

You want me to jam  
I'm finna  
Enter brain waves  
Pain from insane days  
Make you sick  
Like bad mayonnaise  
TECH N9NE  
Got the remedy  
Rhyme infinity  
Criminally  
Finna be some shit  
I'll crack you open  
Like the youngest male Kennedy.  
Got the whole planet  
Rocking off the low blows  
Damn it  
I show flows  
And poke hoes  
That's suppose to be yours  
Seeing my haters  
In the dark alley  
Tormented by mine  
Dodging the TECH N9NE  
Now here's the message  
Liberate me  
Chocolata tay  
Imma rock  
Not play  
Do the fuck what I say  
Throw your souls in the air  
Like this  
Flash your bar codes  
While I stick 'em  
With another hit  
Up out of abyss  
The TECH N9NE N9na  
Out to find vaginas  
Just a player  
Clubbing it  
Rubbing it  
Loving that  
Creamer streamer  
Might seem a little extreme  
My thing  
When I flips  
I gots to make sure that it's hot  
Make the whole planet rock  
Like this

Make that ass hop  
Don't stop  
Down south biancs  
Make the planet rock  
MidWest  
Too much ass in one room  
Rat tata tata tata  
Tata tata boom

Make that ass hop  
Make that ass hop  
All the ladies in the party  
Make the planet rock  
See that ass hop  
Watch that ass hop  
All the fellas like to see you  
Make the planet rock

Call it what you want it  
Ghetto futuristical  
Get up on it  
There's a bianc up in my sector  
Can I bone it  
Cause all we want to do  
Is get drunk  
Get blowed  
Spit shit  
Spark blunts  
And fuck hoes  
We're quick to beat a buster down bad  
MidWest Side put me in the soundlab  
Now I'm ton niviganmad  
I flipped it backwards  
For you flow snatchers  
Blast y'all  
In the ass  
N9na playing fast ball  
Crash all  
Glass jaws  
Mad y'all  
Cause last call  
I was in the back  
Of the club  
Banging the hell  
Outta this bad broad  
On my planet  
We take no haters for granted  
They crisscross  
Ten seconds till lift off  
Be soaked in pistol grip sauce  
Ripped off  
The techniques complete heat  
Retreat six feet  
Under six feet  
Unique speaks  
Freaks tweak  
Never let the beast seep  
Can it  
While the trooper  
Techa N9na  
Rock the planet

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I got the type of flow  
To make 'em make  
Scream 3  
Six rappers being hunted  
By a killer  
M C  
I never kill the Bianca's  
With the 36D  
I party  
With the bitches  
On my planet  
Looking crispy  
Swiftly  
Making rappers do  
Three sixties  
Never knew  
Three sixes  
Other niggas  
Trying to dis me  
Be under  
These prefixes  
Non ill  
Malfunctional  
N9NE rambunctional  
Never let up  
On a heated mic  
Till I'm comfortable  
Rogue style  
Fifty-seven  
Fifty-six street gang  
Grips we gain  
Anybody wanna trips  
We bang  
Hit us with a what  
Lyrical head splitter  
Making hella hoes  
Get a nut  
Make 'em put the rolls  
In their butt  
Let a hoe be a slut  
Negro never give a fuck  
Why the attitude  
N9na ross  
You got the sauce  
Nigga I'm mad cause the Chiefs lost  
I'm pissed off  
In Kansas City  
I'm straight from the abyss  
TECH N9NE  
I got the whole planet rocking with me  
Whole planet  
Rocking like this

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