

## Turf War

Yo.

They thought they had me cornered.

Cortisol blockade. Biological siege.

They locked down the block. Shut off the supply lines.

But they forgot one thing...

I'm the General of this terrain.

And I don't pay taxes to no Planets.

Load up.

I got enemies inside the wire, breaching the gate

The HPA Axis ringing, sealing my fate.

Red Phone off the hook, screaming "Panic!" and "Fear"

Amygdala pulling triggers every time that I hear...

A threat. War

But I ain't sweating the debt.

I been living in the Deficit, paying the cost

Burning furniture for heat while the battle was lost.

My muscles in a hypertonic clench, ready to snap

Driving with the brakes on, caught in the trap.

But check the intel—I flip the script on the Fropp

I'm calling in the "Teacher" just to make the beat drop.

No more Warlords shouting, getting loud in the brain

I need the silent assassins to reclaim the terrain.

This is a TURF WAR.

Kick in the door.

We cleaning out the waste, settling the score.

It's the Anabolic Roar, yeah, we taking the crown

Systemic Stand Down! Systemic Stand Down!  
We activate the Janitors, scrub 'em on sight  
Autophagy gang moving deep in the night.  
My body is the fortress, my mind is the gun  
The war is already over. The war is already won.

They tried to starve the CEO, cut the blood to the head  
Left the Prefrontal Cortex looking practically dead.  
Chemically Induced Stupidity running the show  
Tunnel vision on the threats, nowhere to go.  
But I got the munitions—pass the Cryo-Lysis  
Shatter the trichomes, handle the crisis.  
Ice cold delivery, bypass the liver  
Sent straight to the blood, make the sickness shiver.  
I got the Raw Cacao standing guard at the gate  
Stopping the enzyme thief before it's too late.  
Preserving the peace, keeping the Anandamide loaded  
The Seven Controlling Planets? Their cover is blowed-ed.  
I'm a Mitochondria beast, processing fuel  
I don't play by the Sickness Planet's broken-ass rule.

This is a TURF WAR.  
Kick in the door.  
We cleaning out the waste, settling the score.  
It's the Anabolic Roar, yeah, we taking the crown  
Systemic Stand Down! Systemic Stand Down!  
We activate the Janitors, scrub 'em on sight  
Autophagy gang moving deep in the night.  
My body is the fortress, my mind is the gun

The war is already over. The war is already won.  
Use it or lose it. That's what the boss said.  
If you don't use the brakes, you wind up dead.  
So I'm rebuilding the lines, putting sensors back up  
Pouring High-Grade Energy inside of the cup.  
I ain't a "Life Borrower" living on a loan  
I'm a King on the throne.  
And the throne is my soul.

Night time ops. The Twilight Tea in the pot.  
Magnesium shield for the muscles I got.  
Ketones bypassing the sugar blockade  
Fueling the cleaning crew, getting them paid.  
We flushing the "stalactites" out of the drain  
Washing the "barnacles" off of the brain.  
I wake up clean. Energetically pure.  
The sickness is gone. I am the cure.  
Richmond style, '17, dynasty rings  
I'm done with the peasants. I walk with the Kings.

Yeah.  
We don't negotiate with terrorists inside the cells.  
We renovate.  
We terminate.  
We elevate.  
PHEW.