber
'Cause they know the Tech carry bomba
I'm not talkin' 'bout that marijuana
It's bout the music, he bless every genre
Bum think he's a threat, swear he monsta
Till he grew to respect scary mamba
I swing and I connect barry bonds ya vet
Pair we honor Tech
There be K.A.A.N bruh
(Racing)