

Tech N9ne f/ Brotha Lynch Hung, Krizz Kaliko "Strange Music Box"

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[Intro] Aww, Dwamn! Do ya'll realize what ya'll done did?! Ya'll done opened up a can of sick ass! And its about to eat yall quick fast, hey! [Verse 1 - Tech N9ne] I've been hibernatin' in the deepest darkest part of Necropolis Now that I'm poppin' this top, yes, I'm the opposite of monogamous MÃ©nage, ya get offered it in this box a bit Hostile is gotta get twisted, I'm not with this Apocalypse Hollarin' Tech-Tech N9ne-N9ne Shit! I'm lovin' it! I'm a drug to this grudge and it's with my covenant, I'll plug a bitch Lovin' this mug is what the ruckus is, psycho thug with it Falling down like Micheal Douglas with the ruggishness Addadimean, they wonderin' why did I bring this side of my dream The Nina's a horror machine, dolla for dolla, I balla for all'a my green Nigga, my name is Inigo Montoya, I got a evil plan for ya And you're about to get dropped, this box is worse than pandora, (Hahahahaha!) They're gonna laugh at you, 'cause I had to do what I had to do Went tap on you like Shap'll do Beatin' 'em up and shootin' 'em up then stab a few Sad ya knew that you had your crew and they ass are through I'm killin' 'em and throwin' 'em back at you! [Hook] Thats whats happenin'! Strange Music Box! Got us tappin' in! Strange Music Box! Bump That slap Again! Strange Music Knocks! Back Up, Openin'! Strange Music Box! Thats whats happenin'! Strange Music Box! Got us tappin' in! Strange Music Box! Bump That slap Again! Strange Music Knocks! Back Up, Openin'! Strange Music Box! (The Black Music Box) [Verse 2 - Krizz Kaliko] See once they open my lid, I'ma give it to 'em Ever since I was a little bitty kid, I've been truly ruined I'm reflecting on what I did 'fore I ran into 'em I used to be a fat jerk, now I flirt 'cause the scent of a woman Now I don't act like, walk like the nigga that you used to know Now I sing and rap about the Strange life, it's beautiful Tell it to 'em like a gen-i-ius Spit it out like I thought you knew Bubblin', hope you hear me thizz Prayin' to God I make it through Kali bad, Check my strange box of tricks Kaliko, alley cat, lyrical, watch his lips He can go really fast, slow it down, and stop that shit Or make it (Dumb) to make sure you niggas got

that shit! I'm just playin' with music, I'm the elite heat
speech chief Play me and watch they feet turn
Beatstreet 'Cause I'm blowin' off they socks, The
Freddie Foxxx out my box There's somethin' Strange
goin' on in that box, Kali Baby! [Hook] Thats whats
happenin'! Strange Music Box! Got us tappin' in!
Strange Music Box! Bump That slap Again! Strange
Music Knocks! Back Up, Openin'! Strange Music Box!
Thats whats happenin'! Strange Music Box! Got us
tappin' in! Strange Music Box! Bump That slap Again!
Strange Music Knocks! Back Up, Openin'! Strange
Music Box! (The Big Blue Music Box) [Verse 3 - Brotha
Lynch Hung] Spiderman, off of this lyrical Vicodin Off
of this here we go, I get it ins Spittin' that petro, let go,
Tech know, sets blow Come see about me nigga! Figga
this, I'ma get venomous, takin' out ten of us Niggas is
sweet like cinnamon, wait, but then again I'ma pick up
the pen again Bend 'em in half, blood bath Then I'ma
laugh, then I'ma smash, the I'ma ask The I'ma blast
first, then I'ma send him his ending, cut 'em up Fuckin'
him up the rectum, I dissect the man I'm try to eat the
neck and hand Slice him up like a Mexican Seconds,
then his body is fricassee, shit is bleedin' You should
see him, or you can be him I got dead human beings in
the freezer, I'ma believer I ain't no Wally Cleaver, but I
carry a meat cleaver I speak geek to people, I'm lethal,
a little strange I eat it with cream of wheat and some
butter that's mixed with brains I'm the Coat Hanger
Strangler Hangin' him up, he's fried rice, he tried twice
He's dry ice, tell 'em Tech N9ne! [Hook] Thats whats
happenin'! Strange Music Box! Got us tappin' in!
Strange Music Box! Bump That slap Again! Strange
Music Knocks! Back Up, Openin'! Strange Music Box!
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