

Strangeulation II

Tech N9ne

Godemis)
Deevil!
Prayin' that 12-12 for hell
Felon to sell and slept on a bed of nails like nothing I've ever felt
Ghost in a shell, was molded with other demons as if I needed some help or a
host to preserve the heathen
Got it, my brain is rotted
I swear to God that I'm not it
I'm set to go to the gallow as soon as the rope is knotted
I ain't high as the fire and I have unused adrenaline
Came in the cypher clean, still smelling like putrid cinnamon
Then I'm in, enemy of the state, I'm straight at an angle
Stop risking and quit your bitchin', it ain't like I'm raping an Angel
Said I was magnifique, ya'll fuckin' with it, kapeesh

Stevie Stone I'm on it I'm so clever
Nobody comparing 'em better
I put shit together
America's most elaborated rap pick yo head up
Small talkin' to get you wet up
Yeah, I'm will to kill all you niggas
The feelin', adrenaline that'll spillin' a milli yeah I mill' all you niggas
Ain't even reach out they ?? rather my sillin' on niggas
And backin' a back on back can't billy you niggas
Get busy on niggas
This ain't no ?? some leekage
Stonie in the building the bitches pull out their cleavage
The snake and the bat you see them prominent features
The spieces
Strangeland we rain on your region
Meatwagon I come I be taggin' 'em
Baggin' 'em bring 'em clusters of three
Got three magnums gaggin' em out
You pussies is still talkin' I'm draggin' 'em out
I'm tappin' 'em out

Aww shit, they fucked around and signed a backpacker
Smart, rich, handsome, plus he's not a bad rapper
I'm just a little local talent that fucked around and made it big
Underground bully, pickin' on all these famous kids
And the danger is, Now I'm doin' Strange a biz?
About to make the world forget about what a major is
Independent Powerhouse, running all these cowards out
My enemies are all forgotten, wishin' I would shout em out
And I don't want to her a rapper harmonize unless
He thuggish, ruggish, Lazy, Krayzie, Bizzy, Wish or Flesh
But maybe I'm just hatin' cuz my black ass could never sing
Fuck that autotune I hope the Futures filled with better things
And you a fucking liar if you say you found a better team
Impossible! Like trying to fit my dick inside my wedding ring
And all the bread it brings will be distributed and properly
I represent for hip hop not some fucking aristocracy

I'm the Martin Scorsese of rap, rap predator
Better than severin' the reverend with a jackknife
Kevin and eleven of 'em revvin' up the engines we bubblin' up like 7-Up
Then when we shoot that shit we eat that shit for din--din-ner

I don't need no fuckin' "Ok", are you serious, I'm okay
I'mma make you bleed like it's your period, period
I eat period pussy so eating you ain't serious
What you need for me to flip that shit and rip that shit
Like a skitzo stick that shit, that shit like a automatic pistol grip
No, I created this fast rap, I'm past that
I put a gat in that asscrack and blast that
I'm lightyears ahead of 'em, might use the head of 'em
I lose, then you can keep the breadcrumb
My nigga I'm a carnivore, ready for any kind of war, any kind of score