# Felt Good

## Felt

(Slug)
(I don't want to be) Good, damn, shook off the sand
took it by the hand back when hoods packed the jam
squeeze pipe, i need it in my life
so keep it out of sight until the freaks come out at night
big mouth, a big mouth
zip it up quick, or get kicked out the house
step back, Felt don't melt like wax
delicate necks get snapped, then the checks get taxed
re-lease, give me freedom and some peace
or feed you to the beasts, wit the demons and police
touch dirt, you stuck in reverse
so fuck what ya heard and put ya nuts up in your purse

(MURS)
Good-er than good, man, we greater than great
while you faker than fake, that's why we hate on ya hate
hell, we hate on ya love, cause when push come to shove
all them funny-lookin chains just get took in the club
hell, they lookin for Slug, man, they lookin for MURS
we got em screamin for the Felt, cause we puttin in work
while you was puttin out trash, we was spendin on gas
and traveled all around the world to put a foot in yo ass
and you can call it backpack, indie rap if you want to
say it's emo-hop for the hipsters, but fuck you
we do it for the public that's tired of that thug shit
you know it's the greatest cause ya girlfriend loves it
---
Lyrics submitted by Deronte.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/