

Tree City

"Strange"

Visit "[Strange](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Man In Charge] I'm a confirmed maniac when I hit you with the braniac Crazy raps pickin' up the slack from your lame attack Truth is back, black ink is the choice weapon So either get to steppin' or get ready for the Armageddon I'm lettin' the beat take me where I gotta go You can stay the same shape but I gotta grow How you even make it this far I gotta know Everybody doesn't have a gift shit I got it though Flow like an ocean, can I get a motion To stop these wack emcees from promotion Loadin' the funk with the bass and percussion It's bound to thump whether edited or cussin' Give it here or don't say nothin' And I don't really care who's mic I'm crushin' Since I hooked up with Jacoby and Justin From the rich kids to the ones that's strugglin' They lovin' it! [Clavius Crates] Twist a linguistic assisted by vivid rhythmic Delicious... like licorice sticks, ridiculous statistics Exhibit why I'm sly and slick and scientific You couldn't define my rhymin' quickness if you tried applyin' physics My vibe is mystic, enlist your mind to listen My metaphysical fitness is in terrific condition Rappin' apparition, slappin' mathematicians Who couldn't fathom the distance I travel when I'm spittin' My man, it's written... in prophecies, stoppin' me Is impossible to achieve and plots will lead to mockery MCs be droppin' sloppily, you got to be precise To reach the height I freak it when I speak in sleep at night Unique and tight, seein' me, you need a beacon light My sleek insight will seek the right reasons to keep it hype I need to fight the evil type and free the mic from fools So I recite jewels and write rules to fight duels BREAK (DJ Cataclysmic)

[General P] Born & raised in a maze where freedom's the next phase My frame breaks the chains that's tailor-made for slaves Is it strange? That I don't gang-bang to maintain credibility For suburban thugs, dog is you kiddin' me? Admittedly, few can see me lyrically and it'll be A blizzard in Sicily before I let you limit me Belittle me, or even timidly commit a penalty Against me, we turn MC's to mincemeat Off the pen streaks and beats banged on MP's My locomotive is rollin' over your ten speeds I don't get caught up in bickering over

men's jeans Or hatin' on a trapper braggin' on his wrist
gleams So if I gotta wear ya labels simply 'cause I'm
tryin' to turn the tables And rearrange the game's
angles Then so beat it, there ain't no secret I'm
exposin' weakness In your pretense, until the whole
globe sees it [Cheeks] We reverberating writtens at
ravenous rapid speeds Disastrous masterpiece and
after the master's siege I'll happily pass the bleeze
Anything else.. Is under-doing, pursuing the ruins of
truants That grew into blooming the city perhaps Into
echelons, achieved by the Megatron Know as the city of
trees, prodigal beast and you a leprechaun Records
get shattered along with world views... Soon as we step
in the place, we repping the Ace The weapon is pace,
with definite taste For blessing your mates, with
effortless grace You'll leave a better person Can't
conceive a better merchant For peddling truth I meddle
in booths until I severe a tooth Fill in the gaps like
Letterman dude Man I made it I'm living From the aide
of my wisdom Evaded the prison and made it a prism
So the hues are right To confuse the types, that misuse
the mic my dudes are nice!!

Visit [Tree City](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.