

## Strangeulation IV

Tech N9ne

I'm too hot to cool off  
Blew Atlanta up like Eric Rudolph  
Starving in pursuit of moot law  
Flossing, get your coo raw  
My crew'll shoot at you like "hoorah"  
I be on tour and shit, you get on stage and you get boo'd off  
You throwing jabs at me but we ain't in no boxing gym  
I stab 'em and have them inside of a hospital hooked up to oxygen  
So who the hottest, conversation my name get brought up in  
I'm Woody Harrison, this industry is Zombieland  
You wanna fuck with us, you must've had no common sense  
I'll kill you then your guts get eaten up by Brotha Lynch  
It's Strange Music so the competition nonexistent  
All them other record labels fallen off like rotten limbs  
I'm making some money, it's making my stomach cringe  
I'll never forget it a couple of summers ago I was cooking and scrubbing pans  
Drink 'till I get ruckus-spinned  
Puffing something weird, a lovely scent behind the cutless tenth  
Floating in the Strange stream, who jumpin' in?

My brain is full of thoughts that are darker than Samhain  
That span across the Great Lakes and vast Midwest Plains  
Spreading coast to coast like a virus you can't contain  
Now a global pandemic, panic courtesy of (STRANGE!)  
The biggest independent label popped a champagne  
We don't need no head now, homie you can keep the change  
Coming through your speakers, receive us into your blood vein  
We the truth like Nostradamus' prophecy quatrains  
Snake Bat, Praise that, part of rap since way back  
Since the days of 8 tracks and 808's and adats  
Analog cassette decks, steady grinding, what's next?  
Starving artist 'til Trav and Tech cut me that advanced check  
Strange outcast step child, call me Damien  
Five Finger Death Punch straight to the cranium  
Flow so sick, could be enriched with uranium  
Extraterrestrial, lyrics labeled alien

Appetite destruction, never been no punk shit  
My voices give me choices, just despite that I choose dumb shit  
Choppers all around me, I mean lyrical and literal  
Spit it through this microphone and pull up at your Mami's home  
Jump out on the dumb shit, speaking through this drum clip  
Tearin' flesh, rippin' hips, watch me kill shit  
Cypher without the villain, that's appealin' but it's silly though  
An army without it's general, an octopi no tentacles  
I'm trying to be subliminal, nothing I do is minimal  
Heavy hitter, heavy words  
Push a nigga, pushin' verbs  
Squish my button, you push my nerves  
Ten toes in the turf  
Not the last or the first  
Gut a nigga, stump the Earth  
Grippin' metal, I ain't special  
On the level, smack your temple with the barrel  
Not complying, I'm a rebel  
And I'm fresh up out the ghetto, puppet master I'm Geppetto

Take a minute, you'll get it  
Nigga Scoob did it. (Yeah)