

Strangeulation IV

Tech N9ne

I'm too hot to cool off
Blew Atlanta up like Eric Rudolph
Starving in pursuit of moot law
Flossing, get your coo raw
My crew'll shoot at you like "hoorah"
I be on tour and shit, you get on stage and you get boo'd off
You throwing jabs at me but we ain't in no boxing gym
I stab 'em and have them inside of a hospital hooked up to oxygen
So who the hottest, conversation my name get brought up in
I'm Woody Harrison, this industry is Zombieland
You wanna fuck with us, you must've had no common sense
I'll kill you then your guts get eaten up by Brotha Lynch
It's Strange Music so the competition nonexistent
All them other record labels fallen off like rotten limbs
I'm making some money, it's making my stomach cringe
I'll never forget it a couple of summers ago I was cooking and scrubbing pans
Drink 'till I get ruckus-spinned
Puffing something weird, a lovely scent behind the cutless tenth
Floating in the Strange stream, who jumpin' in?

My brain is full of thoughts that are darker than Samhain
That span across the Great Lakes and vast Midwest Plains
Spreading coast to coast like a virus you can't contain
Now a global pandemic, panic courtesy of (STRANGE!)
The biggest independent label popped a champagne
We don't need no head now, homie you can keep the change
Coming through your speakers, receive us into your blood vein
We the truth like Nostradamus' prophecy quatrains
Snake Bat, Praise that, part of rap since way back
Since the days of 8 tracks and 808's and adats
Analog cassette decks, steady grinding, what's next?
Starving artist 'til Trav and Tech cut me that advanced check
Strange outcast step child, call me Damien
Five Finger Death Punch straight to the cranium
Flow so sick, could be enriched with uranium
Extraterrestrial, lyrics labeled alien

Appetite destruction, never been no punk shit
My voices give me choices, just despite that I choose dumb shit
Choppers all around me, I mean lyrical and literal
Spit it through this microphone and pull up at your Mami's home
Jump out on the dumb shit, speaking through this drum clip
Tearin' flesh, rippin' hips, watch me kill shit
Cypher without the villain, that's appealin' but it's silly though
An army without it's general, an octopi no tentacles
I'm trying to be subliminal, nothing I do is minimal
Heavy hitter, heavy words
Push a nigga, pushin' verbs
Squish my button, you push my nerves
Ten toes in the turf
Not the last or the first
Gut a nigga, stump the Earth
Grippin' metal, I ain't special
On the level, smack your temple with the barrel
Not complying, I'm a rebel
And I'm fresh up out the ghetto, puppet master I'm Geppetto

Take a minute, you'll get it
Nigga Scoob did it. (Yeah)