

YEAH

Yo, I run this block, I own this biological terrain
I'm the Glucocorticoid King, flooding through your vein
I'm that HPA Axis, spinning off the rails
I demand the tax, and your homeostasis fails
I keep you Hunter-Gatherer, running from the beast
While I turn your muscle tissue to a Catabolic feast
I break you down to sugar, I strip the protein bare
I'm the alarm that never stops, the panic in the air
You want to rest? Forget it. I keep the system fried
I shut down your digestion so there's nowhere left to hide
(Pay the tax!)
I got you in Hypertonicity, tight like a drum
(Pay the tax!)
I make your Prefrontal Cortex stupid and numb
(Pay the tax!)
Tunnel vision, blind to the light
Stuck in the loop of eternal fight or flight
I see you trying to think, trying to find a plan
But I cut the blood flow to the brain of the man
I'm shutting down the brakes, I'm burning out the clutch
Your CB1 receptors? You don't need 'em much
I downregulate the system, I pull the plugs out
So all you hear is fear, a chemical shout
I am the inflammation, the fire in the wall
I am the master of the metabolic stall
(Wait...)
(What is this?)
(The Up-Shake... The precursors...)
(Cacao... THCa...)
Hold up, pause the panic, I found the manual code

I'm shifting gears right now, exiting survival mode
I drank the precursors, I stocked the factory floor
Now I'm building chemistry you never seen before
You talking loud, Cortisol, but you about to fade
I got that Anandamide, the bliss that I made
It's called Retrograde Inhibition, yeah, read the sign
I'm sending signals backward to cut your supply line
Back across the synapse, hitting the CB1
Telling the HPA Axis that the war is done
(Tables turn!)

I'm switching to Anabolic, rebuilding the stone
(Tables turn!)

I'm reclaiming the throne in the danger zone
(Tables turn!)

No more tunnel vision, I see the whole view
The Phew Protocol just silenced you
I'm in the Play State now, the field is wide
I got the Oxytocin flowing on the tide
You tried to burn the house, but I fixed the terrain
I washed the receptors with the fat and the rain
My mirror neurons firing, connection is back
No more biological deficit, no more lack
The Cortisol blockade? Consider it breached
The lesson of the body has finally been taught and preached
Get back in your box, strictly for emergency
I govern this vessel with Anandamide urgency
(Retrograde... Inhibition...)
(Silence the noise)
(The tax is paid in bliss)
(Phew...)