

K.O.D.

Tech N9ne

[Verse 1:]

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
Gotta 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
That was ordos at chlorum acuse the old world orders post mortem disfailure inhaling cell and 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 qwell 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 rogaïne, 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 ya side
If we gotta take that riot ride, on the enemy and defy your side
Fight for the place we're building, for the preroduction 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 ptnetrate this section or threaten we KILL THEM [Chorus:
~Mackenzie O'Guin]

What if?

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

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

The King Of Darkness!

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

(Repeat)[Verse 2:]

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 wire, 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 bruises 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: ~Mackenzie O'Guin]

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(Repeat)

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