

My World (Ft. Brotha Lynch Hung, Dalima)

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

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