

Gangster Ass Anthony

Felt

[Slug]

You can't fuck with the felt flow
All the shit that you talking, don't help you grow
Mad face can't wait to catch you man made elbow
You see mee say hello, when I leave say he'lll no
I'm not an asshole, I'm a perfectionist
Travel the globe to have sex with pessemist
my ? my doctor and my excorsist
All suggest that we come here to wreck your shit
It's the treacherous, two plus Ant
If we can't do it, who the fuck can
they claim ? slave to the ringtone
I smell pussy in the bacon that you bring home
The fistfucking is function in this function
Enough to justify, shutting down youre production
Get off the mic.go straight at ya life for
One of these mc's puts it on youre wife

[Murs]

Your girlfriend got her panties off, once again
One naughty nasty shit that I done to her friend

So once again it's on motherfucker
And you won't do shit, you a bitch so fuck you
I didn't like myself this morning when I woke up
So keep talking shit like I won't loc up
I'm from ? we don't stop
when the police come, than the heat go poppin'
Now we stopping, we go in the house
You can get youre time for just try to show out
I'm trying to roll out, no doubt
Comming to take ya ho out
Popping that junk, young punk what you know about
Felt 2 me and Slug comming trough
When we serving these suckers like may I help you
Supersize when we ride on these busters
Murs two times with the L motherfucker

[Murs]

Man who the hell are you, trying bark trough
this is my episode and it don't co-star you
So shut youre fucking mouth
if you don't know what you talking about
Get on youre cellphone, call her, tell him
Now you running my name to the mud again
Who I fuck ain't none of youre bussines
What I lick or suck man mind youre bitchness

And that's bitchness, not ?

You ain't professional punk, you're a pimp's assistant

you ride shotgun, I try to whip fool

Pussy don't drive this car, bitch dick do

And if I hit you it's a knockout

You strowed in but I bet ya won't walkout

0-0-7-3-7-3-5-9-6-3

That's the code if you wanna fuck with me

[Slug]

You want a hit

Give me a dollar plus a beer and some head

Yo Ant turn up the snare till my eardrums turn red

This is for my people waking up and burn in bed

And this is for my people waking up to earn the rent

I didn't come start no message

I paid at the entrance I wasn't on the guestlist

Had a few beverage than left

because the rappers, hookers and ? werent to impressive

Dirty something getting closer to the turkey stuffing

Thirty husbands victim of a mercy snuffing

Birdy bugging on the botom line

But I'm bussing of the wine so everything is fine

put youre hands in the air, like you happy to have

hands

I'm jump up and down like I'm happy to have fans

It's all stay away from the pistols and

On the bigger things, peace to Ricky James

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>