

Mac Dre "How You Feel"

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[Mac Dre]

Man i'm the skinniest heavy weight you know
I pay a nigga oh
Wit one blow
I f--- m in the Sco
From tha Valley Joe
Make the crowd go hooooo
And the bitches ohhhhhhhh
Just give me da light and pass the dro
Partna i'ma pimp you can ask a hoe
I let the fro go, Let the dreads go
The boy got dough is all the feds know
I f--- m Federal
Cause nigga they said so
A rider like Clyde
And freak from the pub low
In the ELCo spot'em get'em got'em
And ain't nobody talking bout you shoulda
hadn't shot'em
You shoulda had a brought em
It wouldn't Neva happen
Nigga i f--- m blappin, this ain't just
rapin
Its gangsters in the bay boy
Pimps and not playboys
Instead of feel me yadadamean when we say boy

[Chorus]

Tell me how I feel
Tell me how I feel to be real
Tell me how I feel to bust steel
Nigga tell me how I feel
Tell me how it feels to get treat
Tell me how it feels to make a raw deal
Tell me how I feel
Tell me how I feel to be real
Tell me how I feel to bust steel
Nigga tell me how I feel
Tell me how it feels to get treat
Tell me how it feels to make a raw deal
Tell me how I feel

[Keak Da Sneak]

It's not a play toy
Sick and destroy
Real maquoy
Pop a whole pill not chip ahoy
From East Oakland the valley to the Frisc
It's compact like this
Should I write, man its all from the wrist
When I recite buy it
Man it's the shit
I still came to get you lit
Game dog, but not a red nose pit
You a ice cream sandwich inscent
Nigga bitch get slapped with a limp dick
So open up wide unless you spit
I pop pills, Hit clams, and smoke
Ridin Dirty since it's filled wit dope
It's no hope and if I go broke cut it out my
pores
So much drama deserve a academy awards
Come aboard its rapping shit it's be outta
here
Homicidal order right here Mac dody bitch pimp of the
year
Home of thugs
Man you niggas is squares
Spin right hook a left and veer

[Chorus]

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[Dola Ike]

Its that must a youngsta
Posted on the block watching for the unders
I can't miss this summer I get dumber and
dumber
Yo cousin keep coming with thunda
Pimpin these hoes introducing them to all religions
I got cruel intentions

And my story nonfiction
I got an addiction getting money wit my henchmen
We big fishing
That Catch big bass, game and finesse we lean and we
smash
The seen gets trashed, iÃƒÂ¢Ã¢â€šÂ¬™ m the last dragon
Pants sagging, riding the wagon the ass dragon
Toe tagging Niggas put us all in the door
I got raw dope to shut done all hope
Make a 6foot nigga feel 5ÃƒÂ¢Ã¢â€šÂ¬™ 4
I canÃƒÂ¢Ã¢â€šÂ¬™ t be seen with a motherfuckin
microscope
IÃƒÂ¢Ã¢â€šÂ¬™ m finna leave on a hyphy note
I plant money in my pocket and watch the shit grow
Ya know

[Chorus]

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