

# Blur

Tech N9ne

Bad day with my bitch  
Negativity on my phone is ridiculous  
Limo shine up on the real tech n9ne  
They talkin' 'bout I'm the sickness  
Comin' at that shit so vicious  
Get up out of my bed, I'm sick of feelin' restricted  
Fans sayin' I switched  
They can tell I was hurt by lookin' at my twit pic  
Got a call from stevie, y'all know his steezie  
Said he's 'bout to come to kc, wanna have a get together, that's easy  
Got a little cabo wabo, some biz and cîroc, yo  
They wanna have it at my house, is there room for frizz and picasso?  
Hell yeah, come on down  
Told?mackazilla? be done on rounds, we gotta get more liquor, spread the fun  
around  
We 'bout to kick it with family, put the gun on down  
Nigga, I ain't kicked it in eons  
'Bout to be cooler than freon  
Got another call from my homeboy in denver, named dion  
He just pulled into kc sayin' he's double fisted, with bottles  
I told him I was on liquor duty and?stone'em? was on models  
All of my niggas ready for action  
When I woke, I don't remember this crashin'  
I can try and tell you in the next verse  
But I don't really know what happened...

It's just a blur, blur, blur  
The whole thing's just a blur, blur, blur  
It's just a blur, blur, blur  
The whole thing's just a blur, blur, blur  
The whole thing's just a blur

Woke up, got sick, ain't nobody sleepin' in my shit  
Looked in the mirror, that's fucked up  
Because busted is my top lip  
Real busted, real puffy, like a nigga punched me the fuck out  
I don't smoke by my mouth taste like big [?] like my nigga yukmouth  
I think I remember two chicks, one thick, another was a toothpick  
I think I was takin' shots with 'em, of patrón, I don't do this  
Kc teas, ghetto suds, talkin' to the chick with ghetto butts  
She was trippin' when another beautiful widow cut  
In front of me when she was talkin', I said "oh, fuck!"  
Everybody keep sayin'  
But I don't remember even seein'  
But I heard if you really wanna please  
Put one, two, and maybe three  
Glimpses of a house full of bitches and dancin'  
And some losin' their pants, romancin' each other  
And eating each other, and beating these brotha's  
My publicist almost stuck a bitch  
Cause she punched my nigga with her [?]  
But he kicked her out, ?  
?  
Then somehow when my?  
My lip hit her big head

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Scenario, what happened?

That nigga keep laughin', cause he made all the drinks potent

My lip is fucked, I'm not jokin'

Said she's made up with hips out, she 'bout 5'1", hell pretty, but crippled o  
ut

Said she got a little cocky, called me a demon and I flipped out

Said her body was boozed up and her earlobes had a few cuts

I told him I don't hit women, I don't do stuff

I came downstairs, all my niggas still sprawled out

The makings of caribou lou, now there's a loose screw

The night was going perfectly, all seemed well

I woke up in the darkness dizzy, feelin' like hell

I don't feel like myself, oh no

I've never ever felt this way before in so long

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