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Tech N9Ne "Pr 2K1"

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[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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