

## Chris And Cosey

### "Feel Like I Been Here"

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[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  
Cuz 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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