2Pac F/ Mac Mall, Quincy Jones "Feel Me"

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To my folk in the front (raise it up raise it up) Flick ya lighters spark the blunts (blaze it up blaze it up) Aye gull! Pop that trunk (shake it up shake it up) I know ya'll Feel Me don't front (make it crunk make it crunk)

JUGZ put ya body where it's hard-to-smell...cover up ya scent when I spark-the-el Punk don't front it ain't hard-to-tell...ya'll can't win like Gargamel How you go'n shine if it's dark-as-hell? Believe it's hot if it comes-from-me COPS can't take my guns-from-me....fukk ya'll record company!! All ya'll songs sound dumb-to-me....flossed out rappers just bums-to-me Ya'll don't really want none-of-me....nigga this Atlantis we under-sea Run-from-me...make-some-tracks...before I get mad and break-some-backs Where the fake-ones-at? I hate-them-cats...ya'll just wack--face-them-facts If you got problems? Blaze-them-gats...The BULLY been phat since the page-in-the-back Of BLAZE MAGAZINE...spit so ill...even deejays catch AIDS-from-the-wax You hate-on-the-raps...but quote-the-rhymes...in the meantime? I'm strokin'-dimes Everywhere I go: tote-the-nine--you cuss from behind like I broke-in-line Don't nobody flow dope-as-mine...even Ku Klux got open-minds Shit-I-spit's-combustible...chicks-I-hit-caught-multiples Trick-my-click-got-local-pull...the flow you sweat? Gotthat-locked Bitches you sweat? Got-that-knocked...gun on my waist...and I got-that-cocked...

I don't mean to offend with this observation....but ya'll full of shit like constipation Niggas don't want no confrontation...shut the fukk up with that conversation Pull a nigga card like concentration...bust shots at the cops not cooperatin' See you in court for the arbitration...everything I drop be hot-like-cajun Cut mo' gulls than a operation...takin'-emhome...makin'-em-moan More assets than a Savings-and-Loan...if they man show up I'm breakin'-some-bones Claimin'-the-throne...livin'-with-the-stress...fittin'-in-avest like niggas-in-the-west Cuz figures-that-you-net don't mean a thing when you got ten slugs sittin'-in-ya-chest Givin'-it-my-best...leave warriors-bruised...Kno beats phat like Victoria-boobs I'm up in New York screwin' foreigners-dude....you Motel 6, we Astoria-rooms Send you to the coroner grabbin'-the-mic....over ya'll heads like satellites Ya'll think you fly? I'mma cancel-ya-flight...to hell with a MC battle-let's-fight You down-for-that? What you rollin' up? We smokin' on pounds-of-that Sittin' in a cloud-in-fact...they never found the strap but they'll find you around-the-back A nigga sick of all these clowns-in-rap...all niggas got is lip-to-front And since ya'll got that I got clips-to-dump...but not until

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after I hit-this-blunt....

If you ain't givin' head? Hoe-you-can-leave...if you ain't chip in you ain't smokin'-the-weed All ya'll dough hand it over-to-me...have you on a respirator just so-you-can-breathe Make it so ya eyes can't focus-to-see...I've had it up to here with these bogus-emcees All I'm here for is servin'-rap-groupies...flows be tighter than virgin-gnat-booty Words-react-smooth to the beats-I-choose...lines I spit fit like feet-to-shoes Might slur my words when I drink-the-booze...you must be dumb if you think-I'll-lose JUGZ got ya whole crew singin'-the-blues...like Bobby-Bland--you a copy-man When the smoke clears you prolly-a-fan....if you talk noise? l'mma body-a-fan

Bust up in ya set with the shotty-in-hand…cross the thin line between wrath-and-hate Sniper on the roof to assassinate…make peace with God don't procrastinate Point blank…whether slow or the faster-pace…my ass-is-great you exaggerate Since you so gassed I'mma pass it in-ya-face if it's tween me and you? You coming last-in-the-race…

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