

## Connery Sean

### "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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