Feel It

Rapsody

Guys, I'm saving her life and yours. Her presence makes us all vulnerable. I don't want you learning that inconvenient fact under fire. (Master chief?) Seek life elsewhere. (Suck my...)

If you feel it, yeah, if you feel it, feel it
If you feel it, yeah

I skip on water, I skate on ice
So if hell froze over then I'd still be nice
You gotta vice for gambling life
Lay down the dice, you find yourself hooked up to device
Like beep beep, uh
That's a weak beat, you good for that
You got the rules of fame confused with the rules of rap
Squad - we like autobots in Idlewild
The future looks amazing, our drive is crazy wild, you crazy child
Watch 'em bite our style like edible arrangements
It could rain mints, I'm still fresher than all of y'all
Linen out the dryer, we don't close pens
Still hanging on every line I spit before ten
Origin, Morrison, you outside The Doors
Waiting on the sun, a daughter came five foot four
Five foot three whichever, what's a inch to yard?
The ruler's back, they all saying the ruler is Rap
Many will nap, counting sheep? I never did that
Leaders lead, followers trail, I never look back
When you this good you never get lapped
Widen the gap like plus sizes somewhere in the back
I'm too big for your britches, I ain't never been slapped
Got palms in my face, they like "where y'all at?"
A way more elegant spot where you can't wear caps
That's a metaphor my level advanced
You class Afro-American McCants
You can't, uh, the race ain't fair
It's like you started back there, boy, I'm way up here
And still faster, I could sneeze and beat you by a light year
It's nothing, gear up, it's like police out here
'Cept I'm aiming at the ones rocking the same big gear
Rest y'all no threat like some fathers
Disappear when she crowned, boy, I'm like McGyver
You can't be trapped when ya mind like a driver's
Boy, I been woke for many, many, many mileage
You'll never be as fly as me no matter who ya stylist
Boy, this what style is, baby, this what style is
Boy, this what style is, baby, this what style is
Open up your eyelids
I can see the envy like Badu's green iris, I do what I wanna
I'm borderline Madonna
The Queen of Pop Pop aiming at these pop warners
Knock ya helmet off your shoulders then I peel off like bananas
I keep it so real you could call me Marlanna
A dead poet, this my will of fortune, no Vanna
I see the game you playing, competition never honest
Got pressure on your back while I never left the sauna
Hot flow, that's aight though, take it as a warning
Dearly beloved we're gathered here this morning
Till death do us part, expect ya family some mourning

The game ain't the same and all y'all like Lauren
With the last name foreign acting New New for 'em
And I ain't Korean, but I know I been nailin' it
They feeling all hurt, why you acting all delicate?
You gotta problem with me you should write to your delegates
I'm a Jedi, no emotion, now they call me Bill Belichick
But I ain't feeling patriot, America racist
Talking 'bout hoods that America made, shit
Understand the truth when you hear it
And understand the booth is where we spit mo' mirrors
Reflections of it all
Just keeping it real with y'all
Ya feel me?

If you feel it, yeah, if you feel it, feel it
If you feel it, yeah

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