

Red Nose

Louis Armstrong and His Orchestra

That's real
People act a different way with me
I feel don't nobody wanna play with me
And that's ill cause they treat me like a stain on their clothes
The industry are my foes
They treat me like I got a red nose, red nose, red nose
They put me down
And treat me like I got a red nose, red nose, red nose
Don't make me clown
And have to go put on my red nose
[Verse 1] I got my face painted
Crazed, Aint it?
That a black dude lookin like he got a white tattoo
People thinkin that he way tainted... by evil
Treat you like fecal
Wanna beef you when they meet you
People perceive you to be lethal
When you aint see through like tissue
I feel like the industry givin me vivid stupidity
When they distribute these fictitious sissies
When I rip it so serious and wickedly
No forgivin thee
When I claim were Strange
Everyone tellin I'm insane, were bane
I'm a independent, talented individual
Well workin but the industry is the reindeer games
And they call me Rudolph the Red
They know I don't rip a mic
But I chew off the head
Spit it at the PD's and DJ's and VJ's who be gay
You fake it, You get threw off a ledge
It be tough, We snuffing, Homie trust me
Nothing is worse than knowing your beautiful
But your treated like an ugly duckling
So I'm Rocky Dennis
But I'm so polished, Nothing can stop in this
Bad and the brain aint no good, It's not replenished
The fakers who imitate me and mock me finished
We checked a mill, Yes it's real

Through Strange, I don't need your major label record deal

[Chorus]That's real

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[Verse 2]They tend to stray away from me because I'm different

And it's been this way with me ever since I was an infant

Other kids were jealous

They say that the look off in my eyes seemed hellish

Never knowin later on in life, I would relish

The thought of me ballin, Livin my life and sell it

I blame it on program directors

Go and request us, No damn selector

But if you got a lot of doe, man

They bless ya, Sure can depress ya

When you knowin that there aint nobody better, mane

Stuck off in the cold when the bad weather came

Now they gotta see me livin it up and cheddar gain

Comin up from forever pain to it never rain

So I throw up the finger to everybody who got a tore up demeanor

Thinkin that Tecca N9na was sure nuff a dreamer

But the flow is so heavy, It could show-up Katrina

Now it's time to take it and you all must face it

Tech N9na is sacred

All of you hatin faggots couldn't see me with LASIK

Red nose, The leader so follow

"You gotta be ready to get up and go" is the motto

Made it through everything negative, bravo

The money that's comin to feel like I won the Lotto

Now I'm about to put the slay on auto

Swoop down on the DJ's, Tell 'em all to quit the replays

Make 'em put Tecca N9na in the Sorado

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[Verse 3]I'm comin in, Drivin my short bus
With it's nose, I don't need a torch up
Bustin through like the industry's Porsche
Comin after who ever didn't support us
Rip down it's bleachers
I blew up cause my sound is ether
Underground up done found it's creature
Not scared of a nigga with clownish features
I makin a name outside your mainstream
Real, It wasn't an insane dream
From the beginning, I really came clean
You about to see Strange gleam
Take it over and gain green
Strange Music and RBC along with Fontana
We gon' change things
Now it's so funny
Cause with money I can fly away
Or read them haters off in the deepest darkest hide away
Why do they do me wrong? My music truly strong
Because I'm different
All you cowards wanna shoo me gone
Yes, This is Strange year
World wide fame's near but the game's queer
Sometimes I feel like I'm Rudolph the Reindeer
And the music they said "blows" is on top and the cred grows
You gonna have to open up the door for the bro with the red nose
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