

Hit The Ground Running

Tech N9ne

All of us should go, a nigga knock, who's with' it?
They will never know or never stop who did it
'Cause we all speed 'em up
Ain't no catchin' up with us at all when we cut
Everybody know the way I rip it sound stunnin'
Nobody stoppin' us when we hit the ground runnin'
Come on

Feedin' you N9na ever since the money was allocated
From T.O.G. and every time I drop people salivated
Venomous vernacular is very vicious and validated
By many people but to the fuckin' foolish my style is hated
Ain't that a panini that's mad at a weenie
The stabbin' and jabbin' rappin', cappin' as bad as cabrini?
I'm one of the critical ones
Fiendin' for fire foul and formidable from pitiful slums
But I got up and served these suckas my syllables some
Roadrunna, this MO gunna's a flow stunna
When he get chose by the hoes, none of the clothes on her
Lovin' the soul of a rogue and they want the dough from a
Platinum and gold negro under one O's number
I'm hand pickin' 'em, clarity and the quick in 'em
Stick with the fam', thicker than rarity, never different than
A chariot with it flickerin', flame I hold like Olympian
But the kicker been, I really can't tell if anyone's even listenin'

I'm not human, Earth is too dense
Love is useless
(I don't really wanna be a part of this system, no nothing
Manifest a better place for me, this one malfunctioned)
One, run, two, bitch
(Taking off into the universe, I got out, then I found somethin'
Throw another fuckin' planet toward 'em
'Bout to hit the ground running like)

Tell me I ain't got it, you fakin', lyin', hallucinatin'
You get a vibe but do hide your feelings, you tryin' to escape 'em
To the rudimentary, it's too Da Vinci for you to take in
Hopin' that if I do fall, eventually parachute gon' cave in (Woo)
Foolish envy, with whom am I miscommunicatin'? (Uh)
Claimin' like I ain't one of the illest, you get a rude awakenin'
Seen this side of me and then sat in silence recuperatin'
If you looking to do some hatin', figure no use in waitin'
I'm bored, important spoils of my sport
Cyborg at war winnin', willin' to die for it
On my Thor shit, floor spins, spin in a time warp
My portion short, then I kill and fill my fork (Hell yeah)
Table-tippin', the energy got the cable glitchin'
Enter the Matrix, when I'm blazing, bitch I be Agent Smith
And shit go shiftin' back and forth over, it ain't no game of tennis
Takin' human form when I'm morphin', homie like wait a minute

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Runnin' like Naruto and needin' N9na to throw batons
Baton like Rouge and kill everything like Rittz while foes are on
See you people are slowin' on, we be speedin' like motocross
Please believe it like Ripley
I'm gunnin' like when you quote it wrong
Rockin' o's like I'm Jovi Bon
Got the force, call me Solo Han
I'm the war to you whores, I'm the dinosaur steppin' on your lawn
Anybody wanna try to keep up with the killer
I don't even want him gone
Sick enough to go toe to toe with a crook, someone calling ya
"And that nigga's from Omaha?"
Told you all that Iso's a God, bitch, it is like I switched dimensions
And photo bombed Kotal Kahn
Holy moly, what's goin' on?
With a bat leave 'em Mortal Kom'
Open portals when I flow and producers call me Polow da Don
Tech finna soundin' effortless, rhymin' better than most of y'all
You're like designer, yes, I be flyer even when clothes are off
Who do I catch now?
Gotta catch 'em all like a Pokeball
Better follow the protocol, listen homie I told you all that

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JL
King ISO
Killer shit
We hoped you enjoyed
Sidenote, there's nobody else fucking with us