

Felt Chewed Up

Felt

Chewed up, can't be contained
Speak up, look where the gun's aimed
Loot up, pick up the chump change
Speed up and book in the bus lane
Used to sit and dream about whips and cream
And bigger things, found my place
Fit my jeans, get out my face
Before I clip your wings

Caught in the middle of some sentimental bullshit
Got an instrumental when I figure I can pull this
Day out of the dark cloud, downtown
Stay out in the crowd with the sunshine
Our rhymes got a little bit more to give
So I give it and I stay on tour to live
Grab a mic then hype then I go home
In a big bus talking on a cellphone

So lost following the babble
On top smacked with a paddle
Knocked out, drowned in the shallow
Fall off, get back in the saddle
The answer's clear, you can't compare
You got one beer and one hand to steer
Stand right there under the chandelier
The band is here, we called Felt Felt Felt

Chewed up and lost control
We swerving, she loves the awesome flow
She heard it, they try to stop the growth
They nervous, that's like impossible
F-e-l-t Felt Felt Felt

Spell it out, yell it out
They all want to know what the hell it's about
Ain't got no guns, ain't got no jewelery
Show stay packed with tons of groupies
They go crazy, act unruly
Fans in the crowd hella high like Coolie
Girls in the crowd screaming, "Choose me! Do me!"
I play it humble like, "Excuse me? Who me?"

Grab that crown, pass it down
Ask around what that's about
We're backing out, ass on the ground
Shut that mouth, don't act out
You bugging, must be drunk at the bar
Buzzing cousin, you nothing hard
You ain't up in the stars, you stuck in the jar
Now shuffle the cards and get dealt dealt dealt

Feel that real rap
Raw beats to bang in y'all streets
So cool at the same time all heat
So fly should've been in Star Fleet
Ride shotgun in my X-Wing
Watch the hipsters hop to the next thing

Fad to fad, so depressing
Around for years, that don't impress me

Don't know what you honestly thinking
Rubberband trying to carry weights but
I can see your confidence shrinking
Color crayon on the radiator
Gotta stick to talking shit
Prosthetic tits, fake politics
You can't stop the bricks so take a sip
For the apocalypse and get off my dick

Mouth screwed up, I sent a little ?
Got me feeling like Wayne doing little things
I do it big on the independent tip
New car, no rims on the whip
I got a chick, she ain't a super duper fly girl
I got a few and they all rock my world
You doing better then keep it to yourself
Cause even you know it's all about the Felt Felt Felt