

## Strangeulation Vol. II Cypher IV

Tech N9ne

So you know you got to go when Tech N9ne give you this track  
So I call on Krizz, Rittz and Prozak, let's go!

(Here we go again! Haha! Hey Tech, watch this!)  
Kali baby, I guess I'm back at it again  
Lemme laugh at 'em again  
Cause they know I write the back out of a pen  
Holy moly get going nobody hold 'em is what they told em  
And poda-be motor yodeling sick-and ain't gettin over it  
Sick at the lip and watch 'em clown, look at 'em clown, clown  
Loving to tickle 'em I be licking 'em down give 'em the crown  
Look at the ground when you approaching the regal Beagle  
And people don't be equal and when they (or saying) it's fecal  
Betta (give it up), put 'em in the blender  
Surrender it like you (had enough)  
Never no-contender pretending like to (ready-to-buck)  
Ninja turtle dinner to a splinter, I don't (give a fuck)  
Ah-ha, (it goes up)  
Killin nigga's like the coppers  
And rappers on my thing-a-ma-bobber  
Come to chopping I'm the home of the whopper  
Your girly bopping I don't think I can stop her  
So dope that it made her wanna gimme a slobber  
(They remember you) when you stop and you pop  
(Every syllable) Bow down to a nigga that's (better than you)  
And he thinking he can just come an just speak at him really rude  
Ah-ha, eat the nigga food  
I'll knock the stuffing out ya muffin, fucking knucklehead  
Never did it wrong cause you singing the song all in your head  
Lead off, I beat the beat up and go  
Run a nigga feet off and chew 'em like a piece of pilaf  
Shitting on niggas an leave the seat off, then re-tweet off  
Social media this to beat off to  
Damn, they think we lost cause when we get off a look at themselves saying w  
e awful  
Cause it's more than bread that we wanting  
Me and Nina keeping 'em jumping  
And we won't stop till we get to the top  
You in the way then we Midwest chop ya!

Should've never to do right in school, I just choose to cruise by  
The principal told me I'ma loser, the dude's right  
All I did as a kid was shoot dice, I'm too white  
Cause I'm excused, my future never was too bright  
But who would've knew I'd be lucky enough to get a record deal And pursue my  
musical tube site not once, but two times  
I murder shit, a repeat offender with the biggest independent, salute N9ne  
Now watch it, I'mma take this rapper shit to a new height  
Too tight like Drake's spike, jacking my crew like  
A pack of wild wolves, tryna howl at the moonlight  
If you wanna come at us, God bless, gesundheit  
You a pussy, you might lose a fight with a bull dyke  
And I already give you a few strikes, a few of mine  
Kinda swole with this face basically a bull's eye  
And you like (ooh ah)  
And I ain't quitting 'till I got a crib in Malibu sitting poolside  
I'm chilling sipping Crown out a coke bag

I say what I'm thinking, never been known to hold back  
I'm pimpin' steadily, putting holes in Prozak  
Blow got me looking like my nose's in snow cap  
Under the scopes, steady getting groped and poked at  
And those that oppose that wanna do-si-do  
Per rope-a-dope and get your K-O with toe tag  
At five ten you can see my 'fro from rows back  
Fake friends hanging on my coast below Tech  
Hate the term 'no homo' but I'm sick  
Of bending over, getting fucked full of dope I don't have  
Oh snap, forgot it was a chopper song  
This is what you wanted here, I guess I better do it  
Study how I executed therapeutic, don't compare me  
Some of these rappers got a bigger pussy than the Octomom  
And yo, ya-uh-yeah!

Thinkin' about takin' it to another level  
I'm from another realm like an angel falling from heaven  
(I fell) To the Earth, the purpose of resurrection  
I'm coming through your speakers like demonic possession  
(And hell's bells) Don't be afraid of mythology  
Deep inside my brain is a wicked psychology  
Ancient revelation intertwine with technology  
Alien biology, you know that I gotta be (Strange!)  
Damn right, and I'm proud to be  
Biggest independent label, check the biography  
We taking over the industry without an apology  
Burning all the bridges, tell me who wanna follow me  
I'm sick with the sickness and spit with the quickness, so vicious with ever  
y bar (bar)  
So best to be leaving me lonely, psychotic and mentally scarred (scarred)  
And I don't really wanna be the one to tell you but I will if you don't get  
up out now  
Our strangers are angels, and able to seal the game, you lames better bow do  
wn (bow down)  
You need to recognize a miracle inside the lyrical, we're killing all these  
shows now  
Started from the bottom, now we got the people showing up in line and upping  
every time  
Takin' it to another planet and stratosphere  
Circle like a satellite on top of this atmosphere  
Snake and bat the symbol of the future, don't interfere  
You don't really wanna be the one we make disappear  
And this flow is hypnotic, it's class A narcotics, you pop out the bottle  
Prescribed by psychologists, go for psychotic shit  
Prozak and Kaliko, Rittz (Midwest Chopper shit)

Baby, you up?  
Yeah, let's do it