

I Feel Like Pac / I Feel Like Biggie

DJ Khaled

I've been waiting for a long time (how long)
Real damn long time (how long)
I've been waiting for a long time (how ya feel)
Man..

I feel like Pac, I feel like Biggie
I'm feeling like these hating niggas waiting to get me
I'm losing my sleep, I'm losing my mind
You know I go hard when it comes to mine
I feel like Pac, Biggie, Pac, Biggie

Sucka walk up on me, talking like he know me
Ain't no co defendant do my dirt all by my lonely
Down south nigga, talking jam pony
Rest in Peace to Uncle Al he showed me my first Rollie
Bitches want to know me, haters want to show me
But I'm so vicious double m worth eighty tickets
Cop just pulled me over, caught up in this thing
Take my case to trial, my juror Paula Deen
I know they hate a nigga but he's such a major nigga
Tell the clip the .40 when C.I.A. with us
305 them killas, Ricky Ross the richest
Bel- Air on my table, I talk it then I live it

All of you starve and I eat fast
Moussain when I creep past
Blacked out I max out with the same same watch on me chain
We killing niggas no repass my momma got like 3 Jags
You talkin' bout how you ball nigga we really gettin' that street cash
Say old money, new work
Smell the caine on my new shirt
My old g said strap up and don't lay your head where you do dirt
And my momma said do school work
I was making that tool work
And niggas wanted me dead with a whole lot on my head
Man they hit Big in the passenger, hit Pac in the passenger
So I'm riding round with this Mac on me
And a bunch of shooters in back of us
Roll up and you a dead man
Head shot when we clapped ya
We sellin niggas to the murk em man, and I ain't talkin' bout Erica

Feel like it's me against the world
Bury me a g
My middle finger to the world
I'm gon' forever be a g
Pussy nigga want a witness stay armed no Biggie
When we get busy no alarms just semis
We pour out a lil liquor throw it like straight ballers
We cradle to the grave ride when my homie call
Give a damn if you me West P
When somebody gotta die, we gon' march to the steps
They said Brenda had a baby but she left it in the alley
One shot that playa hater now we going back to Cali
Hit the time nigga I got a story to tell
My ambitions as a rider got me ready to die
And when we ride on no more paint we go hard as shit

Why you complaining and you wonder why we call you bitch
It's an every day struggle nigga me and my bitch
It's unbelievable suicide I thought you would get
Said fuck me warning and the gun don't blast
Give me the loot sorry nigga one more chance
You know this shit don't stop
Keep these sucker under pressure
Only god can judge me shawty I ain't mad at ya

Ya nigga can't see me
A paid thug nigga
That's why shawty wanna be me
See a kid around around in your town kick in your door
I feel like Pac and Biggie love the dough, more than you know

Ey yo, how you gon' compare yourself to greatness
If you ain't ready to be great, man?
Ain't no more to it