

Strangeulation III

Tech N9ne

Wrapped in XLR cables
Up from my whiskers, down to my fuckin' kicks
Wreck-O was echoed in Gordon Geckos
You suckin' dick
Nobody be askin' me for secrets
I ain't chuckin' tips
I'd rather be bumpin' hips
On that ratchet with muffin tits
Tore up the limits
From Britan visions would rock their lives
Inside a prison where giddy bitches don't jock the rhyme
Born in precision
Rhythm spittin' could swat a fly
For them to just kick a single shillings from Spotify
Bye, Bye killers
On a high five business
Gonna ride by the sickest
In your high ride to the hitlist
If we ain't spoke in ages
Then miss me with broken favors
You Miley Cyrus to majors
You twerkin' on swollen razors (run now)
Dont make me come to dinnernail your tounge down
And have you plead your case to us
At Strangeland at sundown
Be careful of the biz
Cause everything has got a price attached
Wake up with a horse head in your bed
And next your life is snatched