

## Christine Lavin

### "Do What I Feel"

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Verse One: Kurupt, Daz

Now here's the perfect niche to let it bubble and foam  
Wait these seconds then watch the microphone get  
blown  
It's the mischevious, lyrical genius on the loose  
and I pack the deuce deuce of some act right juice  
I'm in my own, space and time  
The elevation of my rhymes elevates your mind  
It's a clear blue sky and a clear blue day  
Foe a G from DPG to wear clear blue and gray  
I come I came, I am I ain't  
the nigga ya wants ta fuck with, get peeled like paint  
Bottoms up, nigga give it all ya got  
from the bottom to the top or get shanked get shot  
Provocative footage, of this lyrical abuse transgression  
from this infectious enemy, they on the loose  
And unstoppable, Daz  
My motherfuckin nigga from back in the past

Now imagine yourself in a bottomless pit  
with no way your climbin out, and this ain't the  
punishment  
Deadly as crystal crack, how should I react  
with intentions to keep on mashin, strap to strap  
Is this my boundary from county to county?  
Your homies wanna try to soak me like Bounty?  
Dogg Poug Gangsta all day all night  
Partyin like a motherfuckin now all night  
But uhh, simple as fact I been wantin to serve your  
whole fuckin crew  
Now whatchu wanna do? (Hmm, whatchu wanna do?  
Yeah)  
Load up your weapon slowly step in caught your homey  
straight slippin  
You shoulda known from the jump nigga that I was  
trippin  
I gets to bustin (blaow blaow) you gets to duckin (blaow  
blaow)  
Dogg Pound Gangsta gets to dippin in the cut  
My performance is enormous the way that I stayed up

on em  
I catch em and let em have it what's up, with my  
opponents  
I hold it down for the two and I'll be gunned down by no  
one  
Forever I reign, top Dogg number one  
My rhyme ?to some inflanable? and Doggs that's  
untrainable  
Uncontainable, my mind state's so strainable

Chorus: Daz, Kurupt

[Daz] I'm a D.P.G.C. for life  
[duo] I do what I feel and, I do what I like  
(repeat 4X)

Verse Two: Kurupt, Rage

I hits it like shots, from the homey strap  
I smoke indo, and I sip Cog-nac  
Give a FUCK whatcha name is, I tell ya quick  
Face to face, punk you can eat a dick  
Cause you're all out of time, out of sight  
out of mind, somethin I wouldn't do without a nine  
I got a pocket full of papers and a trunk full of beat  
Mashin all through the streets rollin wit some heat  
I'm heated, repeat it, day after day  
Daily survival tactics in L.A.  
I'm on point and alert  
with skills like a huntin expert, fuck around and get hurt  
Lurked, I puts in work like a chemist  
Mentally known to cause motherfuckin dilemmas  
See me in black and beware  
It's a Dogg Pound Gangsta on the loose out there

Now here's the kickoff, as I'm about to rip off  
Rage is knockin lips off, travellin like a spitball, I hit y'all  
Right between the eyes, smack dab in the middle  
with my rhymes or my riddles, ain't got no time to  
fiddle  
faddle, dibble, dabble  
Gotta Rock like Fraggie  
I'm hittin so hard I'm leavin that I'm leavin em snagged  
Like Leon Spinks this black cat's got ya jinxed  
Fuck around and you'll get chipped off like the Sphinx  
Think, about it, better yet forget it  
Uhh, play like En Vogue cause you're never gonna get  
it  
The style, the flavor, the flow, the so-lo-ist  
Hit you in a second, one two mic checkin  
That's my lethal weapon like a chain and ball

I'm wreckin, shop, tech and, glock  
Not in my pocket, no need for cock and  
gauges just flip the scripts and rippin pages Rage is  
the amazin, trail-blazin  
Flows shavin like Norelco you can't let go, hell no!  
I'm that Lyrical Murderer  
Stranded on the Row with my ill type flow and uhh...

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