

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