

What's sizzlin  
Demons, angels, and civilians  
Welcome to my purgatory party baby  
They say it ain't nothing but farms where we from  
They think we can't do no one harm where we from  
Gorillas and killers and thugs from abyss  
Tech N9ne making 'em breathe like what like this  
Kansas City (fade) wake up yo like this

One, and then comes the two to the three and four  
Two-thousand Techa N9na is hardcore with a K  
See me step up on the track like a thug  
Make it pound at West end then make a dub  
To the homies in jail  
When you making bail  
Time to act an idiot  
A lot not just a little bit  
Watch when Kansas City hit  
Tech N9ne's gonna spit it  
You want this record cool go get it  
Hot when the flames lit  
Gloc where the bane sits  
Shock when the pain quits  
Pac would've banged this  
Instantaneous when I aim at the miscellaneous  
Ask me ask ask why why I'm the strangest  
Because  
Nobody ever wanted me rapping  
But I knew within me I could make it happen  
Flipping hella different to get it cracking  
Never biting nothing I was never jacking  
Millimeter spitting ripping up a show  
Got the people trippin' everywhere we go  
And now we getting you to know that misery is coming  
We were summoned now the haters running when we gunning  
Yo you don't know  
That I'm 'bout to blow K see M O  
Better bang this  
People make their jokes and say we're off to see the wizard  
Well me and Dorothy and Toto's on your ass when you visit

It's alive aw hell  
It's alive dod gwamn  
It's alive odd male  
It's alive I am  
Been in the dark a minute but now I made it through it  
This Kansas City Imma show you how we do it  
We say walla  
Milli dollar  
Then break a lot a jaw  
Watch this rock

Who would bust like my style it's ruffcut and it's  
True hood stuff bright hot wild mystic plus mannish  
Alien nation invasion  
Black white and even asian  
Is gazing at the raised in misery faze ravin'

For the crazed heaven  
Six six triple eight forty-six ninety-nine three  
We back  
Sick with nickel plates whorey chicks mighty mine be  
We pack  
Just when you're knowing where I'm gonna be I vanish  
Step into my brain got it so dark that you can't see Godd dammit  
Your flows come in your flows go out  
My flows eternally coming out your mouth  
Your makers in some haters doubt  
And yes it's pitiful  
Not even my pinnacle  
Better know when I bust  
I can do it everyday with a mind full of lust  
If you really must  
Get with a N9ne millimeter gun then trust  
You'll get left the in the dust  
Everybody better move when I groove Imma hit 'em with a bus  
Anybody with a bigger mouth up in here better hush

Kansas City City City  
That's where I really want to be grime and gritty gritty gritty  
Back up when I throw that V up in the air air air  
That's five seven are D V  
And you know nare nare nare  
That'll represent like me  
Yo we did it in Kansas City yo we did it  
Like Biggie say  
Much love my left mind said Tech N9ne is iggy J  
You can find me off in Kansas City on Saturday at Maniax  
Or at the Motel 6 laying up with two chicks the Lenny and Squiggy way  
Or jack  
Tripper I'm Tech the rap  
Ripper on Cognac  
Liquor I'm Tech the gat  
Clicker I'm up on that  
Thicker than water track a whipper snap  
Who's trying to bring Tony Kannedy Del Shawn and Chipper back  
Signing off rhyming off the wall constantly  
Timing off never that clever raps the comp can't be  
Creeping seeping through crevices hella beefing  
Thinking they can stop the heart of Kansas City  
but the heart of Kansas City is beating

We say walla  
Milli dollar  
Then break a lot of jaw