

Cole Natalie

"I Can Feel It"

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(chorus)

I can feel it
You can feel it
Can you feel it?
Cause I can feel it
Can you hear it?
Cause I can hear it

(verse 1: Wicked/Nino alternating every few lines)

I got my big block still
And he come and touch me Wicked man
And that's for real
My momma's stressin'
You're on the wrong course
But I've been cheatin' and thiefin'
Fuck the task force
A secret source told me I'll be raided
Even though there're deputy cars
I'm gonna play it
I packed up and left behind my nudiean(?)
Fuck them hoes I got money and Peruvian
See we got 'chus we got Cubans
We got Atlanta, Miami, and even Houston
And don't be shippin'
It's my little neck
You fuck with me I make four-mile tracks
It's hard to tell I got half a million dollars
Because I live in Decatur
Drive an Impala
Several homes that have been knocked off
But if it jumps off I'm gonna die wit the sawed-off

(chorus)

(verse 2)

See I can feel a gun battle with the po-po
Or gettin' caught on the road with a kilo
I can feel the whole city and the mayor

Givin' me life or the chair
It ain't fair
But life's a fuckin' dickin'
I get a nut from robbin' the lickin'
I can feel the FBI tryin' to frame me
Or the Klu Klux Klan tryin' to hang me
I can feel my whole hood against me
I can feel the laws apprehend me
Got me scared to add to my own dough
Got me scared to sell my own blow
See I can feel my girl go in state
I can feel them robbin' me from the weight(?)
I can feel the shocks from the chair
And I can feel it in the air

(chorus)

(verse 3)

Now everybody wanna kill the small guy
Shot my chest out
And watch my last cry
See several of my boys they felt the same way
And either they got them the same or the next day
Many people can't feel what I'm talkin about
Either they just don't know until I'm taken out
I'm lookin out
And ready for casualties
Ain't got nothing to live for
Fuck royalties
I often find myself picking out curtains
I know they coming for me and that's for certain
But if they come I swear I'm gonna kill some
Straight mowin' theses crackers like African
It's hard to beleive I got a whole hood locked down
But I still feel I'm gonna get shot down
But I know life ain't fair
I'm ready to war
Any time
Any where

(chorus 2x)

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