

Mobb Deep

"U Feel Me"

Visit "[U Feel Me](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Fat Joe]

Dear mama, I'm writin' you this letter from the kitchen
Seems to hard, times your the only one who listens
After the action, tone's still listen
And you know how sometimes it gets lonely in prison
Not behind bars, but between my inner self
Can't trust these streets, fiends'll kill you for your
wealth
It seems like the game done changed, niggas ain't
loyal no more
Best friends act strange
Did the best I could, fed the hood
Went to school, showed the youth to perfect their books
When my niggas got locked, up to commissary stock
Visit every jail from Marcy to Comstock
Now niggas wanna plot like they movin' somethin'
Must wanna get shot, you ain't provin' nothin'
Uhn, must of forgot all the dudes I put in
If we only had a chance to review the footage
You would see I'm not a nice guy after all
And I fight much better when my back's to the wall
I clap at your door, put your backs on the floor
Wanna war with the Don? It' the wrath that you want!

[Chorus: Havoc]

Yo, if you feel me then feel me
If you gonna kill me then kill me
But I gotta let ya'll niggas know
That I roll with that steel
You can call me paranoid
But a nigga on point
And I'm thinkin' somethin' fishy
If you up in my grill

[Remi Martin]

You wanna know what my life's like, bitch?
Mine's is real, chicks talk about it
I been bustin' nines for real
Too many times I had to stand up on the line for meals
Too many nights I done seen niggas die for real
I'm striving still, everybody lies and steals
It's seems like it's gotten worse since I signed my deal

Ask anyone who knows me, I don't give a fuck
That's my motto
These motherfuckers is actin' like I just hit the lotto
And now everytime I see you, "Remi where that weed
at?"
"Wasn't you just pregnant, bitch, where the fuckin'
seed at?"
Can I hold? Let me borrow, come on, I don't need that
I can recall days when Remi didn't have a place to
sleep at
Where was you back when I was sellin' cracks and
Barely fuckin' eatin', nigga, where was your ass then?
Now I'm in the cut with a blunt, nigga, laughin'
A Benz coup, a condo, and a check I'm steady cashin'
Told ya'll niggas that I spaz over reflex
Now you niggas can't pass through the PJs
Fuck ya'll bitches, I don't love ya'll bitches
Cause if it comes down to it, I'll slug ya'll bitches

[Chorus]

[Havoc]

Am I holdin' it down?
Afraid so, youngun
Not for nothin', niggas frontin'
When they claimin' you thuggin'
Raw cut him, dunn, he went against the grain
So fuck him, and it's real
He ended up with the doctors pluggin him
These streets raised me, and made me cold
When there's drama like a ducty I come ready to roll
Had a passion for Henney, now I'm thuggin with Remi
And Joe, give these motherfuckers somethin' to
+envy+
It's sad, fuckin' ?? keep the heat on the dash
It's simple, math, front get one in the ass
And you laughin', your whereabouts police be askin'
It baffles, cause you know these fingerprints ain't
matchin'
Get at you, and dogg, it was about bound to happen
Sleep, fuck around, get your shit pushed +Deep+
Bang this, where the Bloods and Crips?
Cause you know I'm only reppin' for that gangsta shit,
get up

[Chorus] - repeat 2X

Visit [Mobb Deep](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.