

## 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)

3  
2  
1

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)