

## **Cruz Donna**

### **"Make 'Em Feel It"**

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[Hook]

We gon make, you niggaz feel this  
Put your hands in the air, and pump your fists  
Make you tear the club up everytime, we spit  
So listen to this real shit

[H.A.W.K.]

I'ma make 'em feel it, like you feel the holy spirit  
When you hear it you fear it, and your mind can't clear  
it  
You hear it, now bob your head  
You heard what I said, get wild like a bull seeing red  
Why you acting like you scared, throw your hands in  
the air  
And shake your derriere, for this Southside playa  
Beware, of the lyric content  
Cause shit is my scent, and it's highly evident  
These cats got me bent, they must be crazy  
I rock like Jay-Z, and these labels they pay me  
You lazy, and out of your belligerent mind  
To think your cash flow, is equivalent to mine  
I done waste time, on wine and dine  
I spit rhymes and grind, and meet my deadline  
I'm smart like Einstein, the savior of mankind  
I flow like enzymes, and I'll blow your mind

[Hook]

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Put your hands in the air, and pump your fists  
Make you tear the club up everytime, we spit  
Cause we gon make you feel this  
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Put your hands in the air, and pump your fists  
Make you tear the club up everytime, we spit  
So listen to this real shit

[Trae]

Ain't no fucking with us, take it out cock it we bust  
Deep down in Texas we tough, tear the club up niggaz  
we rough  
You don't wanna plex with us, raw and untamed better

ride with a AK  
Keep a bitch nigga saying mayday, and I will spray for  
the pay day  
In the worst way like a Maab nigga, for the eight nigga  
I'ma split a nigga  
Like a throwed verse, lyrically leaving a nigga in a  
hearse  
I'm a thug and a renogator, and a Southside hood  
waver  
A 84 block skater, and a bad ass bitch invader  
We so thoed but solo, united for cash  
When I'm in my fo'-do' my trunk glow, with S.U.C. on my  
dash  
At a club we roam knocks, in the hood we bleed blocks  
In a car we ride drops, on cock with a missing top  
Lil' Trae Guerilla Maab, with H-A-W-K  
From red to blue or grey, my niggaz we don't play  
From shining to throwing bows, we platinum on down to  
gold  
And living out of control, to keep it crunk fa sho

[Hook]

[H.A.W.K.]

Abra-cadabra, hocus pocus  
Sit back and feel, this explosive dose  
A lyrical hypnosis, is what I put you in  
And time and time again, I do damage with a pen  
A lyrical time bomb, and I'm bound to get you sprung  
And if you ain't feeling this, then your body is numb  
Like Nelly I'm number one, or numero uno  
The size of a sumo, more vicious than Kujo  
More styles than judo, and I got room to throw  
I'm thugging like Fat Joe, and I'm watching my thoed  
grow  
I move in slow-mo, and blowing on do-do  
On 20's and squatted low, and on locks I tip-toe  
And for my lil bro, I'ma mash the gas  
Collect the cash, and move the Benz up another class  
The greatest like Ali, on the grind like Bun-B  
And the words that I use, make you say golly

[Hook]

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