

Antelope

The Dirty Heads

Well, my, hat brim, might be, worn a little too low, you're too slow, what the fuck do you really think that you know, I do so and every rhyme that I spit is just so crucial, like Metamucil I kill some rhymes that I'm used to, you park so high and mighty, but I'm not mighty high duddy smoke you out with weed and leave your mouth fucking dry, cause some of them rapping clapping laughing always beer tapping fucking dorkette slapping be ridiculous at how I'm tripping is all I'm thinking is this is the best MC that can you can find I shine like some moonlight through the pine yo and even if you were wine I'd still stay dope up with my line,

Well if you generally ire then roll with the style the duddy b smoking cali green leaf till I die b leave me alone when I'm chilling in my home yo I'm smooth like a Schwinn and I shine like the chrome of its fender remember this microphone defender return your shit to sender cause no one wants to hear it yo your lyrics are weak and yes your spirit's meek and you're an ignorant mother fucker yes it shows when you speak you're a wicked disappointment your rhymes need some ointment the crowd at your shows always laughing and pointing leaving and booing my point has been proven and I'm still back stage just smoking and boozing confusing the sets save the best for my choosing I'm choosing the rest so you're loosing

Well don't forget about the down and dirty southern cali flow just open the melody and let the rhythm go I'm hoofing up the track just like a bouncing antelope and soften up your skull just like a ripened cantaloupe because the west

West

Coast

Coast

Knows how to kill it and yo and yall

Yall

Know

Know

When its time to feel it yo we make it right,

Make it right

So we up all night,

Up all night,

Until its tight,

Until its tight,

Until its tight,

Until its tight,

A bohemian rhapsody, these syllables after me, with lyrical chastity,

And verbally blasphemy, the illest we have to be, with musical

masterpiece,
So come on and clap with me, so come on and clap with me,
So come on and clap with me,
Just come on and clap with me,
So come on and clap with me,
Yo just come on and clap with me.

Once upon a time in the neighborhood, there was a little dirty boy that was up to no good, he had a chip in his tooth and a mic in his hand, he had a dirty ass head from the beach and the sand, he said, "I just got out of the water and I'm late for school I asked duddy to skip and he said that's cool."

So we went to the liquor store got ourselves some magnum rolling down the street yeah you know we brown bagged them, with the 50s on top and the 20s on bottom said we rolling through my hood yeah you know we got em sucker mcs wanna battle me but that's okay I tell em don't fuck around because we don't play I sang rock out with my cock out I got balls of steel hear me clanking down the street like a bag of beer, said the dance off session gonna start right here, duddy b grab the wheel cause I can't steer, you got 20 inch rims and they spinning when you stop, said I don't give a fuck, kill it when the beat drops, cause that's what I respect to all you knuckle heads and derelicts just jamming down the sound with the syllables and intellect, maybe not the intellect but syllables are clean and I leave you in the desert with an empty canteen while I'd be ripping shows from here to Galapagos and I'd be picking foes like a pick in a the fro, and all you chicken head whores that come to pick at my shows you got to go