

Master P "Feel Me"

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(feat. Pop)

[Chorus 4X: Master P]

I won't stop 'til they feel me dawg
They can't knock a nigga hustle they gotta kill me dawg

[Master P]

You can find me on the block my nigga
Ain't nuttin changed, still runnin from the cops my
nigga
I feel like B.I.G. and 'Pac my nigga
"All Eyez on Me," but I got this nigga
P. Miller shoes, camou' top my nigga
I'm from the hood so I'm strapped with two glocks my
nigga
You wanna scrap but I don't box my nigga
Black Sopranos up in here and you get popped my
nigga
I told Bob hold me a spot my nigga
Case these industry bitches try to stop a nigga
Try to sue me but I'm on top my nigga
Bentley Coupe, P. Miller rims, convertible top my nigga
Keep my enemies close and watch my friends
And I'ma rep the New No Limit 'til the casket bend
We did it once, we'll do it again
I don't follow I lead my nigga I set trends

[Chorus]

[Pop]

Yo, all you blacks in white, I promise you these two
techs create
enough firepower to make a coward's chest deflate
See Poppa pull up to yo' sets and spray, so you ain't
gotta be
on public housing to get yo' section ate/eight - ayyyy
Now won't you chumps go dare front for?
Get dumped on tryin to knock my hustle like a front do'
Punk no, you better come off my bread pronto
Fo' my guns blow and leave cats wetter than panchos
The head honcho, from low peels to sex or grass
I bleed on blocks like tampons and maxi-pads
Until I'm sleepin on stacks of cash - my triggers

are like niggaz around strippers they'll snap ya ass
Keep actin bad, the two-buck can eat ya whole crew up
So you ain't gotta come down to Houston to get
Screwed Up
I move more yellow on the block than a school bus
So if you need a clique to hate on then don't choose us

[Chorus]

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