

## **Cunninlynguists f/ Hilltop Hoods, Loop Troop**

### **"Nothing But Strangeness"**

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Nothing But Strangeness [Natti] Ain't no smellin' what the rose got cookin' How many flights just got charged for rebookin'? Google Maps, backpacks, wrong routes tookin' Yet through all the bullshit, we keep pushin' Long as we got sweets that we can keep kush in Me and Deac lost like change in seat cushions Tryin' to find the right highway, the high way Speedin' to catch time, stopped on a dime for Five 50 pound turkeys crossin' I-9 We lookin' at the weed like we lost our mind [Pressure] On the road again, a journey to the unknown again Another episode when your supposed to end Week after week, test my patience Sleep deprivation's the key to miss three destinations Passed out, drunk, couldn't speak, every nation's Itinerary's missing the week's reservations I'll rest my feet where the peeps don't know the Strange Lucky I'm a creep and the streets don't know my name [Supreme] We've seen so many towns and I got so many memories But one comes to mind the first time we hit up Helsinki We did the show and hit the after party One girl hit the bathroom, I went after, probably It was totally destroyed, and I ain't talkin' about the feces The toilet was lyin' on the floor in pieces She literally shitted in the toilet so hard That it split and got obliterated, had to get her load off [Chorus]: [x4] Nothing but strangeness [Promoe] We're down in Jozi, South Africa, greet our brethren These women got me thinkin' dirty thoughts like I'm Devin We night clubbin', all of a sudden I got her hands inside my pants Sayin' "White boy, where you'd learn to dance?" We're at Adelaide, Australia with our promoter lost What's that pill on the pool table? That's an E somebody dropped it This is two PM But I hesitate and he drops it Like "I felt like partyin' anyways," aw fuck it [Deacon] In the rain, we ran from Miami Hurricanes And left lanes on Autobahn lanes With foot on the gas, GPS on the dash While all the names looked the same on the signs we passed We chased beers on Aspen streets And caught eyes in Alaska that lasted weeks Strippers took my mojo with cheeks in Santa Fe And in the Netherlands I was asked to pull Santa's sleigh [Suffa] According to Suffa Every

city looks the same lookin' up from the gutter So hook  
me up with another round Dude they're lovin' the sound  
So marchin' the groupies backstage Give each other a  
pound Meal recognize meal In ? joint hungry on the  
mechanized grill You got a ? Leave some chips on the  
tour bus And serenade a bitch like "Bitch, just the two  
of us!" [Chorus]: [x4] Nothing but strangeness

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