Strangers

Black Thought

Yeah, while y'all was sufferin' from future shock
Hurtin' and hatin', waitin' for that other shoe to drop
I was relocatin' this whole operation to the top
For you to copy and paste, in case you forgot
I'm super hot and beyond your range
It's kind of strange how the change in climate ain't because of climate chan
ge
I acquired this affinity for finer things
Like big folds, Range, and Rolls from gold chains
And danger's when niggas get high, then die fameless
Slugs spark loud in the chamber and fly aimless
I was too wise to the game to try candy from strangers
And speak anything but my language
Oud from the Indian trees is my fragrance
Food, I consider these thieves that's not gangsters
So many fuck boys actin' like they tough guys
I'ma call your bluff, guys, let me see you uprise

Bark, bark, bark
Tough guy, ah?
You can tell me, you can tell me what?

I keep the four-five close, get your lo-fi smoke
Like the Wi-Fi broke, forget the wise guy jokes
Got mob ties, bro, financial status and I'm ho tied
Get ya from India, smoke on both sides though
Oh my, now reach into your pockets, pay homage
Pay me hundreds or pay me no mind, bro
And my screen don't work, got an iPhone 4
Like, the Wi-Fi broke, it's still a smartphone though
Okay, like, que paso, maricón, cabrón
'Kay, tough guy, don't take me for no fungi
See you with my third eye, peep you just with one eye closed
Um, one time when I was duckin' from the one time
This one time, weapon on my left side, I'm gun shy
Swimmin' in my new Benz, doors open up like two fins
New whips on Dr. Seuss', one fish, two fish, red whip, blue whip

This motherfucker does not give a fuck about you
He is in his mansion, playing his Xbox (You never listen, you never listen)
And look at you, look at where you are (No one ever says anything worth list
enin' to)
Ayy, yeah

Straight out the flames of this city of mine
Since double planes hit the rises, pain of rap been on rise
With cyclops eye strays, stay shatterin' lives
Out where the poltergeists of history haunt the alive
Monster of art, don't start
You little drop, die dark, put you in long-term park
Hardly a mark, play your spiderweb like a harp
Sharp with a bodega cat claw, slash at a rat's heart
Relax, let it happen, it's automatic, I'm tapped in
Scrap like I'm facin' the mouth of a starved kraken
Facts, man, I actually made the cash they imagined
The kid who never compromised, out-racked you bastards
Slid into the vacuum they left, stabbin' at random

Abracadabra, got these maggots trackin' the magic
It's vapid how you speak, not deep, you lackin' the fathoms
While tough guy dreamin' of smashin' thots, I smash atoms

Are you serious with this?
Is this, is this, this is what it's come to?
We're gonna have to walk around outside like we're fuckin' gangsters? (Ayy)
I am, and it is (Yeah, yeah)

The bar killer, I stole a Demon from Dodge dealer (Yeah)
A godbody with temperament of a Godzilla (Yeah, yeah)
And you ain't shit, you fucker, barely a fart, fella (Yeah, yeah, yeah)
A dictator with hard heart, I starve niggas (Woo)
I'm out with Lenin and writin' in red ink again (Ooh)
And I'm on linen with women pleasurin' pink again (Ooh)
Edge of destruction, the world seems on the brink again (Ooh)
You think you got me? Ayy, papi, you better think again (Damn)
I'll leave you shot in the seat that they sat Lincoln in (Damn)
I'll pop you with the same pistol they popped Reagan with (Damn)
I'm audacious, so fuck with me on a cash basis (Yeah)
I'm outrageous, slap faces to tongue tasters (Yeah, yeah)
I rock stages, rappin' raw for all races (Yeah)
No patience for racists, send 'em to damn Satan (Yeah, yeah)
Cold rages, I stay in God's divine graces (Yeah, yeah)
And all my chains on when I rap, bitch, I'm Ghostfacin' (Woo)

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