

Dirty Heads, The "Antelope"

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Well, my, half bread, might be,
warm a little to low, you're too slow,
what the fuck do you think that you know,
I do so and every rhyme that I spit is just so crucial,
like metamucial I kill some rhymes that I'm used to,
you park so high and mighty,
but I'm not mighty high duddy smoke you out with
weed
and leave your mouth fucking dry,
cuz some of them rappin clappin laughin always beer
tapping fucking dorkette slapping be ridiculous at
how I'm trippin is all I'm thinking is this is the
best mc that can you can find I shine like some moon
through the pine yo and even if you were wine I'd still
stay dope up with my line,

Well if you general brealbre?
then roll with the style the duddy b smoking cali green
leaf till I die b leave me alone when I'm chilling
in my home yo I'm smooth like a schwin and I shine
like the chrome of its fender remember this
microphone
defender return your shit to sender cuz no one wants
to hear it yo your lyrics are weak and yes your spirits
meek and youre an ignorant mother fucker yes it
shows
when you speak your a wicked disappointment your
rhymes
need some ointment the crowd at your shows always
laughing
and pointin leave and blew it my boy has been groovin
and I'm still back stage just smokin and boozin
confusing
the sets save the best for my choosing
I'm choosin the rest so youre loosin

Well don't forget about the down and dirty southern
cali flow just open the melody and let the rhythm go
I'm hoofing up the track just like a bouncing antelope
and soften up your skoal just like a ripened cantaloupe
because the west

West
Coast
Coast
Knows how to kill it and yo and y'all
Y'all
Know
Know
When its time to feel it yo we make it right,
Make it right
So we up all night,
Up all night,
Until its tight,
Until its tight,
Until its tight,
Until its tight,

A bohemian rhapsody, these syllables after me, with
lyrical chastity,
And verbally blaster me, the illest we have to be,
with musical masterpiece,
So come on and clap with me, so come on and clap
with me,
So come on and clap with me,
Just come on and clap with me,
So come on and clap with me,
Yo just come on and clap with me.

Once upon a time in the neighborhood,
there was a little dirty boy that was up to no good,
he had a chip in his tooth and a mic in his hand,
he had a dirty ass head from the beach and the sand,
he said I just got out of the water and I'm late for
school I asked duddy to skip and he said thats cool
So we went to the liquor store got ourselves some
magnum
rollin down the street ya you know we brown bagged
them, with the 50s on top and the 20s on bottom said
we rollin through my hood ya you know we got em
sucker
mcs wanna battle me but thats okay I tell em dont fuck
around because we dont play I sang rock out with my
cock out I got balls of steel hear me clanking down
the street like a bag of beer,
said the dance off session gonna start right here,
dirty b grab the wheel cuz I cant steer,
you got 20 inch rims and they spinin when you stop,
said I don't give a fuck, kill it when the beat drops,
cuz thats what I respect to all you knuckle heads and
derelicts just jammin down the sound with the syllables
and intellect, maybe not the intellect but syllables
are clean and I leave you in the desert with an empty

canteen while I'd be rippin trojan ?
in the gallapagoes and I'd be pickin foes like I'd
be pickin the fro, and all you chicken head hos that
come to pick at my shows you got to go

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