

# Strangeulation Vol. II Cypher I

Tech N9ne

Smoking weed, true indeed  
Sick emcees presented by Tecca Neez!  
Check it out

Ain't nobody busting like the nigga with a gun up in the middle of the west  
I be the killa with a Tec and I'ma villain with a vest  
I gotta fill 'em with effects then I get it out the way  
So I can say what I wanna say  
Right over the track singing like the father of Nona Gaye  
Let's get it on they love it when Tech spit a song way rugged  
And check niggas on they grudges then death  
Shitted on they buzzes  
That was just the intros for the family with sin souls  
But the Gandys with the fem flows  
Can't stand me like ten toes  
I rock it, making my female friends freaking faucets  
Putting me up against Hop is thoughtless  
Not supposed to press partners, stop it  
Can't compete compare crotches, cockless  
Taking Tech is too toxic, toss it!  
Never will the bosses take losses  
Study cautiousness off this shit!  
Cause some fans are antagonistic, naggin' bitches  
Raggin' like a stabbin' happened  
When I'm havin' hits, get vast than sick shit  
Like I ain't Vlad and vicious bad and twisted  
Keep it jabbing fisted, Trav insisted  
So a frown scary when the clown buries  
A nigga down to the ground, but the crown carrier  
Get the hound up the mound and the round marry  
Comin' together and that's how we breaking the sound barrier  
I'm three-dimensional, we invincible  
You saying I'm over, you never see the principle  
My seed is meant to grow rapid, I'm the classical rap shit on acid!  
Bastards! (Hurl bars)  
Never will niggas be able to gimme the trash and jack it  
(World star)  
How in the fuck am I ripping and reaching the masses?  
Asses, faggots, too many back splashes  
Then the wack black chap hatchets  
Cause you not that rap classes  
They making a mockery of my painted face  
But me, I resemble our ancestors  
And these niggas talking stuck at a fainted pace  
Still not realizing this man blessed ya  
I am so clever, my friends adore me they banging Yates  
Your rhyme is no measure to him, you bore me, gay flaming fakes  
Find him more cheddar, my end's for me stay gaining great  
Cause I am forever like Em, 40, Jay, Wayne and Drake  
Pure art, I'm the shit and nigga, you're farts  
How they gonna challenge the Tecca Nina  
When your flow's softer than a Velour scarf  
Blowing this track into pieces, I'm leaving you fewer parts  
At this moment I am laying as dead as before my 2.0 tour starts  
Ain't packed shit yet, this how your tank rap hits best  
Tecca Nina ain't plastic, my bank's drastic, you can't match his checks  
Thought of gore and the flow, and I'm born to go

Got your horn and dough, taking your chick  
Cause a nigga been up in the Forbes list now four in a row  
My religion is followed by little kids, college kids, metalheads, hip hop he  
ads, the rips and soo-woos  
Your religion is tainted by money grubbing, funny hugging, Chummy loving gro  
wn men that like to do youths  
So I stick with my technicians, no F's given, yeah  
This team is a mixture of a few groups  
This for my fans, nigga, fuck everybody else  
If you loving this Tech N9ne give me three aoh's and two whoops