

# Blur

## Anchor & Braille

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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