

# My World

## Tech N9ne

In a world of misery  
Within this, three planets collide  
Brotha Lynch, Dalima, Tech N9ne  
Bring you along for the ride Wait a minute, I'm from the West Coast Conference  
Like Kobe or James Worthy  
You could just call me the King of the Valley  
All I need is a game jersey  
Nigga nuts and guts get served up  
When I get it, I'll spit enough, aim sturdy  
Cut it up, gut it up, with colds cuts  
And in a oven I'll heat it up, came dirty  
I be off'a that Crip tonight  
Turn 'em into liquid ice, paint his jersey  
Leave 'em in the back of the alcove  
Like Helter Skelt', stick it to 'em like velcro  
Nigga, I'm a bitch killer  
I'm a dig a ditch, quick to rip ya  
Paint a murder picture wit'cha  
I'm a jack knife, strip ya that night  
Split your legs open and dick you  
But them quick into rippin' your guts  
Deep heat, deplete you with the meat cleaver  
That I didn't see you either  
Phone call or receiver, court order delete you  
Tech ordered the meat, I'm bringin' the seasonage  
And a suicide note, do-or-die Loc  
Keys in the backseat, cut necks  
Some sexist 'bout to kidnap Brotha Lynch  
I'm neckless, expect this [Chorus: x2]  
(Welcome to my world)  
Where hearts are broken, and bars  
Are open, potions pullin' me closer  
(Welcome to my world)  
Dark's my ocean, my Ark is floatin'  
But not livin' like I'm supposed to (Lyrical asylum)  
'Cause I be Dalima, motherfuckers hatin' me for the longest  
Could it be critical 'cause I'm lyrically flawless?  
And if I'm heated I cannot be mentally cautious?  
(Diggin' the pain) I get deep peepin' the flame

Only can I be held accountable for makin' the change  
To whatever regards are gonna be (Insane)  
In the middle of a stage, I'm bustin' like a 12-Gauge  
You can never bring it to a nigga that'll hang you up  
Slip a couple millions up in your drink for you  
Homicidal with the fully-loaded rifle  
An undecided of whether or not I can peel brains or guts  
(I get spaced out sometimes)  
And it's like I'm a heathen, whether or not you believe it  
Everytime I rap a motherfucker stop breathin'  
Have you ever been in a dilemma for a reason? (Nah)  
Well, let me introduce you to the crucial upliftin' future (Indeed)  
Recruit you and seduce you to the mutual group of (My friends' souls)  
Nigga you better get ready 'cause  
We done put together the fettiest chemical frame  
Energetic when I let it, embed it in your brain  
Tech N9ne, Dalima, Brotha Lynch like[Chorus: x2](Dlrow ym ot emocleW)  
(World)Fight this phantom, your freakin' family will fall flat  
Bunk Bianca's beat 'em black and blue with a baseball bat  
I might be a small cat, but I won't use discretion  
Hit 'em with a weapon, if he steppin' with a mall rat  
20 minus 11, I make 'em all scat!  
Not prosperous now, Tech's not with his crowd  
He's lost in his clouds  
Rather be off'ed than soft with his style  
I got hopes that my life might get better  
But I've been broke, so I might swipe your cheddar  
You better get ready to give me, I got a vendetta  
Comin' to get it, whether weed or money, whatever  
Nobody said it was gonna be easy, people deceive me  
Or leave me in the dark and buried off in Necropolis  
One day you gon' see on me TV, you better believe me  
Takin' over this and never the opposite  
Rewrite my life, gimme light, inner fight for what's right  
Allah Liberate, Cuidado  
151 Rum is how we run from slim sums, then comes Diablo  
I need a medic 'cause I murder energetic  
In the cerebellum never tell 'em I got  
One of the worst problems in the Medulla Oblongata  
And you ought to go in one hell of a shot!  
No more darkness, how did I start this?  
Feelin' bizarre shit, like kickin' your carcass  
I am the ruler in my kingdom and my Dark Seas hot  
Step into My World and your heartbeat stop![Chorus: x2]

Songwriters

GASPERINI, PASQUALE JAMES/TERWILLIGER, JASON H / TERWILLIGER, GERALD ALAN  
II/NARDONE, ALESSANDRO S

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