

The Martini

Tech N9ne

The Martini

In movie terms, directors use this phrase
To describe the last shot of the day while on set
The stories you are about to hear are true
Names have been kept the same to reflect the Strange
This is the Martini..

This is Sam

He was so in love with her
But she was young and so that put her off in a jam
Though she was sweet as a yam
She wanted to explore other options with her man
Straight sending Sam into a rampage
And no matter what his fam says
He's lost without this woman and don't wanna live any damn ways
Now he's thinkin', if he ain't gon' live, she ain't gon' live
And the other man's mercy, he ain't gon' give
This what love do, it cops a .38 snub to
Knock on your door, and take somebody that used to love you
Rub you, the wrong way, then it's blood true
Love through, she's slug one and he's slug two
Then on a rainy evening, with a panicked feelin'
Went to her home and looked in the window and Sammy sees them
The door's between her and the Necromancer
And what you think is gon' happen if she answers?

Take a drink, it's more than what you think
I gotta let you know, don't plan on letting you go
But if you have to leave, that's where we'll end the scene
This is the Martini, last shot's for you or me

Yo, this is Isaiah

I guess he was, I'd say a
Ladies man, everyone used to call him the KCI Playa
Flying multiple chicks in, give the stick then dismiss them
But somethin's gonna happen that'll twist him
He fell in love with a beautiful black woman
But he ended up having a couple problems with that woman
Talkin' to other men, did it behind his back on 'em
Facebook, computer love, crept on the Mac on 'em
Now he's salty, cause he found the woman he loves is faulty
He told her at the very beginning, "Don't you ever cross me"
Now that she did it, he plans to do something unlawfully
Get a gun off the street, because he was treated so awfully
One bullet for her, one bullet for him
Crimes of passion, ain't no more pullin' for them
And the worst way, we broke apart, it really hurts lady
I've gotta go, but yo, you gotta go first baby

This is Brian

He was a rebel and stayed on another level
And had no intentions of dying
He loved Kim a lot, above them was not
But a jealous ex-husband would love them to rot
I guess he loved Kim still
His only thoughts him, them, kill
Cause he a coward motherfucker

On Christmas Eve he broke in and waited in they house for hours
Crazy motherfucker!
Brian pulled up with Kim and little Alissa in the car
Saw a shadow in the house from afar and said, "Wait"
Got out the car, opened the gate
Walked in the house and her fucking ex sealed my nigga's fate
That was my best friend, bitch-ass nigga
Walked out the house and shot Kim right in front of Alissa
Then he saved the last shot for him, blast!
Now you better hope I don't go to hell, because I'mma be on your ass!

Executive producer: Travis O'Guin

Associate producer: Dave Weiner and Ron *

Project consultant, general management: Bob Grossi, Brian Shafton and Ben Grossi

Production assistant: Cory Lloyd, Glenda *, Don O'Guin, Cory Nielsen and Brian Fraser

Project management and publicity coordinator: Korey Lloyd

And publicity by: * *

A&R: Travis O'Guin and Aaron D. Yates, Tech N9ne

Legal: Bob Liberman, photography: RW2

Art direction and design: Liquid 9

Marketing and promotion:

Street marketing: Aaron * and Josh *

Internet marketing: Brad Morrow-ow-ow

Creative consultant for Strange Music: My main man David Temple

Album score by: Michael "Seven" Summers

Recorded and mixed by: Robert Rebeck

Mastered by: Tom Baker and additional vocals by me (Kali Baby)

This is the end of K.O.D