

## Strangeulation III

Tech N9ne

Wrapped in XLR cables  
Up from my whiskers, down to my fuckin' kicks  
Wreck-O was echoed in Gordon Geckos  
You suckin' dick  
Nobody be askin' me for secrets  
I ain't chuckin' tips  
I'd rather be bumpin' hips  
On that ratchet with muffin tits  
Tore up the limits  
From Britan visions would rock their lives  
Inside a prison where giddy bitches don't jock the rhyme  
Born in precision  
Rhythm spittin' could swat a fly  
For them to just kick a single shillings from Spotify  
Bye, Bye killers  
On a high five business  
Gonna ride by the sickest  
In your high ride to the hitlist  
If we ain't spoke in ages  
Then miss me with broken favors  
You Miley Cyrus to majors  
You twerkin' on swollen razors (run now)  
Dont make me come to dinnernail your tounge down  
And have you plead your case to us  
At Strangeland at sundown  
Be careful of the biz  
Cause everything has got a price attached  
Wake up with a horse head in your bed  
And next your life is snatched