

# Protagonists

## Felt

(Voice)

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

Verse 1:

(Slug)

Back, without the pulse move, it goes one, two  
whatchu gon do, where we come through  
hit, undo whatever you must do  
stay fly, get high and fuck you

(MURS)

Them Felt boys are back, the boys of summer  
and this time ya boy Aes 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

(Slug)

Nobody move, nobody loses blood  
whoever swooped you 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

(MURS)

We still spittin' on that indie bullshit  
Legends, Rhymesayers, Def Jux the full clip  
we don't miss, we aimin' for the heart  
your favorite group that wasn't even a group to start

(Chorus)

I tried to tell 'em but they wasn't tryin to 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 tryin to listen to me (listen to ME!!)  
i keep it civil, but right now i wanna kick in yo' teeth

Verse 2:

(MURS)

Everything you love about rap in one diss  
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 yo whole crew off wit one sentence  
who made you wanna rap and be independent  
it's Felt muthafuckas, if you want it, come and get it

(Slug)

who's this, if the new shoe fits, i'll 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 that you and your friends could ever screw with the wrench  
got you climbin' that aluminum fence  
we 'bout to ruin yo' plans and put these two in yo cents

(Chorus)

Verse 3:

(Slug)

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 momma lives  
ponder my accomplishments, in between the ganja hits

(MURS)

We're way bizarre, we shred the gnar  
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 buildin

(Slug)

Illustrated and war for those who came up before  
for those that tangled wit 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

(MURS)

(Felt 3) Felt 3, the final frontier  
forget Christina, should've chose Pam Grier  
we're here, and we ain't goin nowhere  
take yo hands off the steering wheel and throw 'em in the air

(Chorus)

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Lyrics submitted by Deronte.

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