

# Cloudy-Eyed Stroll (Remix)

## Tech N9ne

[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 summerIs 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 criesStepped 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 restratus435 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 eyedWindows down windows round my crown astounded  
Right now my ?marial? dont wanna be grounded  
I clowned it  
Now my name is Munchie  
Oooh 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 doCaught 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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