

# Revisiting the Styleetron

## Felt

Verse 1:

(MURS)

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

(Slug)

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

(MURS)

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

(Slug)

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

(MURS)

this is my life

(Slug)

i'm runnin this show

(MURS)

everybody in the place just lose control

(Slug)

turn out the lights

(MURS)

so we can see y'all glow

(Slug)

throw ya hands in the air if you know you got soul

Verse 2:

(Slug)

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

(MURS)

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

(Slug)

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

(MURS)

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

(Slug)

if you feel this shit

(MURS)

put a smile on ya face

(Slug)

get ya ass on the floor and burn down this place

(MURS)

now if ya filthy rich

(Slug)

or ya minimum wage

(MURS)

let me hear ya make some noise if ya just got paid

Verse 3:

(MURS)

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

(Slug)

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

(MURS)

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

(Slug)

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

(MURS)

i love my job

(Slug)

i'm puttin in work

(MURS)

all the ladies in the crowd, let he hear y'all flirt

(Slug)

FELT don't stop

(MURS)

diggin up the dirt

(Slug)

peace to anybody who's got a 2Pac shirt

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Lyrics submitted by Deronte.

Lyrics provided by

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