

Tech N9ne, Cloudy-Eyed Stroll

(Verse 1)

Sunday morning I awake with head aching from the night before
Me and my niggas at the bowling alley tripping cuz we all tore
I reminisce and kinda laugh despite my pain
Cuz they kicked us out for throwing balls in other peoples lane
Sunny day in the summer
Is about to become a cloudy one outey from perious puffs
Devious sluts, mischevious 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
Cuz 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 blow
Yelling thats my ride as my babygirl cries
Stepped 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 reached stratus
435 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 L A N D
Pass the puffy on the mid west town side much obliged
Cuz I'm feeling high up and cloudy eyed
Windows 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 do
Caught 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 cuz 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)