

Strangeulation Vol. II Cypher V

Tech N9ne

Mursday, kill 'em
Yeah, technicians, mercenaries, believers, strangers, let's go

Provadil, thirteen-hundredth block
Where you from? From my hood, I took a hundred shots
Got my chain up on sunset in front of all the stars
Gio, NONMS, Plex, Wrek and Bernz, it's like it's all of ours
Said I need my own parade
Fuck it, give me hand grenades
Watch me make a suicide salad out a rap ballad
For the love of the kill, I kill for the love
I'm murderin' this track and you won't see no blood
Cause I got my dodger groove on
They ask what squad are you on
Strange gang nigga, 'till I'm stiff with a suit on
Disrespect the clique, and oh, you know they ain't got far to go
That's when I grab em by the neck, hit 'em with that RKO
Outta nowhere, I'm on my viper shit
Might just have to resurrect the dead and bring back Piper's pit
Cause we about to teach the industry a strange lesson
Just when they think they found the answer, we change the question

Dirty boots, heavy eyes, hot summer, watch 'em fry
Like inside my backpack, headed towards the other side
I don't give a fuck I'll let y'all take a glimpse inside my mind
Enter at your own risk though, be careful what you find
I'm a grimy despot, tyranny on my desktop
Ruling over the rulers with nothin' less than the best pot
Enemies take they best shots, outta range in my sweatshop
Turn a page on my rage and you know there's pain in my hip-hop
I'm Marty McFly, and these bitches just ain't from the future
Their music is tired, rewire your fucking computers
Got fuel and fire but quiet is all in the shooters
I feel like a tutor giving lessons to children Strangeulation, bitch, don't
let me start losing my patience
And burn 'em down if ain't it Strange in your radio station
I'm yelling ¡MAYDAY!, in front of the judge and all the plaintiffs
I don't give a fuck, man, I lost my mind and that's just contagious

From beneath the stars, Wrek is the definition of underrated
Gotta walk with a pop, cause the heat that we drop has been so understated
Give me my props, or get left behind with no horse and saddle
We bringing hitters to Strange, figures the verse is agile
We got some Jack in the bag, and we stacking the fact that you can't get it
cracking
Don't need a half a mil to battle, taking anybody's challenge
So if you want it then hop on board and just keep your balance
Cause Strange will have you feeling 'bout as fly as Richie Valens
Bitch ass, my cyphers known to cut you quick, fast
Get a whiplash from the big gash that I be leaving on ya, making all the kids
laugh
And I be dropping bars like all stars, check the car card
On ya'll to drop bombs off when I'm hauled off against pawn stars
Guess that's what happens when you let the tweakers come for all the bacon
Ya'll, my son's brand new feature 'Wrekonize The Force Awakens'
If you need a lesson, I'll be blessing ya'll for the duration
¡MAYDAY!, Murs, to make it hurt, you're now feeling the Strangeulation