

Strangeulation Vol. II Cypher III

Tech N9ne

I'm proud to present this cypher to my technicians, cause this one has been a long time coming. So I called on my big homie Big Scoob, and my lil' homie ; JL B. Hood. Let's go

Yeah, aha, Big Fella

Back pushin' that trap shit to your tracklist

Tecca Ninna's new package, Big Fella gon' snap bitch

Whip game, I'm magic, front flips, no backflips

Still eatin' old passed whips, looky here, these facts, bitch (yeah!)

Big Fella y'all know me man, show me, homie, I'm still the same

I'm a little older got a little colder, I'm still the soldier, I'm blowing f lames

Time to get, what's happening blood?

This don't get it I'm acting up

Y'all ain't with it then I'ma go get it and shit but it ain't on the back on the bus

Nah, I'm just fuckin' with it, bickin' back and having fun

Bullshit I'm having none, pussy niggas best hold their tongue

Flip a switch and I'm with the shit get to clapping clips and I'm banging drums

Ignorant with this ignorant shit and my only wish is you come get some!

I told you bitches where the fuck I'm from

Show you this is where the luck might run

Out for the doubt, what you do with yo mouth about to be part of the reason

I come and bust my gun!

Finicky front wanna be just like them

Nigga's a bore, be hunted just like one

This no war nor kid time son

It's a warning, do nothing dumb

You can feel what it is when exposed to the G's

A real one exists this close to the lead

Get ahold of the disk you suppose to believe

The show is a trip and the flow's a disease

Coke gotta fizz, got zones of the trees

Never let 'em live, let alone let 'em breathe

Not a fuck I could give, like "fucks? What are these?"

Pros we official, the hoes Lebanese

Strange got the game in a guillotine choke

Language aimed seen finna be quo-ted

Know it ain't my enemy hope

Swank if you can't consider me dope

Ya skank wanna grope me and Joey Cool both

On the bull with a 7 no Tony Kukoc

Bitch check into whenever you post

They come out the wood works know whenever you close

You know what I'm yellin' know somebody better tell 'em

Hard head make a soft ass lemme get 'em

Up in art class was the only time you drew a weapon

Up the bar blur lines I'm a urban legend

No T.I. TMI but I'm fuckin' with protection

Paper work in red like I'm makin' a correction

Select what I said hope you makin' the connection

We come at a nigga head it come off him in a second

Me and Tech got high said we finna do work

Spat hot lava, finna shoot first

You expect not vibe I could only do church

If my nigga was alive I am in the booth hurt!
Know that I ride, while I tell 'em B. Hood
You would look odd in my neck of the woods
If I really wanna slide in your hoe I could
But I'm God with a double O, y'all know I'm good!
Step like I should!

(2x)

I steps like a real should
Papered but still hood, we whip it and feel good
Aye, we makin' your bitches feel good
Yanked it and still could, we whip it and feel good