

## Revisiting The Styleetron

Felt

I grab the mic like my name was on it  
and spit the fly game that get the ladies goin  
i'm a superfly southern California emcee  
makin earthquakes shake and shake destiny

I'm like X, Y, and Z, i stick by the back door  
let it go free, that's what the track's for  
my jobbie-job is rock a party  
taught ya mommy to karaoke loddie-doddie

We blowin up, but the flow is so rough  
that them mainstream suckas won't notice us  
but so what, who gives a damn?  
'bout to change the whole world wit this mic in my hand

yea, make ya stand up, big and tall  
pitch the ball, and i promise i'ma hit it y'all  
and when it falls, i'll be around the bases  
my clothes in a suitcase, my phone and some toothpaste

this is my life  
i'm runnin this show  
everybody in the place just lose control  
turn out the lights  
so we can see y'all glow  
throw ya hands in the air if you know you got soul

And it grows, and it builds  
until it kills from the pills, bills and drum fills  
free will, spin or sit still  
everybody just tryin to feel somethin real

Deep down we reach down to teach clowns  
how to rip it, how to rock it when the beat pounds  
sweet sounds burnin bright throught the speaker  
while i'm lookin for a chick in nice jeans and tight sneakers

We the kings of fuckin ya queens up  
you can mean mug, i just want the green stuff  
out in Boise, set the voice free  
up in Omaha, we make em all noisy

Out in Utah, bringin you the truth y'all  
talkin Salt Lake all the way to Sioux Falls  
and while these fiends on the scene do nothing  
we do damage and make it mean something

if you feel this shit  
put a smile on ya face  
get ya ass on the floor and burn down this place  
now if ya filthy rich  
or ya minimum wage  
let me hear ya make some noise if ya just got paid

And when the cops come, tell them fools 'stop frontin'  
this is our world y'all don't run nothin  
don't reach for ya wallet cause you might get shot

screamin 'justice and peace!' til the casket drops

Ha, we can't stop, naw, it's not an option  
so put ya hands up, you are now rockin wit  
the blessed, so make it messy  
about to break the levee, cause the party stays ready

now if ya rich and famous, or broke and seductive  
MURS and Slug the wrong crew for you to fuck wit  
brainstorm, couldn't hold the flow in buckets  
a flash flood warning, don't press ya luck, kid

Uh-huh, North American characters  
when i'm on stage it's in my nature to embarrass ya  
the pair of us wanna share the rush  
now put two up if you care too much, now

i love my job  
i'm puttin in work  
all the ladies in the crowd, let he hear y'all flirt  
FELT don't stop  
diggin up the dirt  
peace to anybody who's got a 2Pac shirt