

Tech N9Ne

"Cloudy-Eyed Stroll"

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[Verse 1]

Sunday morning I awake with head aching from the
night before

Me and my niggas at the bowling alley tripping 'cause
we all tore

I reminisce and kinda laugh despite my pain

'cause they kicked us out for throwing balls in other
peoples lane
Sunny day in the summer

Is about to become a cloudy one outey from perious
puffs

Devious sluts, mysterious stuff

Picked up the phone its on

I got my niggas on the line ready to swoop the N9ne

Once again I'm trippin on my relish to spend

But today I'm not gonna take these bitches to the West
Glenn

'cause me and my Road Doggs and Road Hoggs

Slippin on a mission and conteplating on old calls

30 minutes later I'm waiting at the door ready to go

Feeling releived when I heard my niggas roll
Yelling thats my ride as my babygirl cries

Stepped inside looked around and everybodies looking

[Chorus]

Cloudy Eyed 8x's

Come and take a ride wit me, fly wit me,

Get high wit me, come and get cloudy eyes wit me

[Verse 2]

Everybodies blown but me Timly got them straight
cummolous in his eyes

Puffing because Dr. Bombay and Purple Fuzz up above

This Sunday sunny day had that ????????

Scoop just started because his eyes restratus

435 North we dipping the suburbans filled with smoke
We jerking I'm hoping to get the new rotation working
no joking

Eyes open

For the feels what it is what it was what it shall be

Is we high on L.A. indeed

Pass the puffy on the mid west town side much obliged
'cause I'm feeling high up and cloudy eyed

Windows down windows round my crown astounded
Right now my ?marial? dont wanna be grounded

I clowned it

Now my name is Munchie

Ooh you high

7-11 got the best food in the country

Blunts be serious when stuffed with funk
From the depths of Mizzou niggas have no clue what to
do

Caught up with black in Texas Will

Whats the deal on our way to New Peking for real
We loud and boistrous as we stepped inside

Peoples looking at us funny 'cause everybodies looking

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Cloudy eyed stroll now my strides slow

Walking up out the New Peking eyes closed

Took another hit from the poison mist

Got my brain on twist but I still persist
Whats up?

What we doing on a Sunday eve
Its straight to 5-6 best beleive
We calling up some biancas on the humbug

To come down around the town everybody else is
Skateland bound

5-6-1-6 Highland feeling far out like Thailand

My man Diamond said no one can roll em like i can
Damn once again its on the biatreces from the phones

In the house and they straight getting blown

What ever happened I dont know

Woke up on the flo

5 o'clock in the morning I'm read to go fa sho

Gotta get back to the crib my squeeze said this shit is
getting old

They dropped me off and thats the end of my (cloudy
eyed) stroll

[Chorus]

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