

Antelope

Dirty Heads

Well, my, half bread, might be, warm a little to low, you're too slow, what the fuck do you think that you know,
i do so and every rhyme that i spit is just so crucial, like metamucial i kill some rhymes that im used to, you
park so high and mighty, but im not mighty high dirty smoke you out with weed and leave your mouth fucking
dry, cuz some of them rappin clappin laughin always beer tapping fucking dorkette slapping be ridiculous at
how im trippin is all im thinking is this is the best mc that can you can find i shine like some moon through the
pine yo and even if you were wine id still stay dope up with my line,

well if you general brealbre? then roll with the style the dirty smoking cali green leaf till i die b leave me alone
when im chilling in my home yo im smooth like a schwin and i shine like the chrome of its fender remember
this microphone defender return your shit to sender cuz no one wants to hear it yo your lyrics are weak and yes
your spirits meek and youre an ignorant mother fucker yes it shows when you speak your wicked
disappointment your rhymes need some ointment the crowd at your shows always laughing and pointin leave
and blew it my boy has been groovin and im still back stage just smokin and boozin confusing the sex? save the
best for my choosing im choosin the rest so youre loosin

well dont forget about the down and dirty southern cali flow just open the melody and let the rhythm go im
hoofing up the track just like a bouncing antelope and soften up your skoal 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 blaster me, 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 im late for school i asked dirty to skip and he said

thats cool

so we went to the liquor store got ourselves some magnum rollin down the street ya you know we brown bagged them, with the 50s on top and the 20s on bottom said we rollin through my hood ya you know we got em sucker mcs wanna battle me but thats okay i tell em dont fuck around because we dont 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, dirty b grab the wheel cuz i cant steer, you got 20 inch rims and they spinin when you stop, said i dont give a fuck, kill it when the beat drops, cuz thats what i respect to all you knuckle heads and derelicts just jammin 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 id be rippin trojan ? in the gallapagoes and id be pickin foes like id be pickin the fro, and all you chicken head hos that come to pick at my shows you got to go

Lyrics submitted by Ashley.

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