

# Strange (3 Minutes of Funk Mix)

## Boogiemonsters

Strange!

(And I like it) Think quick as I split  
Atoms and bust critical mass through some plastic  
Get hot like saliva but spit like boric acid  
Ditty done run get amped off the wonder man surprise  
Mercury rise, I rock off my greedy little eyes  
Sun, moon, pronouncing the energy is solar  
With tongue numba one I have fun, rockin' fuller  
Let me wash the aloe vera from my strands just stop blocking  
The scientific method of the locking, check it  
As I, shoot the ray beam from the moon  
Then rebound off the lunar, get amped off the beats  
And mic get tuned, check the rhythm  
Into another dimension for direction  
Arrange when I dissect, rearrange when I'm dissecting  
The flavor, how many does it take to get to the core  
Of a Boogie monster, when he rip it or he's raw  
So, what ya got, jigga nigga Juggernaut  
I'm strange when I rhyme Well I'm beyond critical mass, feel the lyrical blast  
Vex the vortex, man of the past  
Livin' in the present, and walkin' in the future  
H-two-oh's, the flow as I dilute ya  
Twenty-one years now I stand as a man  
Drinking from the ocean crushing mountains in my hand  
The natural one, eighty-four seasons I have come  
Wisdom goes to those that see the sun  
God, iniquity's thicker  
Any black man who draws the blood of another he's a quitter  
Avoid, so go and get a stricken babysitter  
A million dreadlocks throws devil in the picture  
Purgatory, just to sickle all that petty talkin' deranged  
Boogie monsters come in strange [Repeat: x5]  
Strange!  
(And I like it)  
Ha ha ha, these kids are nice Mondo McCann, microphone man  
Yodaredsee Milo, dig when his mind expand  
Vex to the rhyme is never social man  
Myntric funk tanker slang a banger fifty grand  
With the Riders of the Storm can yes we can can

Pack a black attack to evacuate the land  
The empire's falling check the New World Order  
For the slaughter, run for shelter, underwater  
See seventy percent of the world's underwater  
Seventy percent of your body's underwater  
Seventy percent of what we live is out of range  
We rearrange disorder, but niggaz say we strange  
A million and one things in our vocabulary are considered  
strange  
Some are legendary, some deranged  
But we be not the suck shits cause we explore untouched  
Consider hip-hop a big virgin and we ah  
Remember your first days of course the sex it felt strange  
You blindly explored each other's emotional plane, but hey  
The Boogie monsters consist of four  
Experimentin' from now til forever and we score  
with the Juggernauts the giants, all the way to humans  
Forever buildin' hip-hop and if not nigga we're fumin' 'cause we're [Repeat: x9]  
Strange!  
(And I like it)  
Ha ha ha, these kids are nice

Songwriters

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