

K.O.D. (Introducing Mackenzie O'Guin)

Tech N9ne

Mhm, okay

I hear you

No

Yes

I'm your servant

I have the plan

And I'll give it to 'em

Like you told me to Wanna live in my world you have to have a Tech tat

Preferably the number N9ne and you gotta get it

Where the back of you neck's at

That'll let me know that you rep that, plus get you out of a death trap

You need it for living cause I'm the king

And I'm giving you the permission to get with a no stress pack

Novus Ordo Seclorum cause the old world orders' post mortem

Disfailure, inhaling sailing delta

Watched it swell and swelter

'Till there was no male in shelter

Yes I'm the one that provided ya shell in hell and held ya

When your politicians were welters

So I built this structure just to help ya

So the communists can come and quell ya

They call me the King of Darkness when I offer you no pain

Why would they label me heartless when your love is my cocaine

And your soul is my rogain, I have a thirst to know your brain

When you enter my domain gotta take this number for your name

But you don't have to drink cyanide, I'm gonna be right by your side

If we gotta take that riot ride on the enemy and defy your side

Fight for the place we're building

For the reproduction of more children

Trying to get that number back around 6 billion

I'm gonna rule until then

Founded this colony like a pilgrim

Anybody try to penetrate this section or threaten we KILL THEM[Chorus: x2]

What if?

K. O. D. O. K. O. D. O

What if, he is, what he says he is?

The King Of Darkness!Xes lliw eb yrotadnam yliad

Ylthgin, this women need to be living by it

Stay fit n' way driven paste it and dye it

I am the king killer captain crazed frigging pilot
Giving you these khaki pants and white shirt
That's what you wear on my Earth
Eliminating your eye thirst to have any kind of desires
To envy material or admire, my way will extract any type of divider
I'm offering this wider Understanding of life and tiredly
Blissfully vading friction and fire, cha
The number N9ne will get you food, even get you tools
To build anything your family choose, but within my rules
All white shoes with red strings for all my crews
That lets me know you Tech's people listening inside my pews
All your dreams and aspirations, this is the affirmation
That you can reach 'em and my world is not a disaster waiting
The ruses and lacerations no chooses of aggravation
I'm just try'na rehab a nation from exasperation
It's not an exaggeration, I'm something more than your blood and gore
On a level higher than devils or that of Satan[Chorus: x2]When I did "Anghellic" I was good and bad, straight
confused
Then an angel turned to Devil Boy when the Reparation blew
Them demons had "Absolute Power" when I drug abused
So the angels searched through the "Vintage Tech"
What they found was the love was through
Then an accident would happen that made life necessary
So now receiving God, the angel was "Everready"
But the Melancholy strikes, the eleven angels mommy's life
So the Misery sat in the angels now becoming ice
As mom got ill and iller, when it hurts her he can feel her
To the strain of the pain made of bane
There's no more angels straight up KILLER!
My apologies, it's not very God of me
To go crazy and try to teach the whole world "Sickology"
I was then split in two, back to the beginning view
Angel demon cause the killer showed me death was overdue
But I gotta live for my kids, all the evil stuff I did
Taught me to teach you, you can love then no matter how much sluts you did
Or dug, you met my demon back when I had that grudge
But I gotta let you know most of my spirit comes from up above
I'm mostly angel, and you know sometimes we fall
Living under God and I hope he's listening when I say I love you all!

Songwriters

AARON YATESPublished by

Lyrics Â© BMG RIGHTS MANAGEMENT US, LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941.
Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnyrics.com/>