

Strangers (Paranoid)

Reflection Eternal

Yeah, beca-ca, beca-ca, because I'm paranoid
Beca-ca, beca-ca, because I'm paranoid
Beca-ca, beca-ca, because I'm paranoid
Hey, hey, yeah!

No boundaries, no borders, we crossin many waters
Them haters can't ignore us, the government record us
They used to take our sons and think it's fun to rape our daughters... no!
Our healthcare system pitiful, that's how hospitals' profitable
They try to put the drugs inside of you, lie to you, say that you gonna die tomorrow
So why pay? That's not logical
See the bullshit that they try to pull?... whoa!
They tappin laptops like a bad plot out of a bad movie, Obama say it ain't s
o
In a perfect world coalition of the willing is really coalition of the rainb
ow
Who the enemy? Who the friend in need?
How do you choose your target, who you aim for? What you aim for?... damn!
Still running with the race but I'm runnin at a pace
So fast, you collapse, gotta let it go
Wondering if my concentration on the race misplaced, turn your marks, set, r
eady, go
Evolutionary flow, every luminary glow
When he show what the revolutionary know, oh! Blaap!

Shot to make you famous, we're in your face with bangers
About to face some danger, I just misplace my anger
The violence entertain us, rappers took the place of sangers
Mama said don't talk to strangers, don't talk to strangers

Gotta let the people know from the get go
Bun B is a product of the ghetto
Good or bad man I just can't let go
No I ain't a rich man but I'm still set though
And I'm still on the grind tryin to get dough
Why the government wanna keep me in debt for?
They wanna keep me in debt for?
Look at AIG and the bailouts
Steppin on the fish just so you can help the whale out
Got his ass on 'em or should I say tail out
Need another job like a paper or a mail route
Bring the fresh fest in, take the stale out
Make it rain D.C. and I'm a pull a pail out...
Man I'm a pull a pail out, know what I'm sayin?
Cause I'm stuck in the mud like a tractor
I ain't gotta lie plus I'm not a good actor
Bullshit laws that they enact to
Keep us locked out the big game in the back bro
I got sacked now I gotta get a sack to
Make ends meet cause the money is a factor
Oh yeah the money is a factor... damn!
Now I'm back on the block for the hustle
Used to be hot, now your boy just cold
Gotta build my bread up and my muscle
Haters talk down, sometimes it's a tussle
But the smoke gonna clear and the dust'll settle

Now it's like Def Jam with no Russell
Like Def Jam with no Russell... We'll be alright though

Shot to make you famous, we're in your face with bangers
About to face some danger, I just misplace my anger
The violence entertain us, rappers took the place of singers
Mama said don't talk to strangers, don't talk to strangers