

# Feel It

Amir Obè

Yeah, drinking Henny, curving calls  
Might text her back and nerk the broad  
Harsh cold, girl I thought you knew  
I break your heart before the night is trough  
Never sober, never stressin' neither  
Might fuck 'em hoes, but never keep 'em  
If she had to choose she'd never leave him  
But she satisfied with just the weekend  
Yeah, she gon' smoke like that  
I be chiefin'

I stay high, don't believe 'em peeking  
Fuck your head up, don't believe in cheating  
But she gonna fuck with no fucking reason  
Don't need love cause the lust is fulfilled  
Trust is unreal and girl you blind  
If you don't need love, then girl you mine

Ah, I guess I got it like that  
Everytime I'm wrong she be comin' right back  
And even though I fuck up, she ain't never gon' leave

She don't wanna feel it again  
She gon' feel it, she gon' feel it  
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You need a second, I need a weapon  
To kill the interment vibe  
The g-code, the cheating  
I got infinite lives  
And you get attached  
And I'll act suprised  
But you see is arrogant, there's fear in the skies  
I can't decide  
Money, love or fucking  
I fucking love money  
But it's never either-or  
And I always needed more  
And you feel like you missin' something  
Need somebody to miss or something  
Kisses, hugging something different then these fucking  
What the f-

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