

# Morris Day

## Felt

Verse 1: Slug]

Stepped inside this depth of a dive  
with nothing but my breath and this rep that I'm riding  
Check around the room to get a fresh look  
Most these names already in the guest book  
So I'm gonna sit on my stool and sip solo  
The missing half of a stack of ripped photos  
If she don't know so, the odds of blowing up  
Watch the word work, the gods are growing up  
I never had trouble with the lovable  
Walk down that hill and fuck all the buffalo  
And by the time I get done with the small town  
Ashes of bridges and all the walls fall down  
Sitting in the middle of dialogue  
I know I'm not the brightest star  
Otherwise I'd probably be one foot out the front  
entrance  
Before one sentence even starts breathin - I'm leavin'  
Don't need another reason to carry guilt  
But she got a fair grill and she very built  
Plus I like her smile and her eyes are wild  
Should I try to aspire you to write my style  
Hold up - you can't take every 20 something back to the  
lab  
just to jelly up her belly button  
No thank you, my name is Sean  
Here's a dollar for the jukebox - go play my song

[Chorus] {X2}

Cause this type of shit happens every day  
We all go to heaven, even enemies may  
You better stay in your place where the memories play  
I'm just trying to live life cool - Morris Day

[Verse 2: Murs]

IO n the B L O C, laying low key  
Hair gettin' braided whilst I'm talking to the homie  
Old Gee, standing in the corner not talking  
The little homie's sister wanna borrow my walkman  
It's front yard politics, we talk a lot of shit  
Who we wanna fight, broads that we're trying to hit  
Kinda get bored so we bail to the store

Then we back, posted up for a few hours more  
Now the homeboy cousin bring his ass down stairs  
Tryin' to spark some convo, but don't nobody cares  
Neither life or a square, I'm not even lookin'  
No respect on the block cos he a mark n a hoodie  
And I know this fool gonna say something sideways  
The homeboy just start him out last Friday  
Twenty years old, getting punked every Friday  
Think that he hard cos he dips on the ?YA?  
But my crew don't play, no time for discussion  
Kept talkin' shit so my homeboy rushed him  
Stomped him out in the grass 'til he had a concussion  
Take ya ass in the house fool. don't say nuttin'  
As he walked up the stairs heard him cry through the  
screen door  
Sucker ass chump, what he tryin' to make a scene for  
Know that he heard me cos the window was open  
So I talked even louder and we kept on jokin'

[Chorus] {X4}

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