

Felt Chewed Up

Felt

Verse 1:

F-E-L-T, FELT! FELT! FELT!

(Slug)

Chewed up, can't be contained
speak up, look where the guns aim
??, pick up the chump change
speed up and book in the bus lane
used to sit and dream 'bout whips and cream and bigger things
found my place, fit my jeans
get out my face before i clip ya wings

(MURS)

Caught up in the middle of some sentimental bullshit
got a instrumental and i figure i could pull this
day out, the dark cloud, down time
stay out in the crowd wit the sunshine
our rhymes got a little bit more to give
so i give it and i stay on tour to live
grab a mic, get it hype, then i go home
in a big bus talkin on a cell phone

(Slug)

So lost, followin the babbles
on top, smack with a paddle
knock out, drown in the shallow
fall off, get back in the saddle
the answer's clear, you can't compare
you got one beer and one hand to steer
stand right there under the chandelier
the band is here, we're called FELT! FELT! FELT!

(Chorus)

Chewed up, and lost control (we swervin')
she loves the awesome flow (she heard it)
they try to stop the growth (they nervous)
that's like, impossible
F-E-L-T FELT! FELT! FELT!

Verse 2:

(MURS)

Spell it out, yell it out
they all wanna know what the hell it's about
ain't got no guns, ain't got no jewelry
shows stay packed wit tons of groupies
they go crazy, act unruly
fans in the crowd hella high like Coolie
girls in the crowd screamin 'choose me, do me'
i play it humble like 'excuse me, who me?'

(Slug)

Grab that crown, pass it down
ask around, what that's about
we're back now, ass on the ground
shut that mouth, don't act out
you buggin, must be drunk at the bar
buzzin cousin, you nothin' hard
you aint up in the stars, you stuck in a jar
now shuffle the cards or get dealt, dealt, dealt

(Chorus)

Verse 3:

(MURS)

Feel that, real rap
raw beats to bang in y'all streets
so cool at the same time all heat
so fly should've been in star fleet
ride shotgun in my x-wing
watch the hipsters hop to the next thing
fad to fad, so depressing
around for years, that don't impress me

(Slug)

Don't know what you honestly thinkin'
rubber band tryin to carry weights
but i can see your confidence shrinkin
color crayon on the radia-tor
gotta stick to talkin shit
prosthetic tits, fake politics
you cant stop the bricks, so take a sip
for the apocalypse, and get off my dick

(MURS)

Now i'm screwed up, i sipped a little lean
got me feelin like Wayne doin little things

i do it big on the independent tip
new car, no rims on the whip
i got a chick, she ain't a super-duper-fly girl
i got a few and they all rock my world
you do it better, then keep it to yourself
cause even YOU know its all about the FELT! FELT! FELT

(Chorus)

Lyrics submitted by Deronte.

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