

# Gangster Ass Anthony

Felt

You can't fuck with the felt flow  
All the shit that you talking, don't help you grow  
Mad face can't wait to catch you man made elbow  
You see mee say hello, when I leave say hellll no  
I'm not an asshole, I'm a perfectionist  
Travel the globe to have sex with pessemist  
my ? my doctor and my excorsist  
All suggest that we come here to wreck your shit  
It's the treacherous, two plus Ant  
If we can't do it, who the fuck can  
they claim ? slave to the ringtone  
I smell pussy in the bacon that you bring home  
The fistfucking is function in this function  
Enough to justify, shutting down youre production  
Get off the mic.go straight at ya life for  
One of these mc's puts it on youre wife

Your girlfriend got her panties off, once again  
One naughty nasty shit that I done to her friend  
So once again it's on motherfucker  
And you won't do shit, you a bitch so fuck you  
I didn't like myself this morning when I woke up  
So keep talking shit like I won't loc up  
I'm from ? we don't stop  
when the police come, than the heat go poppin'  
Now we stopping, we go in the house  
You can get youre time for just try to show out  
I'm trying to roll out, no doubt  
Comming to take ya ho out  
Popping that junk, young punk what you know about  
Felt 2 me and Slug comming trough  
When we serving these suckers like may I help you  
Supersize when we ride on these busters  
Murs two times with the L motherfucker

Man who the hell are you, trying bark trough  
this is my episode and it don't co-star you  
So shut youre fucking mouth  
if you don't know what you talking about  
Get on youre cellphone, call her, tell him  
Now you running my name to the mud again  
Who I fuck ain't none of youre bussines  
What I lick or suck man mind youre bitchness  
And that's bitchness, not ?  
You ain't proffesional punk, youre a pimp's assistant  
you ride shotgun, I try to whip fool  
Pussy don't drive this car, bitch dick do  
And if I hit you it's a knockout  
You strowed in but I bet ya won't walkout  
0-0-7-3-7-3-5-9-6-3  
That's the code if you wanna fuck with me

You want a hit  
Give me a dollar plus a beer and some head  
Yo Ant turn up the snare till my eardrums turn red  
This is for my people waking up and burn in bed  
And this is for my people waking up to earn the rent

I didn't come start no message  
I paid at the entrance I wasn't on the guestlist  
Had a few beverage than left  
because the rappers, hookers and ? werent to impresive  
Dirty something getting closer to the turkey stuffing  
Thirty husbands victem of a mercy snuffing  
Birdy bugging on the botom line  
But I'm bussing of the wine so everything is fine  
put youre hands in the air, like you happy to have  
hands  
I'm jump up and down like I'm happy to have fans  
It's all stay away from the pistols and  
On the bigger things, peace to Ricky James