

Trademark

"PR 2K1"

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(intro:)

DWAMM

It's hotter than them bitches sittin in the free
clinic nigga

You know what I'm sizzlin

It's time to get this party started right baby

Aw....my name.. they call me Tech N9ne

And I ah need a carabu lu

Uh that's 151 malibu rum and pineapple juice

You know what I'm sizzlin

Ha! Uh you down't know what dat is

Can't get the party started without that

Let's do it

(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 nivanmad
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)

(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 rambunfunctional
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

ah nigga back up I didn't know that was yo woman
All the broke ass playas be quiet

(Chorus X2)

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