

# Tech N9Ne "Strange"

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The strangest, straight derangest  
Strange  
(Strawn Jay)  
Strange  
Uh, Midwest side, hit that Bombay

Let's get it on, raps new phenomenon  
Hit 'em up with the flippers and rupture your dome  
Me calm down, never you say me song sound like butt  
You say, I'm washed up? Nigga, what, what, what?

This is when I kick, kick it with this rhythmic syphilis  
Fuck dem 9 rhymes, make 'em go blind every time  
On that cannabis and it is not for the mini mind  
But the mind of a gage high

On stage 'cause minimum wage had me in a maximum  
rage  
Page masta scrap, the velosoraptor of rap  
See me, come tight like a pig in a bikini  
Please, all emcees know I be on my Q's and P's

Even Run D.M.C., I'm a deadly disease  
High voltage, just take a look at the psychosis  
Deranged, I claimed the man's plain atrocious  
Flows be constant, I rock from here to Wisconsin  
My killer flow makes me jerk my Johnson

He's strange and I like it  
He's strange  
(All day all night)  
Just the way he is  
(Uh, like this)

Tecca Nina, Tecca Nina  
(Wassup?)  
Why you so damn psycho?  
(Couldn't tell ya baby, I'm makin' rella baby, flippin'  
hella baby)  
(Ask your nearest fortune teller, baby, strange)

Mushroom headed keeps me prophetic

But that slow motion makes me see life like a movie  
The Bombay brother with the ganja stick  
It'll get you stuck if you let

Calm me, but no calming Aron Dante  
Just call me the strange or strange Bombay  
Distinguishing the kcu from tihs  
From hip hop comes this

Apocalypse got control of your hips  
A, it's beautimous, hella rap metamorphosis  
MC corpsesis around me  
They found me jacuzzin' with my sorceresses

Fire up the Vega and get blowed  
And roll to a spot with Biancs  
Then bust hoes in their olds  
So different they wanna kill me like they killed Bruce  
Lee

What? On the set, no shet  
Saw my Bianc with bagets  
Midwest flex flows, likes to sex those  
Little wet flesh holes, insane brain frames  
Never that plane Jane

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He's strange  
(All day all night)  
Just the way he is  
(Uh, like this)

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(Wassup?)  
Why you so damn psycho?  
(Couldn't tell ya baby, I'm makin' rella baby, flippin'  
hella baby)  
(Ask your nearest fortune teller, baby, strange)

I can give myself a C-section  
With a rusty jagged weapon  
Bungee wit 100 feet of slack  
In front of my kids with no discretion

Strange days like Juliet Lewis  
And Angela Basset off in a casket  
Trippin with the 9  
Get your mind blown like a head gasket

Mizzery's in the house for the '99 shot  
Futuristic ladies love me a whole whole lot

When demons try to do me Jew  
They know they wicked

So I bust 'em if you ain't down with 3DQ  
Who be you? Nina Tech, respect, Midwest Side  
For life, grab a mic, and hurt you like a La' Bianca  
murder  
The sound lab got my microchip screwed

Ah shit, malfunction back words, this, kcuF, uoy, mub,  
now I'm cool  
Pain givers, slang spitters, hang niggas, insane figures  
No shame aim triggas, lame brain splitters, vein slitter,  
gang critters  
Dame hitters, Wayne livers, narcotical strange nigga

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(All day all night)  
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