

# Strangeulation Vol. II Cypher V

Tech N9ne

Mursday, kill 'em  
Yeah, technicians, mercenaries, believers, strangers, let's go

Provadil, thirteen-hundredth block  
Where you from? From my hood, I took a hundred shots  
Got my chain up on sunset in front of all the stars  
Gio, NONMS, Plex, Wrek and Bernz, it's like it's all of ours  
Said I need my own parade  
Fuck it, give me hand grenades  
Watch me make a suicide salad out a rap ballad  
For the love of the kill, I kill for the love  
I'm murderin' this track and you won't see no blood  
Cause I got my dodger groove on  
They ask what squad are you on  
Strange gang nigga, 'till I'm stiff with a suit on  
Disrespect the clique, and oh, you know they ain't got far to go  
That's when I grab em by the neck, hit 'em with that RKO  
Outta nowhere, I'm on my viper shit  
Might just have to resurrect the dead and bring back Piper's pit  
Cause we about to teach the industry a strange lesson  
Just when they think they found the answer, we change the question

Dirty boots, heavy eyes, hot summer, watch 'em fry  
Like inside my backpack, headed towards the other side  
I don't give a fuck I'll let y'all take a glimpse inside my mind  
Enter at your own risk though, be careful what you find  
I'm a grimy despot, tyranny on my desktop  
Ruling over the rulers with nothin' less than the best pot  
Enemies take they best shots, outta range in my sweatshop  
Turn a page on my rage and you know there's pain in my hip-hop  
I'm Marty McFly, and these bitches just ain't from the future  
Their music is tired, rewire your fucking computers  
Got fuel and fire but quiet is all in the shooters  
I feel like a tutor giving lessons to children Strangeulation, bitch, don't  
let me start losing my patience  
And burn 'em down if ain't it Strange in your radio station  
I'm yelling ¡MAYDAY!, in front of the judge and all the plaintiffs  
I don't give a fuck, man, I lost my mind and that's just contagious

From beneath the stars, Wrek is the definition of underrated  
Gotta walk with a pop, cause the heat that we drop has been so understated  
Give me my props, or get left behind with no horse and saddle  
We bringing hitters to Strange, figures the verse is agile  
We got some Jack in the bag, and we stacking the fact that you can't get it  
cracking  
Don't need a half a mil to battle, taking anybody's challenge  
So if you want it then hop on board and just keep your balance  
Cause Strange will have you feeling 'bout as fly as Richie Valens  
Bitch ass, my cyphers known to cut you quick, fast  
Get a whiplash from the big gash that I be leaving on ya, making all the kids  
laugh  
And I be dropping bars like all stars, check the car card  
On ya'll to drop bombs off when I'm hauled off against pawn stars  
Guess that's what happens when you let the tweakers come for all the bacon  
Ya'll, my son's brand new feature 'Wrekonize The Force Awakens'  
If you need a lesson, I'll be blessing ya'll for the duration  
¡MAYDAY!, Murs, to make it hurt, you're now feeling the Strangeulation