

## **Celph Titled f/ Majik Most**

### **"Just a Feelin' \*"**

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\* originally appeared on Majik Most's album, "You Got Jokes?!?!!" [Verse One: Majik Most] I wanna make a mill so I can change and act strange Get an Andre 3000 wig with some bangs I'll hang and bang your frame like the Predator do Turn in your album kid, I'm the editor dude I'm takin' out you, your producer and your crew (Ayo, that's why they hate you) I'ma spit in your food Turn in your eggs and steak Just throw it off your plate You're shook cause your mom called and pre-booked a date rape [Celph Titled] Now when thugs hear this beat, they wanna do the Hammer dance I keep so many guns on me I gotta rock Hammer pants God Damn I'm the man (Who's that?) I've been a star since Pat Benatar been a star I seen you talkin' to some men at the bar But I ain't know who they was Here's a round on us We gonna throw 'em some slugs Launch 'em a scud And put the glock to the back of your head My burner stay scaldin' hot Leave you with a balding spot [Chorus: Scratching] "Y'all shut up and listen" "Just a feeling" "Ain't nothin', ain't frontin'" "Just a feeling" "Bitch, yeah, we murder the rest" "Just a feeling" "Y'all in trouble now" "Y'all shut up and listen" "Just a feeling" "Ain't nothin', ain't frontin'" "Just a feeling" "Bitch, yeah, we murder the rest" "Just a feeling" "That bullshits not me, that bullshit is you" - KRS-One [Verse Two] I'm a dangerous man like highly flammable flannels (And what?) And lit Roman candles (Oh) Majik man handles My groping ass, flat breast sick sex scandal In my private jet you can bet I'm not sober Reverend Run's on a runway, I'll run his ass over I'll leave your melon with a massive comb over Diagnose with melanoma and gang green and a coma And I'll eat your spleen with kidney beans and it's over [Celph Titled] Don't stick your head out It's huntin' season for duck niggas Elmer Fudd with the pump loaded You better duck niggas No Rogaine just pro pain to make your wig flammable Keep my weapon concealed inside a stuffed animals Stash rifles in giraffe necks Smack you with a hockey stick Now that's a bad check Why give a bitch some chedda When I can come home and jack off To some old school rap videos by Salt-N-Pepa [Chorus] [Verse Three: Majik Most]

Catch you broke kids on radar I see you on the beacon  
Come to your house and just punch your beak in Me  
and Vicious Stevens dump your body in the deep end  
(Stupid motherfucker) You got caught tryin' to peak in  
When your little sister masturbated to me speakin' I  
freak the industry Stay on my job Motherfuck a gun butt  
I'll give you a gun job Now you need Sponge Bob to  
soak up blood clots [Celph Titled] Yeah Me and Majik  
the tag team of rap Toe taggin' your team into rap Your  
grandma is gettin' clapped (You let the guns rumble?)  
Nigga I'm Spice-1's stunt double Sprayin' flames at  
your grill until your face bubbles Demonic aroma  
therapy Burnin' flesh and kerosene Groundin' your  
brains into canned hams with yams and beans And it  
seems your studio is my bathroom stall Come through  
rockin' a pea coat and piss on y'all [Chorus]

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