

Heiruspecs

"5ves"

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VoÃ© !!(1..2..3..4..5..1..2..3..4..5)

Its for the live shows, its for the beats and
Its for the woman who sleeps under my sheets so
Its for the energy which builds exponentially
Its for my friends, who keep on reinventing me
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On my fifth day, my day off I'm up early,
the early worm gets the big bite by little birdie
the early bird is chased and caught by the cat
watch your back little bird,
because I'm up from my nap
yes, I got a cable TV, and I got a cable mic
its only got (1) channel, but the reception is tight
I'm flying by the seat of my pants,
so at the end of the night, your records come alive
and beg for the daylight.
(5) miles away my brothers in his room
playing games like star craft
burning other people to flames
and likewise, right here, right now
the show of aggression (5) fingers,
(1) mic next lesson, the session gets deeper
follow me through, I brought my pen and pad
and just a little inspiration, to guide you with,
you can just listen and learn
itchin the burn, vision for the rhythm
we're givin them to return
sayin:

[Chorus]

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1...2â€|3â€|4â€|5

1â€|2â€|3..4â€|5

Wake up, its early morning, get dressed,
turn on my radio, another beautiful day,
in my neighbourhood,
since the mornings when I'm mostly inspired,
though I'm still a bit tired, I write,
because I'm feeling like the flavours good
Saturday was yesterday, last week
and nothings open now except for coffee shops,
which really aint my style
I smile as I'm writing, this world is still asleep
its just me and the sun,
and we're conversin for a while
now its (5) 50 (5), in the early on
the shadow on my lawn becomes a midget while
sun moves along
a little bit more hustle as I nod to my neighbours
they have no idea, they gon be in this song
they're cool, still the dopest person out there
my mother, she accepts me for my rapping
as if rapping was my lover,
and she, she accepts me for my rappin of course
because art needs inspiration, needs a source
don't blink at (5) PM on this day
I'm driving by and drivin away, tryin to say
that my throat hurts, I'm all talk
and really no work and
everybodys out the writing callin Felix a jerk
so what doesn't make you wince now
can only make you better
we'd all be better swimmers if the world was really
wetter
the moral of the story is to remain untold
it never really ends
it just twists and unfolds
sayin:

[Chorus]

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(x 4)

