

Strange March

¡Mayday!

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 bring 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, manipulatin' 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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(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