

Feel Me

4Lyn

brompton city bashin', car crashin', bong blastin'it's the alcoh
ol abusin' white trash kid.with the mad vocalism, straight from
the top of my lung

shout outs and respect to the place where i'm coming from.so he
re me run again, head to the finish,no time for loosin', no tim
e for cruisin''cuz a champion's got to keep on movin'like soul
2 soul, i'm back to life for real still a mcwith lots of love f
or my holy wheels of steele, yoto me it was a big step, futurew
ardsfrom doin'boogaloo thangs at the „barmbek-boulevard“to pick
up the mic and say what the fukk i was born forfree to the dom
is still the only thing I star for

would die for, would cry for, but not spy fori still got the sa
me type of respect even for all you fly whoresdon't get me wron
g, i really love your bitchnessthe only fukks i disrespect are
bitches in the music-business.

and if you feel me put your hands up , (hands in da sky)and if y
ou feel me put em high, (put em high)...push 4 fingers and a i i
n da air,yo and wave em around like u just don'tcare

there goes the 1 - 2 - 3 - 4lyni make it happen, i make them ph
oney rappers stop their crapi let my dogs do the freak and put
brompton city on the map,yo!if theres a problem, i fix it, like
p e and anthraxi „bring the noise“ snd press it on a black pie
ce of waxgive me a grin when you see me pass you byi'm not pret
ty fly for a white but for a 4lyn-guyi'm smooth like the butt o
f a babeand well known for all the panic that i create when i'm
out on stage.

„trouble maker“, „ problem child“ is what these mothers title me
and daddies want to fight me but like spike leei'm doin' the ri
ght thing, drinking a cup of tea, i'm smoking a blunt i'm fukki
n' them daughters in their butts and leave this chikks „rest in
pussy“

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so,what'cha want me to do?

(wikked:)“Yo Braz, Do The Sikk Shit!“right!!!!bo-digga-bo-digga-
bo-digga-bo!!!!

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