

Heiruspecs

"Get Down"

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(Felix)

We do this for us, we do it for applause
you know we doing this for you and yours
St. Paul, Minneap, MIDWEST Heiruspecs, check your
map
work harder at assembling, words that leave 'em
trembling
let 'em ring, keep ripping 'til my lips get chapped
and you are now checking the best sound get down
my new mission in life is to tour and wreck towns
'til the other local niggas get mad and step down
leave 'em all shook like they got the clap, ha-ha
and I couldn't give a fuck if you're feeling it
I outlined my rhyme book in chalk would you believe I'm
killing it
the village idiot has got a lot of tales to tell
I'm a fool and now I'm knowing that these tales will sell
put 2 and 2 together and you get a hole
a whole lot of cats trying playing out they roles
they, play, on, say songs through speech
I smile and exhale more than air like in green mile
I fell ill last year, so ill that I was bed ridden
so ill that when I came out MC's got masks
this illness never left, now when I talk I'm afflicted
this ill shit is stuck with me until my death, I laugh
ha-ha

(Muad'dib)

Man. I ain't the right personality type to kick some yada-
yada hype
for y'all to pretend to write
Despite the fringe benefits, penning this is my life
Tight lipped enough to suppress grins when bending
mics
Strike
I pitch words that change-up, slide, sink, and curve
Not a standard issue sidearm, but still serve superb
Sound meets concussive force and forges alliance
Hit the earth, ground ripples and burst, Codename:
Seismic
Fucking up all landings, steps, strides, and stances

Dr. Footshock trauma, metatarsals and phalanges
We can't quit, shit'll be over like that quick
When that cinema plays images of last days, laughter
is magic
It ain't the ripple in the riddle, the flow's undertow we
patrol
Amphibious menace, snapping jaws and death roll
Swamp gator related to sewer species
These beasts be Lake Placid drastic, best believe me

Let the beat hit you like a rock, rock
Take the rhythm, strangle it and just rock, rock
Keep the beat like a clock, tick-tocking on
Move to the break of dawn with us, rock, rock

(Felix)

We gets down like Heidi Fleiss humming Cheap Trick
I've been sewing up a fat as crop I want to reap it
move swiftly down the road, swinging low while your
left lost
stock soul with a body kit, get it?
We gets down like a snapped bungee chord a rush
wet up verses like a wave out of blue crush, must we
keep annoying critics that think we even listen
I'm Felix, and in my position they would never get it
If I'm a master of ceremonies then I want to MC your
funeral
the last ceremony you'll ever have fucker

We gets down like the last ceremony you'll ever have
burying cats, too many are too drab
in the lab, grabbing every thing we've got to keep it on
lock
blessed with the gift to move swift like agent smith
can I get down? Oh yeah, no question 'bout that
hotter than the flames on your message board
forging out blades, melting metal, blacksmith with mic
chord
we gets down like Icarus, we 'gone melt the whole floor
I wouldn't lie to you, this year we reaching out like
sunlight
moving every proving ground to show we run right
we're "zehrgut" in Germany, in Chi Town we're raw
no flaws, you heard this sound and went home with
dropped jaws
pause for a second
we gets down like bullets whirring over your head to
wreck shit
seen you running from the club and you were looking
desperate
inspired to write, right after our set, your page is

desolate
we gets down like 10 yards completed pass
completely pass those competing in a weaker class
they say sticks and stones can break your bones
your breathing fast, cause these words could beat your
ass

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