My goodness
You don't even know what to do with yourself
Looking at me lookin' the way that I look

If I walk in lookin' like I own the place I prolly do (Chyeah!)
Energy is T'Challa and Motley Crue
The scholars are mobbing through wit good dollars
The thotties knew these gody's threw (Chyeah!)
With the light of Allah in a bag of agua body grew in Maudie Sue (Mama!)
Stepped in glowin' like Bruce Leroy (Hold up)
Cherry red aura my roots B Boy (Sho nuff)
Frequency level higher than Everest on Mount Moriah
Can't level this renown messiah, my troops deployed it goes up!
Red as the root chakra Tech is headed for you, patnah
If you dread and the blue gotcha if you let it, they'll Tupac ya (Chyeah)
Get ta liftin' it quickly or when I walk in your miss will be pitchin' the s
ticky
Hopin' ta get in some kinda predicament wit me! Red!

Who is that there?
Don't you be scared
When you see red
You can look directly in the light
'Cause this type of aura
Gotta shine
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Well

I got red lips and I got red tips On the red carpet Better get the lens right for me Pop, pop, pop, no privacy Nobody gotta tell you why Tech N9ne's a beast Digging these roots, never lose my steam Look at these fruits living out my dream Only good news, I don't hear no screams But the haters wanna know why they call me queen Damn, 'cause my chakras bam I'm secure in who I am Witchy women stan Aura super clear, yes ma'am On my station we're allergic to the bullshit Occupation make these bitches do a full switch Keep meditating, jaded, but I'm grateful My powers activated and so tasteful I'm gonna keep that energy and stream it to you live Oh my, my, my, my

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