

Styles P

"Feelings Gone"

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'Cause the feeling is gone
And I must get ti back

Trust me nothin prepares us they never say getting
money slows your prayers up
We already in hell nothing could scare us
We already fly high nothing could air us
I came from the underground so I stay grounded
Astounded by all the bullshit that I found it
A wise make can lose you soon as he gain jewls
Life get real and u thinkin the pains cool
Just as you makin a change you let your man tell it
Blowin chronic and mock demonic or angelic
No vanilla dutch fuck it get up here and tell it
Roll up one sheet think about my rap sheet
Sellin crack will have you running like a track meet
Watchin your back on every other back street
I started soon young why you think I'm so numb
And Can't feel shit and only like real shit

Hook:

You can act stupid if you wanna
Like you don't know what block I'm in front of
D block layin em down
I aint' never planning to stop
I'm planning to rock
You know you know you know my name
You heard my raps
You know my name aint nothin changed
This here and I done been through it all
From here on I spit it in rare form

The moon stay quite but the sun spoke
Still can't blow away the pain with the blunt smoke
Tryin to get my daughter and my son grown
The shit get rough When you're breathing in the gun
smoke
Do it all for the power and the cash
Funny but I barely only smile when I laugh
You can say the pain run deep and I wonder
Do the insane and the sain ones speak

And I feel like the devil got chains on me
I'm inside but I still feel the rain on me
Like it's coming through the window or the windshield
Life full of sins will have you spinnin like a windmill
Contracts with god I've signed and have been sealed
See you at the crossroads if everything has been real
I could feel what you can't and the shit is vice versa so
feel what you can't get

Hook:

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Like you don't know what block I'm in front of
D block layin em down
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I told you it is what it is
Can't choose how to die but I can choose how to live
Thought about it just sittin where I live
Just another ghetto nigga with a million dollar crib
No hope than I dropped the e and got hop and got hip
Just so I can get a little guap, get it
Before that I used to move rock
Wit a four to ten job after school workin stock
Then I said fuck pickin up a box
So I sold more drugs start stickin more spots
That's why I thank God for the rap shit
Niggas be frontin cuz we used to livin backwards.

[Hook:]

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