

Feel a Way

2 Chainz

Okay
Alright

A nigga never learned to save
I be ballin' anyway (I be ballin' any)
God don't make no mistakes
God don't make no mistakes (Boom, boom)
A nigga never learned to save
I be ballin' anyway (Yeah, swish)
God don't make no mistakes
This life is give-and-take

Needed somethin' wavy to get my point across (Yeah)
I work for myself so I guess I work for a boss
Look up at the scoreboard and tell you who took the loss
Aim it at your Adam's apple, turn it to apple sauce
El captain turned Peter's street into a Motorcross (Skrtrt)
Last one with Def Jam but I'm still goin' off (I'm still goin' off)
And it ain't about my masters, I've been ownin' mine
Had the wifey mad at me 'cause I know Farrakhan (Boom)
And you know this is a hit, Barry Bonds
And my shawty gonna ride me like a peloton (Ride)
Sophomore year I sold more crack than a windshield (Shit)
Dunk contest, jump over Lam' and did a windmill (Jump)
They ask me how I feel, I told 'em, "Never better" (Better)
Smokin' on opp, I roll more L's than Peli Peli
I stay fly, yes I'm fly, land on Mike Pence
I do some stupid shit, don't let 'em dawg me like Mike Vick
A nigga never learned to save (Yeah, uh)
I be ballin' anyway (I be ballin' anyway)
God don't make no mistakes (Respect it)
This life is give-and-take (Boom, boom)
(Southside)

Don't let 'em make you feel a way
Could've freed more if they only knew that they was slaves (Slaves, slaves, slaves)
Man, we gotta get away
Man, your boy done caught a wave
You should hear the way I say (Southside)
Talk, talk, talk to them people
Man, you don't even know the language
Man, I ain't finna do no lame shit
This a yacht and that's a long way from a slaveship
How they control our mind? (Mind)
How they control us though? (What?)
How they get us so, what? So emotional?
You think you Nat Turner, what you want the folks to know?
When Larry Jackson called, they let Frank Ocean go
Middle name Mandela, me and momma sold dope together
I can't hear you Helen Keller, since fifteen I've been a felon
A felon can vote, spread the message, exhale accapella
I still throw my diamond up, oh you still reppin' Roc-A-Fella?
Me and Dame in the studio, diamond up (What up Dame?)
Me and Biggs in the studio, time is up (What up Biggs?)
Woo, and I bet they feel a way
Thirteen thousand acres, I don't know where to stay (Southside)

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(MWA Music)