

## **Buckshot**

### **"Feel It"**

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[swan]

Yo, take a walk through the terror dome  
Instead of duckin little niggas, gettin live when they  
hear the chrome  
Where them dollars at? what, nigga holla back  
Is what they screamin, ice gleamin on jumanji plaque  
Here to rat-a-tat-tat, on a regular  
Money exchangin, rearrangin on a cellular  
We do it up in a benz or a hoop dog  
Smokin black, listenin to snoop dogg  
We them troops dog, that be runnin up, summin up ya  
money block  
Smack you all up in your funny top, guns cock  
In the drop top, headed to the chop shop  
Gettin ten grand, 'cause the handle on your lock pop

[chorus 2x]

Throw ya hands in the sky if you feelin this  
You can roll a bag of la if you feelin it  
You can bump it in ya ride, you can park up on the side  
You can bump to the vibe, if you feelin this

[buckshot]

I'm high when I know I'm sweatin, plus I'm gettin  
Ready to set like nino brown at the wedding  
You a new jack, this ain't a city  
What a pity, I fuck around, I have to give you fifty  
And if I take 49, and you're left with one  
See the one that jammed in ya ear, made ya deaf son  
Take ya breath son, nah, here's the oxygen  
Fuck it, bring the muthafuckin glocks again  
Throw ya hands up, when I spit six to tear ya man up  
Now you can't stand up, fucked your whole plan up  
Every time the gun jam up, the back slam up  
Upside ya head, give me my respects

[tone cappone]

Yo, there's nowhere to run, there's nowhere to hide  
Don't no one survive, the toast on my side, we both  
gonna die  
A nigga and his man tried to front, they both in  
disguise

See before jesus, the only man chosen was i  
And you can a dream or a nightmare, and I'm right  
there  
Standin over there, wit a bead and a mic there  
Puff there, hype there, russell there, mike there  
All them niggas watch me embarrass you, right there  
From brook-nam to queens, all the way to yonkers and  
back  
Anywhere you go, you see the knights only attack  
Niggas flipped it on they back, enormin this tracks  
We bombin these cats, like u.s. was bombin iraq

[chorus 2x]

[sweet mellodye]

A real hard head makes a real soft ass  
I thought I told these muthafuckas they ain't in our  
class  
Quick fast, I strip them from they stripes, snatch they  
thug patch  
Fuck that, I make 'em run and get they wife and come  
back  
You dumb black, bum raps is what y'all got  
It'll take a forest fire, just to make ya hot  
And I ain't got no time for them weak ass rhymes  
And then, when you spittin it's three and four at a time  
Come on now, I hate to be rude and shit  
But it's only a chosen few that can do this shit  
I thought you knew this shit, and ran through this shit  
But you still sample shit, and gettin sued and shit  
You know you makin me sick, like the flu and shit  
And stage ya monkey ass, leave the zoo and shit  
You see I rule wit shit, wit any bit I spit  
That rap crack, you phat, ain't all that and shit

[chorus 2x]

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