

# Tech N9ne

## "Strange Music Box"

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### "Strange Music Box"

(feat. Krizz Kaliko, Brotha Lynch Hung)

#### *[Intro]*

Aww, Dwamn! Do ya'll realize what ya'll done did?!  
Ya'll done opened up a can of sick ass!  
And its about to eat yall quick fast, hey!

#### *[Verse 1 - Tech N9ne]*

I've been hibernatin' in the deepest darkest part of  
Necropolis,  
Now that I'm poppin' this top, yes, I'm the opposite of  
monogamous,  
MÃ©nage, ya get offered it in this box a bit,  
Hostile is gotta get twisted, I'm not with this  
Apocalypse,  
Hollarin' Tech-Tech N9ne-N9ne Shit! I'm lovin' it!  
I'm a drug to this grudge and it's with my covenant, I'll  
plug a bitch,  
Lovin' this mug is what the ruckus is, psycho thug with  
it,  
Falling down like Micheal Douglas with the  
ruggishness,  
Addadimean, they wonderin' why did I bring this side  
of my dream,  
The Nina's a horror machine, dolla for dolla, I balla for  
all'a my green,  
Nigga, my name is Inigo Montoya, I got a evil plan for  
ya,  
And you're about to get dropped, this box is worse than  
pandora, (Hahahahaha!)  
They're gonna laugh at you, 'cause I had to do what I  
had to do,  
Went tap on you like Shap'll do,  
Beatin' 'em up and shootin' 'em up then stab a few,  
Sad ya knew that you had your crew and they ass are  
through,  
I'm killin' 'em and throwin' 'em back at you!

#### *[Hook]*

Thats whats happenin'!  
Strange Music Box!

Got us tappin' in!  
Strange Music Box!  
Bump That slap Again!  
Strange Music Knocks!  
Back Up, Openin'!  
Strange Music Box!

Thats whats happenin'!  
Strange Music Box!  
Got us tappin' in!  
Strange Music Box!  
Bump That slap Again!  
Strange Music Knocks!  
Back Up, Openin'!  
Strange Music Box!

(The Black Music Box)

*[Verse 2 - Krizz Kaliko]*

See once they open my lid, I'ma give it to 'em,  
Ever since I was a little bitty kid, I've been truly ruined,  
I'm reflecting on what I did 'fore I ran into 'em,  
I used to be a fat jerk, now I flirt 'cause the scent of a  
woman,  
Now I don't act like, walk like the nigga that you used to  
know,  
Now I sing and rap about the Strange life, it's beautiful,  
Tell it to 'em like a gen-i-ius,  
Spit it out like I thought you knew,  
Bubblin', hope you hear me thizz,  
Prayin' to God I make it through,  
Kali bad, Check my strange box of tricks,  
Kaliko, alley cat, lyrical, watch his lips,  
He can go really fast, slow it down, and stop that shit,  
Or make it (Dumb) to make sure you niggas got that  
shit!  
I'm just playin' with music, I'm the elite heat speech  
chief,  
Play me and watch they feet turn Beatstreet,  
'Cause I'm blowin' off they socks, The Freddie Foxxx  
out my box,  
There's somethin' Strange goin' on in that box, Kali  
Baby!

*[Hook]*

Thats whats happenin'!  
Strange Music Box!  
Got us tappin' in!  
Strange Music Box!  
Bump That slap Again!  
Strange Music Knocks!

Back Up, Openin'!  
Strange Music Box!

Thats whats happenin'!  
Strange Music Box!  
Got us tappin' in!  
Strange Music Box!  
Bump That slap Again!  
Strange Music Knocks!  
Back Up, Openin'!  
Strange Music Box!

(The Big Blue Music Box)

*[Verse 3 - Brotha Lynch Hung]*

Spiderman, off of this lyrical Vicodin,  
Off of this here we go, I get it ins,  
Spittin' that petro, let go, Tech know, sets blow,  
Come see about me nigga!  
Figga this, I'ma get venomous, takin' out ten of us,  
Niggas is sweet like cinnamon, wait, but then again,  
I'ma pick up the pen again,  
Bend 'em in half, blood bath,  
Then I'ma laugh, then I'ma smash, the I'ma ask,  
The I'ma blast first, them I'ma send him his ending, cut  
'em up,  
Fuckin' him up the rectum, I dissect the man,  
I'm try to eat the neck and hand,  
Slice him up like a Mexican,  
Seconds, then his body is fricassee, shit is bleedin',  
You should see him, or you can be him,  
I got dead human beings in the freezer, I'ma believer,  
I ain't no Wally Cleaver, but I carry a meat cleaver,  
I speak geek to people, I'm lethal, a little strange,  
I eat it with cream of wheat and some butter that's  
mixed with brains,  
I'm the Coat Hanger Strangler,  
Hangin' him up, he's fried rice, he tried twice,  
He's dry ice, tell 'em Tech N9ne!

*[Hook]*

Thats whats happenin'!  
Strange Music Box!  
Got us tappin' in!  
Strange Music Box!  
Bump That slap Again!  
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Back Up, Openin'!  
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