

Feels - A COLORS SHOW

Wretch 32

You got me in my feelings, can't fight the way I feel

Feel like I should battle for custody of my youts
They won't see your view when they're stuck with me in a room
All this passa passa is funny, you've been amused
Laughing all the way to my bank 'cah I pay my dues
Feel like I should clear up old/all rumours that may emerge
She'll be mine forever no matter who had her first
Sometimes your history can block you from what you're worth
Still they say they love me but hate that I make it work
I'm in my feels

My brother's mum put my brother on a plane to get away from my dad's side of
the family
Didn't know it rattled me
Met a few times conversations over Granny, seemed weird how we had the same
face, sons of anarchy
And I'd hoped he'd be someone I could roll
Round Tottenham with the most
But I'm with my Seven Sisters and I love 'em, little bro
Should be someone I should know
Now his mum was in her feels, they're in the states he sounds like Damson on
the phone
Still I wish 'em

More life, more life (I wish 'em)
I pray all my niggas get more life
Shawty say she waan spend more time
But a nigga been hustling all night yeah
(You got me in my feelings)
In my feels
(Can't fight the way I feel)
In my feels, my feels, my feels

Cross my heart and hope to fly, I don't feel much anymore
When I lost my nan I lost real love to the Lord
I was at my lowest I was ill numb to the floor
Still I prayed to the Father
Faith plus disaster can still equal your karma
Life's a cycle but my halo, it gave me armour
Reaper try reap what I sow but I'm a martyr
Appetite full ate up the ends that was a starter
Presidential rollie Trump over Biden
I'm Wretch Obama
I should take a bar off
'Cause sometimes that's how it gets, ask Carlos
Starnine's killing my people it ain't the stardawg
Why we gotta go off the grid when we get a chart song
Imagine being poked in your back by your opening act
I was opening the door so you can close up the trap
They say it's Black on Black crime
There's red blood on my hands
When you were from my homeland
You were my Brodie in fact

Buss another bottle of Courvoss (yeah)
Pour a likkle liquor for me dawgs
Louis Vuitton pon mi corpse haffi kill it where we living 'cah they never sh

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I spent most of my life up in the field
Spent half of my time stuck in my feels
There's no doubt in mind it's something real
I've got a mountain to climb in Notting Hill
Every year we give you celebrations but do many care for the reparations
Not saying we paved the way but we paved the pavement
British Commonwealth games make you turn Jamaican
Is that food for thought?
The Caribbean shop's not in the mood to talk
'Cause UB40 took all the tour support
No red red wine just give me Supermalt
And don't take the piss if I'm in the cubicle
I've seen you eat your dinner and mine
So much on my plate, I'm adding flavour and spice
Bars on the window in case they peek through the blinds
Cause 'Love Thy Neighbour' was not a favourite of mine
Reflection of the times but do the minds reflect?
He loved do the medals but didn't like the men
Remind me to remember if ever I forget
And if the children are the future let's never lie to them
Tell them great granny just had to move yana
Back on the flight couldn't produce the docs
You think she's lucky and got a 2 for 1 but
The truth is both her homes turned to none
Do you even know if she's got a place or not?
How you even living with all this shame you got
'Cause you're so busy focused on what we're becoming that
You don't even ever see what you've become