

# 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 so  
In a perfect world coalition of the willing is really coalition of the rainbow  
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, ready, 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

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