

Feelin Hood

Red Café

I'm feeling hood in the motherfucker,
I got my eyes sown, I might go out tonight.
I'm feeling hood in the motherfucker,
I told myself they'll be everybody gather around.

I want the life of a filthy rich golfer,
Flying in that Austin, panorama potion,
Everyday I do it, I gotta do it all good,
Tell them what I want, never, ever take the offer.
Me and my lady friend, we hit the big city,
I be the big dog, I'm petting on a kitty.
Looking in out eyes, rub it on our tights,
Six minutes watch proof, better come alive.
Raised as a killer, trained like a dealer,
Farm is soother cool, plenty cut, no scissor,
Have a name, my every day with,
Hurt the black limbs, my very day sin.

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Paparazzi get a treat when I follow through.
The stories you ain't heard about me probably aren't true.
Though I farm in this I feel marvelous,
Put me on that wing, call it Sean Conollis.
Rose bottles represent how I feel,
Win, win, win, don't worry that I will.
Against the odds on the dirty boulevards,
Even being sucker I'll be forced to get in charge.
DC, LA, VA, GA, I'm never gonna crack, it's my word against the DA.
I go hard till the angels talk to me,
Or till the great MJ sings his songs to me.

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Oh, my mama, I did it for my mama,
And in my entourage there is no Johnny Drama.
Loyalty, honor, eight numbers, two commas.
Fools can't find us, I'll be Osama.
Now you don't feel it like send it double rack
Present in elect, the supper's ready to rock.
Straight from the PJs to flying on PJs
Everyday I celebrate, so rock them PJs.
I step out the jet, damn, and they wave in,
Like they love me, so now I'm waving.
I always wanted to do it like Sean Con's,
I had sold it all from product, to bar codes.

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