

Strangeulation Vol. II Cypher II

Tech N9ne

For what I wanted to do was take some of my classic beats, and send 'em to my artists, see what they would come up with on these beats that I love so much, so I wanna call Stevie Stone and Ces Cru to murder, let's go

Feel the hate when they come around
To the bull that set a doubt
Feel the love, I'm the great and or the true
See the fakes and the snakes, I'm always outta bounds
See I been dealt a hand, my nigga, I can peep
Peeping the shifty fans, my nigga
They gon' (see) see me going H.A.M, getting bigger, nigga
(Talk that shit if you want to hack my Tech N9ne plead again)
Make sure you remember me, me the odd ball liquor
When Stevie get to speak in the pot
Thickens with and these niggas is Vixens
Competition, it's really contradiction (uh-huh!)
Learning from the realest slim pickings
I love it, how you doubt a nigga, a nigga
Panned out, all this profit sought the stone to stand stout
On rigid and rare routes, [?]plegic, the hair nigga out
Strangeulation two and it's right now
Let's take it to another level, hot medal, back cattle, bitch
High pitched, fly shit, five settle, my word's like the bandit lord
I think this really got me paranoid
Middle finger to my enemies, I say all you niggas is bitches
Jurisdiction have so many restrictions
All you niggas is fiction, no conviction
Niggas get to dissin', I'll have you outta commission
Bobby's missing, call my brother to lynch 'em
All you niggas is gimmicks, body and soul
All you niggas pretending, thought that we so-called family
All you niggas can get it, turning my value Had us upon that midget
Let me hear you say names, let me hear you holler strange
I'm contained with flame, will leave your bodies decaying
Niggas be playing games, my niggas take your name
How you in it, the [?], better stay in your lane
Guess time'll tell (guess time'll tell, guess time'll tell)

Right hand over my heart of hearts I'm pledging allegiance
To Ces, for whatever the reasons I have withered the seasons
They're dead in the breeze, I'm ready to feed 'em
I never believed 'em, you son of a bitch, son of a preacher, word
Heaven and Jesus, two seven and greaser, separation is still
And spreading diseases, my recommendation is cheddar and cheeses
Maybe you better get business, like God he know that I carried the load
I know your boy is heavy and heaving
That's word to strange and Tech Da Nine, who better to lead us
Since I been with that team I been spinning them G's
Bitch, yeah, you better believe it, cash come in a bulk amount now
I'm staying ahead of my dreams so the fuck could I sulk about
For real, I'll never be satisfied still, I don't be vocal loud loud
Respect is due, I show it, don't blow it, my records are outta bound
Chill, I'm choosing my weapons wisely, we never will lose direction
Guide 'em through the Recession Proof, should include a confession, truth
Started from the Bikini Bottom, we're here but it's something fishy
Twenty sixteen, Strange Music, making some fucking history

I know they want me to put up the pen
And just quit with the rapping, it won't never happen, no
For the minutes that I been in it, I'ma kill it and still in the back but I'
m clapping though
In a matter of fact I been acting, so
At a wack in my brain is on no and low
I don't call anybody, ain't nobody calling me
Maybe I don't need a phone no mo'
Guess I won't pay the bill in the ville and it's real and venom and uh, then
I'm a goner
And haters are catering to me with witches that wouldn't win any longer
just making me stronger, wanna kill me, then pay me no mind
Get a record to spot a bit longer, if you don't feel me then get on your gri
nd
I don't mean to be mean but the measure is simple when you try to weather th
e outcome
Now I don't need a reason, killing any season, in fact I am better without o
ne
You don't know anything about heating the temp of the weather that I'm comin
g out from
And I wouldn't consider you equal like other people, where the fuck is your
album?
Shit to you is a hobby and obviously y'all ain't knowing to measure at all
Murdering for pleasure, ain't fucking with Godi, I'm sick with a medicine ba
ll
Couldn't give 'em a shit, not even a little bit cause they haters, we know i
t
We all know the location, come get your face winched, Strangeulation reloade
d! (Fuck)