

## Cloudy-eyed Stroll (remix)

Tech N9ne

Now see (Say what?)

We finna get cloudy-eyed for a minute, you know what I'm sayin'?  
So I need everybody to blaze the weed and grab 'em a bitch  
Let me see you shake it, let me see you naked  
Let me see you shake it, I wanna see you naked

Sunday morning I awake with head aching from the night before  
Me and my niggas at the bowling alley trippin' cause we all tore  
I reminisce and kinda laugh despite my pain  
Cause they kicked us out for throwin' balls in other people's lane  
Sunny day in the summer is about to become a cloudy one  
Outey from perious puffs, devious sluts, mysterious stuff  
Picked up the phone, it's on  
I got my niggas on the line ready to swoop the N9ne  
Once again I'm pulling out my relish to spend  
But today I'm not gonna take these bitches to the West Glenn  
Cause me and my Rogue Dogs and Road Hoggs  
Slippin' on a mission and contemplating on old calls  
30 minutes later I'm waiting at the door, ready to go  
Feelin' relieved when I heard my niggas roll  
Yellin', "That's my ride" as my baby girl cries  
Stepped inside, looked around and everybody's lookin'

Cloudy-eyed, cloudy-eyed  
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Cloudy-eyed, cloudy-eyed  
Come and take a ride with me, fly with me  
Get high with me, come and get cloudy-eyed with me

Everybody's blown but me  
Timly got them straight cumulus in his eyes  
Puffing because Dr. Bombay and Purple Fuzz up above  
This Sunday sunny day had that (?)  
Scoob just started because his eyes restratus  
435 North, we dipping the suburbans filled with smoke  
We jerking I'm hoping to get the new rotation working  
No joking, eyes open, for the feels what it is  
What it was, what it shall be is we high on L.A. indeed  
Pass the puffy on the mid west town side, much obliged  
Cause I'm feeling high up and cloudy-eyed  
Windows down, wind goes round my crown astounded  
Right now my marial don't wanna be grounded  
I clowned it Now my name is Munchie  
Ooh, you high, 7-11 got the best food in the country  
Blunts be serious when stuffed with funk  
From the depths of Mizzou, niggas have no clue what to do  
Caught up with black in Texas Will  
What's the deal? On our way to New Peking for real  
We loud and boisterous as we stepped inside  
People looking at us funny cause everybody's looking

Cloudy-Eyed Stroll, now my stride's slow  
Walking up out the New Peking eyes closed  
Took another hit from the poison mist  
Got my brain on twist but I still persist  
Whats up? What we doing on a Sunday eve

Its straight to 5-6, best believe  
We calling up some biancas on the humbug  
To come down around the town  
Everybody else is Skateland bound  
5-6-1-6 Highland feeling far out like Thailand  
My man Diamond said no one can roll 'em like I can  
Damn, once again it's on the beatrices from the phones  
In the house and they straight getting blown  
What ever happened I don't know, woke up on the floor  
5 o'clock in the morning, I'm read to go for sure  
Gotta get back to the crib my squeeze said this shit is getting old  
They dropped me off and that's the end of my (Cloudy eyed) stroll

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