

2Pac "Catchin Feelins"

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My home boys might squabble but we don't fall down
Yeah, my home boys might squabble but we don't fall
down
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down
Westside, westside
Part two of the war, bring it, let's do it, huh huh

Cross this nigga here, now Biggie, tell me who do you
fear?
Ain't a livin' soul breathin' shall pump no fear here
My last four flashed then I mashed his ass
Bastard, fuck with me, bet I blast your ass

So many follow but can't reach me, caught in a maze
Catch 'em mimickin' my style, tryin' to walk this way
Impossible, my posse droppin' you, we Death Row
riders
No need to beg, motherfucker, ain't no mercy inside us

Feeling blessed, the richer I get the more I stress
Smokin' lye watchin' time fly, waitin' for death
Dear God, I been feelin' like I'm close to Jesus
Paranoid with my pistols close, smokin' trees

Keep my eyes on my foes, those close to me
Watchin' niggas catch strays, shake, choke an' bleed
me
A mercenary for the streets, check my pedigree
Bustin' motherfuckers, it's the thug in me

Now niggas talk a lotta bad boy shit
Then get to squealin'
Bitch made catchin' feelin'

Outlaw niggas, are you ready to clown?
My homeboys might squabble but we don't fall down
Screamin', "Bye bye bitches, untouchable sound"
Niggas hide like hoes when we hit your town
Catchin' feelins

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Yeah, Napoleon, picture me sippin' on one five one
Drunk than a motherfucker, droppin' my gun
Or as high as a kite, hittin' hoes for fun
But that ain't me, dog, my mind's now clear

An' that ain't fair, dog, your heart pump fear
In the state I guess
You better hide nigga truth is near
An' you know just as well I do
You ain't no killer, so kill that you wouldn't kill if you had
to

We might wobble but we don't fall down
We take the gospel from Makaveli, pass it around
Ah, shit, we gonna taste the power
We started the thug trend, the game is ours

Now we coast together, put our thoughts together
Won't question will we die together
'Cause the hour is soon to come
Kadafi trained soldier, I show you how to use your gun,
bring it

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Catchin' feelins, feelins catchin' feelins

We yellin', "M A D E N I double G A, motherfuckers"
An' we here to stay, from curb surfen'
We workin' the industry, you kiddin' me
It's really nothin' to me an' my king, you see

We in the big things, eat a dick, man,
If your hatin', we gone ride, 'til the wheels fall off, pay
attention
Screamin', "Bye bye bitches, untouchable sound"
Ride or die niggas, an' we huntin' you down

Representin' all the real niggas stuck in the trap
Bangin' out with the po' po', tryin' to get to some mo'
Street life, young strugglers racin' the clock
Ain't no tellin' when it all can end, roll or rock

Ain't no world with feelings, this a man's world,
youngin'
But the bitches' in business, so learn a lil' somethin'
And stop runnin' your mouth, you're on the verge of
squealin'
Bitch made catchin' feelings, nigga

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Everybody's a gangsta but don't put in work
Instead of puttin' on the armor, niggas put on skirts
These drugs ain't helpin', it only makin' it worse
An' the streets ain't got nothin' for me but herbs

I can't trust the church or the mobs
I can only trust God an' to tell you the truth
I gotta ride, I only roll with the real
'Cause rollin' with the fake got my loved ones killed

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