

# Tech N9Ne "Blur"

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Bad day with my bitches  
Negativity on my phone is ridiculous  
No more shine up on the real Tech N9ne  
They talkin' bad on the sickness  
Comin' at a nigga so vicious  
Get up out of my bed, I'm sick of feelin' restricted  
Fans sayin' that I switched  
They can tell I was hurt by lookin' at my Twit pic  
Got a call from Stevie, y'all know his steezie  
Said he 'bout to come to KC, wanna have a little get  
together, that's easy  
Got a little Cabo Wabo, some biz and Ciroc, yo  
They wanna have it at my house, is there room for Frizz  
and Picasso?  
Hell yeah, come on down  
Told Mackazilla that we done on rounds, we gotta get  
more liquor, spread the fun on 'round  
We 'bout to kick it with family, put the gun on down  
nigga  
I ain't kicked it in eons  
This 'bout to be cooler than Freon  
Got another call from my homeboy in Denver, named  
Dion  
He just pulled into KC sayin' he's double fistin', with  
bottles  
I told him I was on liquor duty and Stone'em was on  
models  
All of my niggas ready for action  
When I woke, all I remembered is crashin'  
I can try and tell you in the next verse  
But I don't really know what happenedâ€¦

[Hook: Mayday]

It's just a blur, blur, blur  
The whole thing's just a blur, blur, blur  
It's just a blur, blur, blur  
The whole thing's just a blur, blur, blur  
The whole thing's just a blur

[Verse 2: Tech N9ne]

Woke up, got sick, ain't nobody sleepin' in my shit  
Looked in the mirror, that's fucked up

Because busted is my top lip  
Real busted, real puffy, like a nigga punched me the  
fuck out  
I don't smoke but my mouth taste like big weed like my  
nigga Yukmouth  
I think I remember two chicks, one thick, another was a  
toothpick  
I think I was takin' shots with 'em, of PatrÃ³n, I don't do  
this  
KC Teas, ghetto suds, talkin' to the chick with ghetto  
butt  
She was trippin' when another beautiful widow cut  
In front of her talkin' to me and then I said, "Oh, fuck!"  
Everybody keep sayin' (Becka Joy)  
But I don't remember even seein' (Becka Joy)  
But I heard if you really wanna please (Becka Joy)  
Put one, two, maybe three in (Becka Joy)  
Glimpses of a house full of bitches and dancin'  
And some losin' they pants and romancin' each other  
And eating each other, and beating me brothas  
My publicist almost stuck a bitch  
Cause she punched my nigga with her fuckin' fist  
But he kicked her out, instead  
She outta line, nigga somethin' shoulda been said  
Then somehow when I touched her  
My lip hit her big head

[Hook:]

It's just a blur, blur, blur  
The whole thing's just a blur, blur, blur  
It's just a blur, blur, blur  
The whole thing's just a blur, blur, blur  
The whole thing's just a blur

[Tech N9ne]

Scenario, what happened?  
That nigga keep laughin', cause he made all the drinks  
potent  
My lip is fucked, I'm not jokin'  
Said she was made up with hips, 'bout 5'1, hell pretty,  
but Crippd out  
Said that she got a little cocky and called me a demon  
and I flipped out  
Said that her body was bruised up and her earlobes  
had a few cuts  
I told him I don't hit women, it was not me, I don't do  
stuff  
Came downstairs, all my niggas still sprawled out  
Then I saw empty bottles, the makings of Caribou Lou,  
(damn)  
Now there's a loose screw

[Mayday]

The night was going perfectly, all seemed well  
I woke up in the darkness dizzy, feelin' like hell  
I don't feel like myself, oh no  
I've never ever felt this way before in so long  
It's just a blur

(Voice recording of a girl)

[Hook: MAYDAY]

It's just a blur, blur, blur  
The whole thing's just a blur, blur, blur  
It's just a blur, blur, blur  
The whole thing's just a blur, blur, blur  
The whole thing's just a blur

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