

No Feelings

Kurupt

Nigga I don't got no feelings
What the fuck you think this is
I got no reason to live
So make your mind up what you want to do
I make your family be missing you

Nigga I don't got no feelings
What the fuck you think this is
I got no reason to live
So make your mind up what you want to do
I make your family be missing you

Yo dusting you off like dirty fingerprints on evidence
Battling me you dead like presidents
I'm fresh like prince jazzy like jeff
The man just like Meth crazy like Lep
Plus jams just like Def
With a pin I'm a king like Kurupt
When I throw a style, you better duck
And if you don't your ass is out of luck
Don't fuck with the master if I have to
Then I blast you, then go to Church and see my pastor
Why you have to be like this, me and the mic's tight
Like lettuce, lighting the pimps
This year my son turned six
If your style's wack then you need to get that shit fixed
Brothers hittin Jersey, my raps hitting harder than bricks

I'm iller, willer than your local drug dealer
Come to my villa, meet the 9-milla
Letting off, where I stop you getting off
Make you feel it just like Latifah's kiss in Set It Off
You want war come on, put on the boxing gloves
People call me an artist on the canvas 'cause I draw blood
That's what's up with the shit I maneuver
Hit the losers with a Lueger then lay up in Aruba
I'm gonna be rappin till you muthafuckaz
get sick of me on the M-I-see
I'm sicker than ten niggaz with HIV
Tracey, pack the chico, the freak though
Holding heats and we're in wall street
With Sloppy Joe, you feel me yo?

Uh what check it, my name is Steven
I eat MC's for no apparent reason
Better you if you skeezin, I'm pleasing
Those who dare, I advise you not to stare
You be ass out like a flat tire without a spare
I declare war before I have to even a score
You got me hot like sand on the shore
I'm running the floor like a ballerina
I go back like Flavor Flav and comb Adina
I get honeys to make you say "You seen her?"

I'm pregnant but only in my mind
Hopin my baby rhyme grows to be a triple platinum album
A felon, using the steel to do crimes

Smoke so many niggaz they put up no smoking signs
Charismatic, gasmatic, ballin like Madden
Cream automatic, attractive like a magnet
Speeding like car racing, cream like carnation
Burn out my PlayStation while cats be scarfacing
Hey old lady sorry's all I can say
My bills got me looking in pocket books in a different way
Foxy in the boulevard Benzo
I'm in the back of Kurupt's flex truck playin 64 Nintendo

Gettin pealed, skills and it feels
Raw doggs, raw deals, niggaz either ill, fake, or real
Penetrates, own the 10's and 38's
Ridahs and niggaz turn the states and flippin crates
Get lift like weights, bust and radiates
Spreading infection, murderous mafia connections
I want it felt, touch life's villains
Start drilling, start ampin out
Hitting them with autos campin out
With autos innovative, calculative, creative
Touch a nigga, hectic, with a couple of seconds to bust nigga
From a distance, I could peep a fuck up
You want to have but nuttin but cash to get stuck up
Man I'm diamonds, yo, God is nice
Hot, never seen cats with so much ice
I got blocks to get all that's got behind the scenes
Sellin glocks, tech 9's, 16's and magazines