

## Strange

Tela

Ss..ss..uh..uh..smoke that  
Uh..ss..ss..hit it  
Ss..look bitch..bitch hit it uh

How many niggas wanna ride tonight, die tonight, survive tonight  
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With Mr. Gun-Clapper blast, who got murder for that killer slash  
Thug rapper, as these niggas begin to come after  
Me in the middle of the night  
Is it Mr. Mike or did I change my name to Victor  
In the middle of the fight  
Quiet, shh, on the set, light up ya blunts and cigarettes  
The richer G's get, the bitcher these niggas  
My picture gets painted like Leonardo de Vinci, fully of envy  
Texas was the spot niggas got shot and fucked ya memories  
Send me the flyest MC that's tryin' to see  
And Suave come pound, they got hung, broke down to the highest degree  
Well I be, the bitch wanna fuck Mike for free  
Either slide me a G or get the fuck up out my ride see  
My oozy weighs a ton, when you niggas see me run  
Got game to fuck a nun, blame my gun  
I leave you shakin' son of a bitch, I'm rich  
I'm quick to hit chu' up (Nigga)  
It's them strange motherfuckers that don't give a fuck

I was born and brought up where these streets be the key  
Erasin' suspicious and heartless niggas on the streets  
Some live in poverty, even though a nigga be slangin' dope  
And dodgin' the Feds cause them bastards want me broke  
Back flashes of prison, for ninety days I'm doin' bad  
No money for books so every day I'm livin' mad  
Born to be tough through all these miseries and pain  
Standin' strong through these struggles of this deadly game  
Visions of body bags and my homies closed caskets  
Illusions of prison and pistols pressures that I blastin'  
I'm out to live with no time to play  
I got the tendencies to kill in relentless ways  
Straight up, cause life is a trick bitch, if you weep and reek  
You stuck outta luck, seekin' for relief  
Too much destruction, they claim we gotta make a change  
So much trouble between each other cause ya ghetto life is strange

Philosophically, psychologically ya fixin' to be fucked  
We goin' on this ride and ya bitch I'm gon' seduct  
Nigga what, do I give a...  
Ask the mound killer  
Faces I remember they say dump him in the river  
New Year's Eve 1999 nigga  
Virtual reality, galaxy gettin' slicker  
Me and Crime Boss and a nigga named Mister  
Mike to a flight, had some glitz to deliver  
Headed back to the Suave castle  
I had to wrestle with this transvestite who had a dick like a lasso  
In this castle was a midget with banana clippin'

Bootleg sniffin' or Mr. Mike'll fuckin' wicked  
Ways infared waves hit his fuckin' chest  
Blew his ass to bits, particles of green shit  
It really goes to show ya that shit ain't changed  
In year 2000 life still be strange

[Hook x3]