

Early Mornin' Tony

Felt

Seven in the morning police at my door
But I spent last night on someone else's floor
Out the back window didn't know where I was
I was still kinda buzzed with a head full of drugs

Lookin' at my Nixon it's about that time
To go and save the world from the daily grind
Speakin' of which, I gotta hit the OC
For a quick sess through my skate park OG's
Oh please, this is still mere city
Wanna check my street cred go ahead come get me
On the block like mopeds or the threads on your Dickies
And I wrote code red off the hair so swiftly
Stole the scribbles show
Man had the feds go get me
Still got head from your thoroughbred
No hickies, oh really?
Throw a veil on your Philly
Took pictures of a crack like that bell out in Philly
Had to kick out my tail cause she smelled like Billy
Smoking blunts with the breath, so stale it could've killed me
Silly quick-witted when I spit the shit get it
I mean sit kitted, I mean, aw shit
It's amazing I remember all the different shit I'm into
I try to stay focused on getting legal tender
Gotta stay on the grind cause if the legends get signed
Gotta spit back dope between 8 7 6 5

4 and 3 and 2 and 1
And when I'm on the mic, the women come
Down with A-N-T Murs and you're not
And I got more rhymes than California got cops

Nine in the mornin' police at my door
Tryin' to wonder what the fuck they want to talk to me for
She said she wanted money for some fundraiser shit
I slammed the door in her face and said "Fuck you bitch!"

Looking at my Nixon it's about that time
For me to light another cigarette and settle my mind
Foot soldier, been waiting for the took over
Probably won't be getting naked, if she looks sober
I'm a primate with pimp-like mind state
Raising the curb to make contemporaries irate
Still obsessed with your breasts and your fishnet
Beating on my thin chest screaming out "Mid-West!"
My nature is to make you a believer
On your stereo receiver or your barely legal beaver
Buzzin' overhead spittin' fly game
Nowadays cats be getting paid and laid up off of my name
Wait a minute, take a number
Made a visit to your village with this fresh baked biscuit
And stayed consistent
Breaking in the heads ain't as difficult
When half of them are trippin' over how they missed the boat
The key is control but your flow is contrived
Keep it in my soul take it with when I die

Plug that mic in and let heaven get live
Turn a groupie into an angel when she 8 7 6 5

4 and 3 and 2 and 1

And when I'm on the mic all your home girls cum Down with A-N-
T Slug and you're not
And I got more rhymes than rappers who got shot