

## She Sonnet

Felt

step, you know the rep, it crawls and creeps  
keep holdin ya breath until you fall asleep  
from the minor leagues, we got no time to bleed  
ya need to open the peace, and stop trippin over both ya feet  
tie ya laces before ya try to chase  
disgrace don't discriminate, it paints any face  
i been many places, animate em all to be  
you want some fire on the roof, yes y'all follow me (me)

I been high planes, drippin since the 90's  
sipher, backpack wit some weed, that's where you find me  
i was listenin to Wu Tang, tryin to do the group thang  
they called us log cabin, we opened up a new lane  
from the life to the road, i was there for it  
rock steady, scribble jam, all the rare moments  
we been in the game so long  
but still evolvin while they all been singin the same song, so

Touch, you don't want it  
rush, you don't want it  
broke, you don't want it  
joke, you don't want it  
none, you don't want it  
dun, you don't want it  
MURS and Slug and Aes  
and she's on it!

She told that she never had no one to listen to  
tried hip-hop, but it was hard to get into  
they called her 'bitch,' and it was so disrespectful  
she turned a deaf ear and started bumpin techno  
but i apologize, and here's a dedication  
i'm not a saint, but i really ain't for degradation  
fuck a bitch, love a woman, that's my new motto  
ha, yea i'm ignorant, but tryin to be a role model

Pulled half my life through this homemade pipe  
took a left, left, left like i know this right  
and i'm supposed to give a fuck about what you 'bout  
like isn't this somethin now, shut ya mouth, you buggin out  
yea i know we make em go nuts, so what  
you know what, hold up, don't interrupt the grown-ups  
get busy, T.C., Twin Cities  
where she keeps it pretty, and ya CD's are frisbees

The ultimate, we're as dope as it's supposed to get  
some say they want a new style, some say they like our older shit  
critics thru the dark, sat my heart and i took it  
put it all on my shoulders, but it left my back crooked  
bit, but not broken up, late night hopin  
lost wit no cause, got the eyes wide open  
schemin on a dream, that's always seemin to unravel  
cause we caught up wit the legions of the demons that we battle

You ain't a artist, you a scumbag, douchebag  
cause when it rains, you keep waivin some new flag  
you ain't a critic, just a giant midget

tryin to get wit any tool to help you climb that big dick  
well you can hide between the pride and guilt  
stand still, and deny the time it took to get it built  
or illustrate the definition of hell  
and shape it into whatever it takes for you to feel Felt