

311

"Strangers"

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Now I don't know you
You don't know me
But I can show you
Where is the beat

And you can do as you feel
As long as you move
Two perfect strangers
Sharing a groove

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Suckers step up
And want to 'cause friction
But violence is for those
Who can't handle diction

Competition is waning
Circumnavigate the draining
Complaining about those
Who are steady maintaining the jam

Jump into the pit and just slam
Big respect goes out to those who can
Have a [Incomprehensible] once in a while
Act a fool just to mark time yo that's my style

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