Salute

Tech N9ne

I don't give a fuck who it is
Anybody can get (anybody, absolutely)
Ya already know what it is
So don't ask

You wake up to find no cereal inside of your box
You got a problem, them Strange rhymers out on your block
So good morning, get it in like it's 30 below
Another ¡MURSDAY! is here to come and dirty your soul
You see the haters get the genitals
Back up off the minerals
Rolling with the general and high off that medical
Rolling all around the world and still rocking a flip phone
Hip hop to the death, two-stepping in every zip code

Pull up in the lot without my kin and crash a shindig
Bitch we on the clock and this is all official business
I been on the radio and shit has got ridiculous
Got me in the mood to cause some motherfucking mischief
Override the system, drugs with some sick kids
You know what we on, we tryna make the fucking hit list
Write a couple songs and live forever in your pictures
Pick another fight before the kick us out the exit

Walk up in the party with our guns drawn
Might just leave a body on your front lawn
I don't give a fuck if they say we wrong
You better keep your hands up when they play this song
And keep your hands in the air
If you know the government don't care
If you got on $5 underwear
But you're feeling like a fucking millionaire
And can I get a hell yea? (Hell yeah)
Do It Big, Keep It Strange, don't care (Hell yeah)
Keep your eyes on the prize, don't share (Hell yeah)
Cuz we bout to take the crown this year (Hell yeah)

Second batter up, I never had a fuck
To give, if I did, shit, you was out of luck
I'm laser focused with mine like Scott Summers is
The Cyclops, X-Men, for you dumber kids
I read them funny books, they got the pictures in them
Still pull the thickest chick in the sickest denim
Then I spit this venom, like Eddie Brock does
Had the crowd raising eyebrows like The Rock does
Blood, Cuhs, it's all in the same gang
Just brothers in different colors, we need to change things
And this is Strange gang, talking 'bout my chain again
Mine's fine, I got it shined by my Asian friend
At the swap meet in the wrong hood
I'm the bad member but still make the song good
Good enough they had to sign me, better ask Trav
I'm fucking with these strong genetics like I'm in the lab

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Gun is out, everybody running out
Hearing people scream and shout ("OH MY GOD HE'S GOT A GUN!!")
'Cause they run their mouth, they throwing this tongue about like having som
e kind of clout (It's negros, we better run)
He'on't want (he'ont want it)
He'on't need it (he'on't need it)
If they try to put a case on this, we gon' beat it (we gon' beat it)
Interrupted a groovy movie, so we said fuck it left it and ate at Ruby Tuesd
ay's
Snotty white waitress said sorry, I'm so blunt
One of the homies singing YG's "Fuck Donald Trump"
And she said "Fuck Obama"
And we said "Fuck yo mama"
And your granny too, 'cause we would never touch your nana, bitch
Manager say we gotta leave
Not before I get a shot, I get it then I'm appeased
And he said "No"
So I got somebody shot off the bar quick, lifted it up and said "Here's to y
ou sucking my dick"

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