

## N.A.S.A. "Strange Enough"

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Verse: (ODB)

Toe to toe, I scrap with the best  
If I spit 10 rhymes, nigga 9 gonna connect  
If you ain't from the 102, I respect  
Cause I probably just forgot, I'm rolling strictly from my set  
Wu-Tang, man I love my set  
Niggas coming up here cause this is where the cheese at  
Look here, more money, more problems, my ass  
You're a naive cat if you still believe that, for real  
That's some shit to try to keep you where you at  
All content while niggas driving Bentleys and Maybachs  
Think I'm a laid back playa? Forget it, first 100 G's I see  
nigga I'm tryin to flip it (hell yeah)  
And that's some real shit, not just some lyrics  
I gotta couple open cases, not too specific  
Niggas out here tryin to prove who's the realest  
It's ok to pop shit, but come a little different

Chorus: (Karen O)

Don't know why I do these things that hurt me  
I'm strange enough to change, y'all use these tools and  
then pervert me  
Deranged enough to change...  
Don't know why I do these things that hurt me  
I'm strange enough to change, y'all use these tools and  
then pervert me  
Deranged enoguh to change...

Verse: (FatLip)

Wild boy, cow bow, entertainer, insane, purple rainer  
Musical genius, smoke the greenest, 35 trying to  
survive like I mean this  
Amped up with a whole lotta watts  
Beats bang like a whole lotta shots  
in the gun range  
Strange as they come, Underground don-da-da  
number one

Bang this orangutan, jungle funk, trouble funk  
Double shot vodka on the rocks star drunk  
Rock n Roll songs belong to blues singers  
So peep this song that we sing, ya

Verse: (ODB)

Young and started, but I had a talent

To give this pack a jump, but I took it as a challenge  
So older niggas gave me much as i could handle  
Cop the eagle, started jacking with the green New  
Balance shit  
Feeling clean, I was only 13  
With the heavy starch on my Bugle Boy jeans  
My name spelled out on my 4 finger ring  
It was Dirt then, cause Mcgirt you ain't seen...

Chorus: (Karen O)

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Verse: (FatLip)

Yo, the truth hurts, I'm addicted to shit I don't need  
Weed, yayo nosebleeds  
Please don't remind me  
the hoes that grind me, strip club, late night, gettin  
grimy  
Freak show, panty lover  
But I'm gettin too old for this like Danny Glover  
Nah, bump that, gimme some more, let's go  
Ozzy Osbourne when I perform the flow, yo,  
I'm old school set in my ways. Set Blaze to the track  
N.A.S.A. made  
Ain't lost my touch, ride til the wheels fall, no clutch  
Just stick to the script n' dip, Dirt and Lip, get them  
chips like Erik Estrada, coming with the silent product  
It's FatLip and Dirt Dog and N.A.S.A. for all y'all, hoooo

Chorus: (Karen O)

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