

Feel Me

Steven Malcolm

Mic check 1, 2
Ay, turn me up a little bit in the phones
Let's get it
Yeah

For the Father Imma live and Imma die for the Gospel
That's just the reality
Call it insanity better the Man in me
Giving me sanity, holding me up like a canopy
I know, gotta get it like this
Walk in the dark where they all fell apart
Lifting them up like a daily depart
I know all I be giving come right out the heart
Thinking I be all up in the studio
Late night grinding gotta get it with a pay right
Never tryna fit in with whatever come and get them all
To play my tracks in the back while I give time
Not into ripping no record
For the record, I wreck it put that into murdering credits
Kids out think I'm better than all my competitors
This here my medicine, hold up!
Yeah

And I know I'll never be the same
I'm feeling different
I wonder if they listening
(Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)
I write for the glory of Yeshua
Whipping up all of the metaphors
Tell them they dead and got down Imma let 'em up
Yeah

Whipping the Word by the flick of the wrist
Letting it go by the brick
Stacking up daily with this like I flip
Carry that hope but they skipping like "Hey, it don't matter"
Yo, matter fact, know with the mic that I grip
I wonder do they feel me
Hit them with the (raw, raw, raw, raw)

They feel me, when I let the clip go
When I hit them with the iller than it gets, better believe they gonna feel me
When I spark that truth
That real, better deal; what a feeling knowing they feel me
Knowing they feel me
Knowing they feel me, knowing they feel me
Knowing they feel me
Knowing they feel me, knowing they feel me
When I let the clip go
When I hit them with the iller than it gets, better believe they gonna feel me
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That real, better deal; what a feeling knowing they feel me
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Knowing they feel me
Knowing they feel me, knowing they feel me

This the type of life that I dreamed about
You wanna cut me open I bleed it out
For the flock that your boy leading out
With that real talk that I be about
Looking like this here my life, so I'm giving
All of myself; to the critics who witness
Every little gimmick that watching and plotting
I aim for the people who wanna come get it (Whoo!)
And I know that I've been
On that wide road tryna find more
Feeling so empty; what it got to offer
So temporary so I had to bury it
(Can't nothing control me)
I'm bound to whatever
The mentally crippling freedom within me
I'm pushing the envelope, leh go Geronimo!
Kill 'em like an AK-47 when I get up on the microphone
You know I gotta light 'em up with everything I got
I know the limit is infinite when I'm killing it
Real with it when I'm giving it; Give me the mic I'm feeling it (Swish!)
Yeah
That's a game winner with my eyes close
In my prime gone off that grind zone
I'm putting and giving the feeling for a villain when I know they gonna feel
me

When I let the clip go
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Knowing they feel me

Way it shoulda feel me, yeah