

Dr. Doom

"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 neck bone, 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 [unverified] 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

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