

Three On A Dutch

Felly

Ayo I woke up this morning, pissed off as usual
Hit the snooze button thinking I should plan my funeral
I spend too many nights getting bent up in my cubicle
But still got the spark to make a death look beautiful
Wasted
Looking at these faces in my basement
Playing Miles Davis while my heartbeat races
Used to try relaxin but then that shit made me anxious
Done a lot of practice with going through changes
Freestyles and vape hits
Bump as the base hits
Spinning in my desk chair
Lighting up like Vegas
Getting in their faces to make 'em jab back
They say "fuck you"
I hit the mic and say "fuck you" right back
This is all part of the plan
You think I'm shooting blind
You better understand
I see right through your lies
I'm going for the grand
I'm talkin' 'bout the prize
Cause accomplishment does much more than money in my eyes
You can keep on, keep on, keep on doubtin'
Saying I should stick to this computer screen mouthin'
Thanks for the advice but homie truthfully you vouchin'
Every time you say my name I'm climbing up a mountain
Tripping
It's nothing new what's up with you, nada
Last time I checked I was spottin' you dollars
See me at your party and you say "what's up holla"
Then I get to work
You be talking shit behind my collar
Psilocybin in my brainwaves
Spewing shit like AK's
Doubt to make out with a dude and say you hate gays
Faker than an overseas e-mail payday
'Bout to shoot the top players down bruh, mayday

Ay ay Term K, Acumental what up
We should go three on a dutch
From CT to Chi-town
Yeah you know it's all love
Now take the mic from my hand cause you know that I'm good

Yo I shriek I scream I screech I holler
I'm sleek I'm keen I'm bleak I'm somber
Chief my weed and drink my lager
Speaking Greek I'm freaking out
So turn the speakers louder
You can't handle the noise
Bag a damsel then I rap until her panties are moist
Fans handing me joints, cannabinoids
Yo it's Felly, Acumental and Term so clap your hands and rejoice
Party people sip potion
Keep the spliff roasting
Think so deep felt cerebral implosion

Fingertips frozen
Corpse like ignorance of foresight
Seem to move in synchronous motion
Need to get dough so I throw a pair of dice around
Make your ears bleed like the Holyfield-Tyson bout
I'm on mic (Mike!)

Hold it real tight and shout loudly
Acumetal like his crowd rowdy
Black lung keep a fresh pack in the freezer
P Square hop on the track till my knees hurt
Good hustle like slap on the keister
Rapping to beats in my slacks and a t-shirt
I feel huge
Surreal views
A real scrooge you can ask Ebenezer
Find me trashed in the back of a beamer
The yak-sippin' cat with the rancid demeanor

Make it pop like a weazel or a jack-in-the-box
Unless you're not quite feeling it just ask me to stop
Actually it happens a lot
So I just sit in one spot and puff pot till my back is in knots
I want the dollars and fame
I want a profit and gain
I want a bowels crowd howling my name, plate
This ganja's insane
Clotting my brain
I think he called it the andromeda strain, dang
Lifting coffin lids with a crowbar
I'm living off the grid mixing soap bars
Every project is mayhem
You may have made a profit if your squad had a game plan
Lost in a wasteland
The prodigal son's parable
Often compared to the vault of safe-cracker
Magical flow, the squad's performing miracles
Travel the globe, the obstacle course is spherical
You can shout but nobody's hearing you
Downtrodden on the outside and I'm peering through
All for none notice yet known to come closest
Home with a cold one, smoking blunt roaches
Born branded and scarred
A cannibal starving
And standing his guard in a firestorm
Only tryna form a tangible argument
Or plan for disarmament
And solely by having a heart that provided it for him

Put yo hands together for The Palmer Squares, one more time
Now all you mother fuckas in the bathroom, I see you goin to the bathroom
Better not be using no handicap stalls, and wash yo hands bitches
If your going to be sticking yo fingers in my asshole late at night
You better be have some clean fingernails
You ever, uh you ever take a shit in a handicap stall
And come out with a limp