

# Strange March

iMayday!

Uh-huh, what we have here  
Is a failure to communicate, come on!

Grrr, gimme that bass-line  
That bass-line  
Put that bass-line in there

With all this killin' goin' on, did I forget to mention how?  
We're strange music bitch, so I got your attention now?  
It wasn't the decade grind that I put in the dented ground  
Or the million battle rappers, you seen Wrek's been tearin' down  
I'm marchin' towards domination, you're Anne Frank  
And my etiquette's Atticus Finch when I mock your patience  
I brung the best cess with the excess innovation  
For the minimum living the days in such a similar civilization

Fuck a leader, they buyin' followers  
Awakin' deities everyday that I write a verse  
Livin' with polymers, actors and rock bottomers  
I'm here until I hit 88 on barometers  
Good Scotts! The plot thickens  
To all you bitchin' story tellers, get my Charles Dickens  
With all the fixings, wish death to none except the mission  
Out of religion still I pray there's somethin' for forgiveness  
Impaired vision

I'm marchin' to the minutes  
I'm livin' my life as a resurrection of a Jack the rhythm Ripper  
So please carve me in his image  
And mark this in the Guinness when I break these hardened critics  
You can't look death in the face if you can't break the Arkham limits  
This is not fair, you claim you want the fame but then you're not there  
So you came to raise, but stopped where and became amazed, how not rare  
Preppin' for the Armageddon, tryin' not to skip to Hell  
School shocked, went on, and Karma never seemed to fit me well

Snakes in my backyard, ounce on my coffee stand  
Go ball, swing that bat, beg for approval stamps  
If not, it's shark tanks and human anchors  
Soylent green dreams for fiends  
With a side of that Ed factor, when chapters turn, kings will burn  
Service watch 'em, blind 'em to the perfect time to steal a turn  
They pan flash, while God's laughin' and the role's reversed  
So "fuck politics" when I flick a match and watch it burn  
A scorched Earth

This is my last will and testament  
My last hidden messages  
We out lived every estimate  
Since we're gone, take the rest of it  
And we'll march on (March on)  
March on (March on)  
March on (March on)  
March on (March on)  
And we'll march on (March on)  
March on (March on)  
March on (March on)

Left, right

100 Steps to the gallows, knowin' you can't escape 'em  
Bothered hardly, put all of your sorry's in a sack and save 'em  
We the new breed, hardest of the martyrs, call a truce please  
Before we sober up, hit Armageddon on a loose leaf  
We're too deep, rockin' a poker face, and so you know to fold  
They look at us like suckers, we the lowest, on the totem pole  
Might as well cut off his feet, he could never go toe to toe  
Evacuate men women and children, I should have sold

(It's the U-B-I)

Know in my soul high society's controlled by the elitists  
To keep an eye on me, with GPS, radio frequency I.D chips  
I'm sleepy eye, from secrets they'd been keepin' why I'm sheepish  
Design a fetus? Treat my privacy like I don't need it  
Nah, no rhyme or reason, this is survival season  
Where you could be tried for treason  
Banishment, radicals, bible beatings  
Manner-less, surveillance, panoramic scan my wrist  
Mannequins, bar coded from government management, fall in

Look here, we all in, everyone is a target  
Teetering on insanity, reasonin' with the heartless  
Bargainin' with the devil, manipulin' the circumstances  
Easier done, everyone is a worker ant  
Certain plans, never see 'em wrench in 'em when will it end  
I'm grippin' the wheel of misfortune cousin now let it spin  
Get it in, fuckin' that, everybody gets on the house (House)  
Tryna shelter up, and put somethin' edible in their mouth

I'm restless, not a ounce of sleep  
Tormented by, the sounds of screams  
Shepherds rot, breath of God, cascadin' a 1000 feet  
From the flamin' bush, they gave me a push  
On a top of a mountains peek  
To test the bounds of my mortality  
Baby boo go, biddy bye-bye  
You don't want pressed  
To the crest, my weapons shine  
Leave my army to their death  
Never let my message die  
Step in time, God I miss you  
You would hardly recognize me if you saw me  
Now my soul burns everyday, I'm sayin' I'm sorry  
Now I'm falling

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Left, right

(Grrr!)

This music is too loud, it got me goin' sicko  
My enemies is my homies, they got me playin' pickle

Paranoid, so I keep my MW3  
That's the gun I use when I'm killin' on MW3  
And I don't give a fuck, I embrace my main followers  
And I pack somethin' that'll make your chest plate hollower  
Hit 'em with the bullets, make 'em Twist like Oliver  
I spit sick shit, you couldn't see me on the monitor  
I vomit nigga, maybe I need drugs to survive  
Catch me in the club, with a grudge and a 9  
Tech N9ne, only cause I love Strange Music  
A lot of niggas talk about it, but most of 'em won't do it  
He's a star, I bring the war, kinda like George Lucas  
I'm a germ, I'm a fungus, my nigga I'm a mucus

;MAYDAY!, ;MAYDAY!, ;MAYDAY!  
I'm comin' to join ya' homie  
With a fat ass, sack and an AK on my back  
Let's get it