Blur

Rakoon

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 fisted, 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 happened?
[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 Patr

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