

Protagonists

Felt

"I want you to work your way out upon that limb as far
as you can
If you see anything strange, let me know"

Back without the post move, it goes one two
What you gon' do when we come through?
Hit undo, whatever you must do
Stay fly, get high and fuck you

Them Felt boys are back, them boys of summer
and this time your boy Ace Rock is the drummer
So tell the newcomers to run and get the other two
I heard we sold out, that must've been the other two

Nobody move, nobody loses blood
Whoever suit thee up should take you back to booster
club
Go head, loosen up, a couple brews
must've grew a sense of humor cause you used to be a
super thug

You still spitting on the empty bullshit
Legends, Rhymesayers, Def Jux, the full clip
Don't miss, we aiming for the heart
Your favorite group that wasn't even a group to start

I tried to tell 'em but they wasn't tryna listen to me
LISTEN TO ME!!
There was no other choice, I had to tell 'em "give it
to me"
GIVE IT TO ME!!
I tried to tell 'em but they wasn't tryna listen to me
LISTEN TO ME!!
I keep it civil, but right now I wanna kick in your
teeth

Everything you love about rap in one disc
These Internet rappers just beef over dumb shit
We all about the cash, we all about the women
What up though? You know we can't forget 'em
But don't you think we soft for one minute
We can still break your whole crew off with one
sentence
Who made you wanna rap and be independent?
It's Felt motherfuckers! If you want it, come and get
it

Who's this? If the new shoe fits, I take two kicks
Truth is without new hits we all useless
Get used to it, my crew swoop through it
like a sewer sewage unit just to produce music
You must be lunatic fringe to think you and your
friends
could ever screw with the wrench
Got you climbing that aluminum fence
We bout to ruin your plans and put these two in your
sense

We conquered this monster just to fondle it
I put that on my honor and my politics
Honest, it makes me wanna dip to where my mama lives
Ponder my accomplishments in between the ganja hits

We're way bizarre, we shred the norm
We're above average, irregular
We're one in a million, so run tell the children
It's Murs and Slug and we back in the building

Illustrated in war for those that came up before
For those that tangle with law, for those that gave it
to war
For the ones that might've fell off or got lost
and for the ones that never made it across

Felt 3, the final frontier
Forget Christina, should've chose damn Greer
We're here and we ain't going nowhere
Take your hands off the steering wheel and throw 'em in
the air