

## Ghetto Mafia

### "I Can Feel It"

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chorus)

I can feel it

You can feel it

Can you feel it?

Cause I can feel it

Can you hear it?

Cause I can hear it

(verse 1: Wicked/Nino alteranting every few lines)

I got my big block still

And he come and touch me Wicked man

And that's for real

My momma's stressin'

You're on the wrong course

But I've been cheatin' and thiefin'

Fuck the task force

A secret source told me I'll be raided

Even though there're deputy cars

I'm gonna play it

I packed up and left behind my nudiean(?)

Fuck them hoes I got money and Peruvian

See we got 'chus we got Cubans

We got Atlanta, Miami, and even Houston

And don't be shippin'

It's my little neck

You fuck with me I make four-mile tracks

It's hard to tell I got half a million dollars

Because I live in Decatum

Drive an Impala

Several homes that have been knocked off

But if it jumps off I'm gonna die wit the sawed-off

(chorus)

(verse 2)

See I can feel a gun battle with the po-po

Or gettin' caught on the road with a kilo

I can feel the whole city and the mayor

Givin' me life or the chair

It ain't fair

But life's a fuckin' dickin'

I get a nut from robbin' the lickin'

I can feel the FBI tryin' to frame me

Or the Klu Klux Klan tryin' to hang me

I can feel my whole hood against me

I can feel the laws apprehend me

Got me scared to add to my own dough

Got me scared to sell my own blow

See I can feel my girl go in state

I can feel them robbin' me from the weight(?)

I can feel the shocks from the chair

And I can feel it in the air

(chorus)

(verse 3)

Now everybody wanna kill the small guy

Shot my chest out

And watch my last cry

See several of my boys they felt the same way

And either they got them the same or the next day

Many people can't feel what I'm talkin about

Either they just don't know until I'm taken out

I'm lookin out

And ready for casualties

Ain't got nothing to live for

Fuck royalties

I often find myself picking out curtains

I know they coming for me and that's for certain

But if they come I swear I'm gonna kill some

Straight mowin' theses crackers like African

It's hard to beleive I got a whole hood locked down

But I still feel I'm gonna get shot down

But I know life ain't fair

I'm ready to war

Any time

Any where

(chorus 2x

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