

Paul Reubens

Felt

I run-run rappers right outta the game
bench em, sit em down in the hall of shame
young-somethin, lil-bitch, all in the names
i used to keep it quiet cause hatin is so lame
but every now and then you gotta state the facts
like 98-percent of these dudes is straight wack
they got me up in center space and i'm dancin to techno
bumpin indie rock then mock-electro

I got a brand new car, full tank of gas
i got a big mission, and it's made of glass
my momma always told me 'better make that cash'
so that's what i do, while i wait to crash

(wait) Wait, yea i heard you caught a couple of breaks
you still a sucka tryin to catch airwaves
catch a fall down a staircase, take it
another unmarked grave under the basement
up on the stage it's like somethin to taste, it's like
runnin the place, it's like punchin ya face, it's like
don't attempt to follow nothin to chase
or ya might see the bottom of one of those lakes (splash!)

Fakes, frauds and phonies, are we like the only
muthafuckas in this game who ain't corny?
My Little Pony-ass rappers wit a stylist
tryin to be Rainbow Bright, on some fly shit
Strawberry Shortcake, doin too much
they focus on the fashion, the music sucks
you look like a pinche pinata pendejo
make like a carpet, roll up or lay low

I used to drink 40's on the porch all the time
now i'm gettin older and i'm sippin that wine
Pinot, no fuckin Merlot
i used to pack a pocket knife inside my yellow Jaboes
got stabbed in third grade by the swings
since then i keep a switchblade inside my jeans
fuck wit me and i'll cut ya, straight King Tut ya
wrap you up in bandages, muthafucka

Set the monster free, they never used to talk to me
now they holler at me constantly
well, hop on these, take the properties
and multiply that shit by the power of three
didn't you know? we still in control
it's Felt, muthafucka, all systems go
you've been to my show, it's like a mistletoe
so hold the bottle and play 'spin the globe'

I guess the moral is stick a fork in it
we got more to give, you're fortunate
you fuckin with the Legend and these members of The Orphanage
organisms that were born for this
first, we make the people feel quite right
then i'm workin on the sequel to Zeitgeist
so push up the light, peace, nighty-night

stay tuned, FELT number 4, tribute to Heidi Fleiss