

Feeling It

Kur

Bro said he trap cause the streets bring in more than the rap do and
I couldn't argue wit that (yea yea)
I shoulda learn from mistakes, I kept on repeating em I know I'm smarter than it (real talk)
Hearing they tapes man most of these niggas beneath me they gotta come harder than that (yea)
Crafty and strapped yea we all in to that, Wan text me said he got chalk "where you at" (yea)
I got the Jordan 4s on and they black, going through beef we took shit to the max (ah)
Spinning and spinning we came wit the pack, niggas was grinning when I looked bad (cmon now)
I'm telling drizzle lets get to this bag, I'm telling vizzle "ay work on your craft"
I told this bitch ion got it she mad, sike her you go she just smiled this shit sad
Fill her earholes in the car and get tagged, anytime I had the ball know I passed
Since I came out I been raw you can at, she think I'm gon hit her all cause she bad
Rapping like Weezy to got all respect, rest in peace Easy my dawg I'm so sad
Niggas is greasy can't help it they crabs, she wanna go to the shake to get crabs

It's too many drinks, I'm feeling it
I took these pills, they pink, I'm feeling it
I'm boutta uh faint, I'm feeling
I'm boutta faint, I'm feeling it
I had to step up my weight, I'm feeling it
I had to get to some cake, I'm feeling it
I had to... you feel me
Long as you feeling it, I had to go to the bank, I'm feeling it
I'm getting money like banks, you feeling it
Rolling up ma'fucking gank you feeling it, gank you feeling it

Y'all be hollering "gang gang" but ain't none one of them wit the shits (gang)
Them same niggas that you praise, ain't none one of them niggas rich
Look in your eyes and see you a bitch, you ain't never let of no blick (yea)
Pussy come round wit a stick, I take his gun right off his hip (oh realllyyy)
I just ride round the city, shooters trail me in a Sprinter
We don't give a fuck about your hitters (no no no)
Pussy killed somebody before, that still don't mean he a killer (no no no)
Popped his groupie ass before, he still wanna be my nigga (fool)
Designer on my body she impressed by Heron Preston (Doe Beezy)
She think that I don't like her I'm too geeked to care bout texting (muah muah)
I don't do no weddings bitch this chop gon be my best men (brrr brrr)

You still ain't did shit to him you know he killed ya best friend (oh
realllyyy)

Pussy

I'm boutta uh faint, I'm feeling

I'm boutta faint, I'm feeling it

I had to step up my weight, I'm feeling it

I had to get to some cake, I'm feeling it

I had to... you feel me

Long as you feeling it, I had to go to the bank, I'm feeling it

I'm getting money like banks, you feeling it

Rolling up ma'fucking gank you feeling it, gank you feeling it (Young
79)