

Cunninlynguists

"Nothing But Strangeness"

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[Natti]

Ain't no smellin' what the rose got cookin'
How many flights just got charged for rebookin'?
Google Maps, backpacks, ?? wraps cookin'
Get through all the bullshit, we keep pushin'
Long as we got suites that we can keep kush in
Me and Deac lost like change in seat cushions
Tryna 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 you suppose it ends?
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

[Promoe]

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 afterparty
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

Nothing but strangeness

x4

[Supreme]

We're down in Jozi, South Africa, greet our brethren
These women got me thinkin' dirty thoughts like I'm

??

We nightclubbin' all of a sudden I got her hands
inside my pants
sayin' "White boy, where you'd learn to dance?"
We're out in Adelaide, Australia where the promoter
lost it
What's that pill on the pool table? That's an E
somebody dropped
This is ?? but out of hesitation 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 bears on Aspen streets
And caught eyes in Alaska that lasted weeks
Strippers took my mojo with cheats in Santa Fe
And in the Netherlands I was asked to pull Santa's
sleigh

[Suffa]

?? for 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 march the groupies backstage, give each other a
pound
Ha, meal recognize meal
With Debris so hungry on the mechanized wheel
You got a certified feel?
Leave some chips on the tour bus
And serenade a beer like "Bitch, just the two of us"

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