

Catching Feelins

2pac

Hahaha
Oh yeah
My home boys might squabble but we don't fall down (never)
Hahaha
Yeah
Huh
My home boys might squabble but we don't fall down
Ugh
Yeah
My home boys might squabble but we don't fall down (hey)
(Westside, westside)
Part two of the war
Bring it, lets do it
Huhuhuh

Cross this nigga here
Now Biggie tell me who do you fear?
Ain't a living soul breathing shall pump no fear here
My last four flashed then I mashed his ass
Bastard
Fuck with me bet I blast your ass
So many follow but can't reach me
Caught in a maze
Catch em
Mimicking my style trying to walk this way
Impossible my posse dropping you
We Death Row riders
No need to beg motherfucker ain't no mercy inside us
Feeling blessed
The richer I get the more I stress
Smoking lye watching time fly, waiting for death
Dear God I been feeling like I'm close to Jesus
Paranoid with my pistols close, smoking trees
Keep my eyes on my foes, those close to me
Watching niggas catch strays, shake, choke and bleed
Me
A mercenary for the streets
Check my pedigree
Busting motherfuckers it's the thug in me
Now niggas talk a lotta Bad Boy shit
Then get to squealing
Bitch made catching feeling
Hahaha

Outlaw niggas are you ready to clown
My homeboys might squabble but we don't fall down
Screaming bye bye bitches
Untouchable sound
Niggas hide like hoes when we hit your town
Catching Feelings

Yeah, Napoleon..
Picture me sipping on 1-5-1
Drunk then a motherfucker

Dropping my gun
Or as high as a kite hitting hoes for fun
But that ain't me
Dog my minds now clear
And that ain't fair dog
Your heart pump fear
In the state I *censored*
You better hide nigga *censored* is near
And you know just as well I do
You ain't no killer
So kill that
You wouldn't kill if you had to
We might wobble but we don't fall down
We take the gospel from Makaveli
Pass it around
Ahhhh, shit
We gonna taste the power
We started the thug trend
The game is ours
Now we coast together
Put our thoughts together
Won't question will we die together
Cause the hour is soon to come
Kadafi trained soldier
I show you how to use your gun
Bring it

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We Yelling
M - A - D - E
N - I - Double G
A
Motherfuckers
And we here to stay
From curb surfing
We working the industry
You kidding me
It's really nothing to me and my king
You see
We in the big things
Eat a dick man
If your hating
We gone ride
'Till the wheels fall off
Pay attention
Screaming
Bye bye bitches
Untouchable sound (ugh)
Ride or die niggas
And we hunting you down
Representing all the real niggas stuck in the trap
Banging out with the po po
Trying to get to some mo'
Street life
Young strugglers

Racing the clock
Ain't no telling when it all can end
Roll or rock
That's the world
With feelings
This a mans world youngin'
The bitches in business
So learn a 'lil something
Hey
Stop running your mouth
You're on the verge of squealing
Bitch made catching feelings
Nigga
Ugh

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Everybody's a gangsta
But don't put in work
Instead of putting on the armor
Niggas put on a skirt
These drugs ain't helping
It only making it worse
And the streets ain't got nothing for me but herbs
I can't trust the church or the mobs
I can only trust God
And to tell you the truth I gotta ride
I only roll with the real
Cause rolling with the fake got my loved ones killed

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