

# Antelope

## Yousef and Juan Kidd

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 I'm used to  
You park so high and mighty but I'm not mighty high  
Dirty smoke, you out with weed and leave your mouth fuckin' dry  
'Cause some of them rappin', clappin', laughin' always beer tappin' Fuckin' dorkette slappi' be ridiculous at  
how  
I'm trippin' is all I'm thinkin' is this is the best M.C.  
That can you can find  
I shine like some moon through the pine  
Yo and even if you were wine I'd still stay dope up with my line  
Well, if you general brealbre? Then roll with the style the  
Dirty smokin' cali green leaf till I die B  
Leave me alone when I'm chillin' in my home  
Yo, I'm smooth like a schwin' and I shine like the chrome  
Of it's fender, remember this microphone defender  
Return your shit to sender 'cause no one wants to hear it  
Yo your lyrics' are weak and yes your spirits meek  
And you're an ignorant mother fucker, yes, it shows when you speak  
Your wicked disappointment, your rhymes need some ointment  
The crowd at your shows always laughin' and pointin'  
Leave and blew it my boy has been groovin'  
And I'm still back stage just smokin' and boozin'  
Confusin' the sets, save the best for my choosin'  
I'm choosin' the rest so you're loosin'  
Well, don't forget about the down and dirty southern cali flow  
Just open the melody and let the rhythm go  
I'm hoofin' up the track just like a bouncin' antelope  
And soften up your skoal just like a ripened cantaloupe  
Because the west coast knows how to kill it  
Yo and y'all know when it's time to feel it  
Yo, we make it right  
So we up all night yo, until it's tight, until it's 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 I'm late for school I asked dirty to skip and he said, that's 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 50's on top and the 20's on bottom  
Said we rollin' through my hood ya you know we got 'em  
Sucker M.C.s wanna battle me but that's okay  
I tell 'em don't fuck around because we don't play  
I sang rock out with my cock out I got balls of steel  
Hear me clankin' down the street like a bag of beer  
Said the dance off session gonna start right here  
Dirty B grab the wheel 'cause I can't steer  
You got 20 inch rims and they spinin' when you stop  
Said I don't give a fuck, kill it when the beat drops  
'Cause that's 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 I'd be rippin' Trojan and in the gallapagoes  
And I'd 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

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