

Pr 2k1

Tech N9ne

[1st verse] 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
[chorus]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
[2nd verse]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
[chorus]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
[3rd verse]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
[chorus x2]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

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