

## The Feeling

Icewear Vezzo

Just a feeling, just a feeling  
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Light this shit  
Let that bitch ride a lil bit  
That type of vibe right now

Police at the cribs we been trapping down the street  
Multi-million dollar nigga, double R stitched in the seats  
Forgiato tires make the car sound like a Jeep  
50 thousand in all hundreds, yeah that money coming neat  
Trappin like the '80s, gangster like my uncle  
Trynna quit the lean can't be a hustler and a junkie  
Let my circle eat can never watch my niggas fumble  
Stash the yayo in the tire, put the choppers in the duffel  
Ain't bout who got it first, it's bout who get the paper longer  
I'm really only worried bout the shit that make me stronger  
Run that paper up like fuck the haters, we too focused  
Plus we really having motion, peel money on promotions  
Niggas out here dyin cause that fatty hit too strong  
Heavy bag could've started little with that dog  
The rap game bogus have the niggas in here told  
I done seen Instagram turn real niggas into trolls  
Maybach in the winter, hold my rollie out in traffic  
You are not taking risks on your behalf, the niggas lacking  
Half a million dollars on a crib I got in Dallas  
Real nigga beat the odds, staying free my only challenge  
Backend boys, ran on all the stages  
I been through some shit use the pain as motivation  
Plain Richard Millie, bust the sides it's the stainless  
If I was selling cars, these niggas spend they whole savings  
Really stand on business, flood my kids up in ice  
Never seen a jealous hearted nigga win in my life  
Stood tall on all the shit I did, I got stripes  
32 inch on the Audi, like a rig on the bike  
Sittin in the feds, me and Rello  
Deezy told me said "The bosses be the ones with understanding"  
My daddy told me "Never put a bitch before your family"  
My brothers showed me how to throw the blick when you in traffic  
And if them niggas really wasn't with me when I was struggling  
Fuck up out my way, and run away now we bubbling  
Got on all my ice at all my shows, bitches nutting  
30 round hang out the clock, leave his head right in his stomach

Who taught you to please  
Who taught you to hate the texture of your hair  
Who taught you to hate the color of your skin  
To such extent you bleach, to get like the white man  
Who taught you to hate the shape of your nose and the shape of your lips  
Who taught you to hate yourself from the top of your head to the sole  
s of your feet?