

Teflon, My Planet

(Teflon)

Turn me on - let the bomb drop from Comstock to Oakland
Keepin it potent (Teflon) hand 'em and leave 'em soakin
I'll excite you, no tellin what this rap disciple might do
Fire from my Desert Eagle, spark is light blue
Action, it's the black rap "Fatal Attraction"
Off the wall, back up off this mic, you can't get jack son
Rep on every coast and keep the streets overdosin
Skeet off when I jack on tracks without the lotion
No con see, my entrepreneurs got the sewers locked
I do your block, at "5 O'Clock," +Nonchalantly+
Hi-tech styles, break the x-file, co-projectile
In half, fatal paragraphs from the next child
I flex this ambidextrous style, inject this dope
Up in the mic makin the blood type infectious
Respect this, I'm well amongst the nicest, precisest
Kid y'all niggaz couldn't follow with trackin devices
Yo I know a hundred brothers wondered what I come with
be the real, bomb shit you feel in the pit of your stomach
Exact with my tactics, shit pack blue steel
Rap with a tamper-proof seal so niggaz can't tap it
Kid, it be the hell-raisin gun-blazin whacked out the rain
Young blood all the ghetto Dunns be praisin
Teflon, the next Don they say
With Grade A quality raw raps, dope that ain't been stepped on

(Chorus: repeat 2X)

Hey yo Tef! (what?) Show these motherfuckers where we at!
From B-Ville to Beverly Hills, we keep it fat
From way down in Texas to Kansas
I got this, I lock this, fuck that, this is my planet

(Teflon)

Fuck the nonsense, I been the bomb since niggaz was playin skelly
I put one in your belly, and leave my palm prints on the biscuit
Fuck these niggaz actin like they live shit
Dunn these niggaz ain't bustin no guns, son they misfits
Strapped with, my M.O.P. rapid fire squad
Ready to try your card cause we don't buy that hard image you practice
Let the record reflect, these raw deal niggaz
call real shotblock, make the Hilltop hot, we draw steel
Without a shadow of a doubt, I blow somethin
Push my gun in silly fake Willies that's holdin dough, frontin
We on the frontline, come get it if you want mine
Hilltop Strangler, hang in the car, when it's crunch time
Somebody school these clowns on how we get down
Blast my sounds while passin through international ground
Yo, we represent the ghetto youth
Drinkin 151 proof, shit slangin metal with my fellow troops
I'm still up on the map for those who thought I was slackin
I'm too real, packin blue steel, makin it happen
That's why they come from all over to see me
My cranium expose high levels of titanium when mics are near me
Or could it be my clinically deranged, insane bring the pain style
that have these niggaz actin timidly
If reality, if you beef me with my cattle G
Then fuck a son bring on your guns and your cavalry

(Chorus) - 2X