

Weerd Syed

Eyedeas

Why they always looking at me, like there's something on my face man
No matter where I go, I'm always feeling out of place
And I know I'm not your regular I got a different taste
Probably cause most my life, spent right in my basement
I didn't watch the Super Bowl, don't drink alcohol
Don't carry I.D., don't go to the mall
I'm extra argumentative and really good at fast talk
I can't dance or sing but I can rap my ass off
Hey my voice is unique, I'll leave it at that
But no rapper you know, has the ideas I have
And it ain't like the skin color really is significant
It puts you in the category of art fag or idiot
But I don't try to fit in
My life's like a novel of science-fiction
My mission is to get into your mind, and make you listen and
Rewind what you were missin', everytime that you insisting to be blind
I paint a picture with the rhyme and climb the instrument
I'll hide behind a picket fence, slice a little wickedness and I
Win at this so you better bet on me
I only smile in public if I got a lot of energy
Don't go to the doc, I got my own remedies
Oh and I almost forgot I got a really good memory

I know a lot of people that'll tell you that they hate me
Cause they know I bring out the weird side
Some say I'm a genius others say that I'm crazy
But they all say I'm a little on the weird side
It ain't like I can help it, it's the way my momma raised me
So I'm living every minute on the weird side
Here's a ticket for the train, pay a visit to my brain
If you wanna know about the weird side
It goes dee-dee-da, dee-dee-da, doo-doo-do, doo-doo-do
Da dee-dee-da, dee-dee-da, doo-doo-do, doo-doo-do

I only write with a certain type of pen (chameleon)
Switching from an itchy introvert to loudmouth
First thing I do after I buy a CD is open it up
And see if my name's in the shout outs
I read books on yoga and quantum mechanics
Psychology, philosophy, peyote and acid
I like Jimi Hendrix more than any rap shit
And my favorite movie's Dr. StrangeLove, that's a classic
Never had a fist fight, got knocked out one time
Stupid motherfucker thought peace was a gang sign
Yo I never liked the circus I was too afraid of clowns
20 years in the same city still don't know my way around
And still get lost inside of my thoughts
Saying dumb jokes just to hear myself talk
Yeah I know my clothes probably need to be washed
But I like em' and if I didn't I would take em' off

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Da dee-dee-da, dee-dee-da, doo-doo-do, doo-doo-do

I'm not accepted by any certain group of people
I'm a walking talking freak-show and by now you know my steelo
Everybody's weird, you know that's true
I bet you even got a little bit of weirdness in you
My lyrics are due to depression, and an essence impression, unprecedented
Identity, representin' the Midwest I guess I'm just ahead of my time
Blame my pedigree, I'm telling you a tale of the time, embellish the melody
Who are you to say I got a few loose screws, dude?
The tools humans use can never measure my texture
Extra, extra read all about it Eyedea's an extraterrestrial don't let him
Touch you or even sit next to you
Hey I don't write, so you're wrong and that makes me right
Song after song, night after night
Gonna spit my words into the mic
And they probably react nice if it's something they like
Now is that so strange to want the attention
If you think I should change, man save your suggestions
I swear someday I'm gonna be somebody's hero
But until that day I'm just another fuckin' weirdo