

Strange (The Hardcore Meets SmÃ©gol Skit)

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

Mytric 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 Jugganauts 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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POLLARD

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