

Dr. Dog

"Brothers Feel Fly"

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Yo, I bought that album man, it's wack man
I'm tellin you, I don't like it
I'ma be honest man
Honest?
I'm dead up, I'm serious
Serious?
I don't feel it man, the drums are too weak
I don't feel the snares
Coulda used a different type of sample
You're wack man, yeah..

Yo, that kid is wack, his father's wack
His group is wack, that's word word black
I'm detrimental, I hop up on this instrumental
Smack your face with mitts, a pile of grease filled with
grits
Burn you like teddy pendergrass, tap you on that ass
I'm big jim, shut your mouth, call me jimmy steel
Don't freestyle, chemical bank, y'all keep it real
On lollapalooza, their butts packed with german lugers
On tour dates, stashin mad work in milk crates
Rock groups get smacked, speakers dropped, on they
back
Some damage I'm raw, kid the blood is on your
kneecaps
Let's get scuffed up, your castle more than roughed up
Pockets with royalties, you gets, no loyalties
That's word bill, sell your house's mortgage off the hill
I'm for real necks, payin crackers for my ampex
Yeah!

It's the brother feelin fly (brothers feelin fly)
It's the brother feelin fly (brothers feelin fly)

You got commercial records, no monies in your wack
pockets
You get jerked, my master-charge-card's doin work
Eight thousand grills, all these franklin heads, big head
bills
You go 'head wrap balogna sandwich in yo' backpack
School kids up no joke on record labels, y'all still broke

Don't flex at me, who's this kid, standin next to me
I got versatile sawed-off shotgun wic checks with me
Suckers I'm android, no time to feel paranoid
Blow out your face, pull your skull back, now give me
space
My wig is ready, disguised, ridin on the subway
Baldhead on 42nd street, down on broadway
With tony lou, out of prison, my crew from rahway
That's word lou, I'm in new york, I'm here to see you
Cut back your weak tracks, and vomit on your vinyl wax
I'm here, like gladiator, air-conditioned central
You smokin embalmin fluid, elephants are mental
I got dreams to wear your parts off your cash machine
That's in the window me with bags, in the wells fargo
Changin your incite, I'm high class, with appetite
You no comp, for roast pigs, I delete
Your style is neckbone, my cab rides by your street
Yeah!

It's the brother feelin fly (brothers feelin fly)
It's the brother feelin fly (brothers feelin fly)

I twist the bums out the project, elevator lights is out
Y'all wanna step to phi b, big like the ? family
Holdin your ear, like you handicapped, you can't hear
Touch up your young style delivery, don't appeal
Follow through, instructions easy for your rap crew
That's word, that kid you rapped, sound like booboo
Stinky feet, with razor bumps, tryin to rap on beat
I cut your fog lamp down like meat, cut, by the pound
Heather b, step to me, with your thin sound
Twist your knobs, your engineer, mixed like baskin-
rob's
You on the charts, with just enough to pop tarts
Publishin checks you signed off, you gets no respect
You gets to lease the benz, cryin loud with your wic
check
No sale retail, deposit all direct sales
Yeah! check it

It's the brother feelin fly (brothers feelin fly)
It's the brother feelin fly (brothers feelin fly)
It's the brother feelin fly (brothers feelin fly)
It's the brother feelin fly (brothers feelin fly)

Yeah!
Yeah.. styles.. retarded..
Brothers feelin fly..

