

411**"Feel Like I Been Here"**Visit "[Feel Like I Been Here](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Verse 1]

In the brightest of days, I can find the night
If I just close my eyes and I squeeze 'em tight
Second time in this life, see familiar territory
The hustle is my appetite the cash is my glory
I'm darker than midnight, I'm bright as in noon
Searchin for my melodies, follow the moon
Every city and town, that I run up in my travels
My game is like a earthquake, agitates the gravel
I put it down in Michigan, set it up sweet
Niggas used to call me second none Pete
I'm hard at the feet, I start the cream like scatter brave
Down in Cleveland, doin my thing they call me Don King
I came to New York, out of West VA.
They call me Shorty Locin, I'm deadly and I don't play
Like Willy Watson I fucked 'em and I knocked 'em
Straight askin bitches wasup, like Jesse Cook
Uh huh, in Alabama runnin Moonshine
I'm rap killer, you wouldn't find a iller hundred dollar
biller
I'm number one in Augusta, like J.C.
Like little Herman from Pittsburgh you pay me
Like Zack Thomas and Frank Molten
I be the young nigga half the death, leave his ass
floatin
Like Bumpy Johnson and beautiful rain
Without the street life I'd rather be dead, I swear I been
here

HOOK:

Feel Like I Been There
I seen murder scenes, drugs I been here before
Send my blood to keep it raw, stay hardcore, c'mon,
yeah
Feel Like I Been Here
I bust guns, push nines, and snuffed out lives
>From the south to the city only tryin to survive
Bigger than nine to five, I been here before
Bold and ready to die, I been here before
Cocked and ready to spit, I been here before
Names you shouldn't forget, they been here before, uh

[Verse 2]

I studied science, social studies, and math
At the school of hard knocks, if you follow the path
Aint nothin funny here son, so if you wanna laugh
Harlem World's red illin, I put three in your ass
'cause it's more about this money even more than that
I'm tryin to spread it through my own hood, givin it back
Like Munky Jackson, I be back son
Cats are blast, screamin my mac, it's black son
Shit I keep it real nigga
I'm cold-blooded when I iceberg
Spittin game off my lips every word like none you never
heard
Like little Willie from B-More
Uptown, Saturday night, little C-More
Ill like the Infamous I scare to death
Had them niggas up in Buffalo, holdin they breath
Malcolm X Boulevard pushin that P
Hoes callin me ferrels, and they smilin at me
That's what they wanna see, they call me ribbons up in
Louisville
Gator wing tips, 44, two spare clips
In Chocolate City I was Catfish
Any nigga ever disrespect me, he get his head split
Like Reverend Mills and from Chi-Town
Can't nobody ever ever deny, how I laid it down
These mini games like souvenirs
Man I swear to everything that I am I know I been here
Uh huh, c'mon

HOOK

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