

She Sonnet

Felt

Verse 1:

(Slug)

step, you know the rep, it crawls and creeps
keep holdin ya breath until you fall asleep
from the minor leagues, we got no time to bleed
ya need to open the peace, and stop trippin over both ya feet
tie ya laces before ya try to chase
disgrace don't discriminate, it paints any face
i been many places, animate em all to be
you want some fire on the roof, yes y'all follow me (me)

(MURS)

I been high planes, drippin since the 90's
sipher, backpack wit some weed, that's where you find me
i was listenin to Wu Tang, tryin to do the group thang
they called us log cabin, we opened up a new lane
from the life to the road, i was there for it
rock steady, scribble jam, all the rare moments
we been in the game so long
but still evolv'in while they all been singin the same song, so

(Chorus) x2

Touch, you don't want it
rush, you don't want it
broke, you don't want it
joke, you don't want it
none, you don't want it
dun, you don't want it
MURS and Slug and Aes
and she's on it!

Verse 2:

(MURS)

She told that she never had no one to listen to
tried hip-hop, but it was hard to get into
they called her 'bitch,' and it was so disrespectful
she turned a deaf ear and started bumpin techno
but i apologize, and here's a dedication
i'm not a saint, but i really ain't for degradation

fuck a bitch, love a woman, that's my new motto
ha, yea i'm ignorant, but tryin to be a role model

(Slug)

Pulled half my life through this homemade pipe
took a left, left, left like i know this right
and i'm supposed to give a fuck about what you 'bout
like isn't this somethin now, shut ya mouth, you buggin out
yea i know we make em go nuts, so what
you know what, hold up, don't interrupt the grown-ups
get busy, T.C., Twin Cities
where she keeps it pretty, and ya CD's are frisbees

(Chorus) x2

Verse 3:

(MURS)

The ultimate, we're as dope as it's supposed to get
some say they want a new style, some say they like our older shit
critics thru the dark, sat my heart and i took it
put it all on my shoulders, but it left my back crooked
bit, but not broken up, late night hopin
lost wit no cause, got the eyes wide open
schemin on a dream, that's always seemin to unravel
cause we caught up wit the legions of the demons that we battle

(Slug)

You ain't a artist, you a scumbag, douchebag
cause when it rains, you keep waivin some new flag
you ain't a critic, just a giant midget
tryin to get wit any tool to help you climb that big dick
well you can hide between the pride and guilt
stand still, and deny the time it took to get it built
or illustrate the definition of hell
and shape it into whatever it takes for you to feel Felt

(Chorus) x2

Lyrics submitted by Deronte.

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