

## Employees Of The Year

Felt

The employees of the year, now we back to work  
We took time off, a couple feelings got hurt  
Due to the fact that we never stand still  
The ones that can't catch, the ones that can't kill  
I dedicate this to the cats that don't feel Felt  
Meditate get the head straight trying to be well  
Celebrate life and crash with no seatbelt  
Slit both wrists so act like you need help

What you say girl? I can't hear you, speak up  
Stuck between your lips and them two B cups  
Fifty bucks in the dice game  
Rollin' with seven and the legend and we twice came  
And you know what they hittin' for  
56 cities, one van, and we getting dough  
Call your girls make plans you can hit the show  
Tell your man in advance he can hit the door

Honey wanna move like she knows moves  
And in a roller coat suit with a coke spoon  
I'm not as young as I look girl, I'm old-school  
Somewhere between Pro Tools and a gold tooth  
I show you to act like you supposed to  
So cool, coast-to-coast, who's that crunk foo'?'  
Standing on the block leaning on the phone booth  
Trying to squeeze a rock to make this orange juice  
Little Man seas, ?  
From the 215 to the 213  
It goes a little something from some real emcees  
Not fellas (not gangstas) on a killing spree  
Shoot, my rap sheet is filled with similes  
And if you bite then death be the penalty  
But don't worry about my style because it's been O.G.  
You make your girlfriend wanna rub her skin on me

C'mon, put my picture on the wall for all to see  
When you want it done right then call me  
Guaranteed to come tight and flawlessly  
The employees of the year, ain't nobody as raw as we

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Yo, ticky ticky tick tick tick ticky tick  
Thug white girls suburban black hippie chick  
Punk rock straight hedge hip-hop pot head  
Invite 'em all over for a moshpit in my bed (C'mon)  
Right blow to the left speaker  
The people cold get dumb in front of the sub teacher  
Now hold it run don't let it touch the ground  
And you know it's done when the cops cut the sound

What else could they say to these underground duns?  
Known for eating guppies that clutter all ponds  
Free-flowin' on them beats that you sutterin' on

(My man Ant made the jams that we butterin' on)  
Breakfast coast (Midwestern coast)  
Minogue and Austin (Texas toast)  
Whatever dude (I'ma do it this Fall)  
Beatin' down your block knockin' pictures off the wall

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