

## The Feels / TTE 2

Marlon Craft

Oh my God, what does it do?  
Oh my Lord, I don't know you  
Doing the work don't scare me  
It took a lot of pain just to paint these words  
It's pouring whiskey  
And it took a lot of rain just to make me swerve  
My God, my patience slim  
I've been watching the Knicks lose games all year  
I don't have time for the fake my dear  
Everybody got a dream, I'm a make mine clear  
Yes Lord, see I came to deliver all the change  
In the middle of the anguish and bitterness exchanged  
In the riddles of the language, and little men with big banks, shit stanks  
Every verse fire, I ain't never had a mistake, no  
I was so mad now I feel so pure  
I'm a need a couple of Coronas for my couple of personas  
Each one gonna need around four, my Lord  
It's just one of them feelings  
I don't need a mag I'm a source of the vibe  
I don't need a dab, a report to get high  
Come take a little drag of these portraits of mine

Thought I coulda lost me, almost got me on my heels  
All my people by me said they got me, keep it real  
I'm like whoa  
They got me in the feels  
I'm like whoa  
This shit got me in the feels  
So pass the cup, we don't celebrate  
We don't ask for much, we don't dwell the hate  
We got so much soul, we won't seldom make  
I got so much hope, I won't ever wait  
I'm like whoa  
It got me in the feels  
I'm like whoa  
This shit got me in the feels  
Yeah, it's that shit that you lost  
And it's that feeling that you get when you forget just what your stop is  
You so lost up in the music that you can't conceal your posture  
Everybody looking at you, someone get that boy a doctor, Lord

But see I've been searching for a couple of years  
I done rode this train with a couple of fears  
But now I'm finally starting to get comfortable here  
If I had a boombox I'd be pumping it here  
Said oh my God, can a young man feel free?  
America, take your hands off me  
See, all I see is technology  
Filled with sex, money, greed and the fame  
You and I need to find when we bleed just the same  
They tell me to hate you and we feel the pain, not them  
Not today, 'cause the vibe too strong  
Gone rock today, but the pride too long, hypocrisy  
Can't survive my storm, we gone ride this train  
We gone find new songs, I swear

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Hey there, you're that young man that gave me that dollar earlier, ain't you  
?  
Yeah man that's me  
Now why you looking so dazed and confused young blood, what's on your mind?