

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

Knowing they feel me

Knowing they feel me, knowing they feel me

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
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
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When I hit them with the iller than it gets, better believe they gonna feel
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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

Way it shoulda feel me, yeah