

Hooz

"Feel Me"

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FEEL ME

[Intro]

Feel me

You can't walk in my shoes even if you buy a pair

Know what am saying

Feel me

(Verse 1)

Yeah! I can imagine if I was the only me

With all my plans in my mind I am a ballatician

Thinking one day I gotta do what I want when I wish

Driving big cars, big system, rims spinning

Rolling in the bullet proof call it hummer

Duffle bag on the dash board, guns too in the porch

Big chains on the neck, my clothes to dress

I'm rowdying the rowdy wadup nigga

In no time I gotta be a customer to Louis Vuitton

Having them hookers on the jet I gotta screw

This time I land on the Island I gotta freak

If I was the only me I gotta own villas

If I was the only me I gotta shit on the yacht

I dig in my own pockets nigga I rep the hood

Tell them haters if they envy I swag

Pussyng them hoes til I shovel the shit

I am stunky stupid that's how players gotta do

All my homies think big and do bigger

All my enemies hate small and love bigger

Toys rappers and baby rappers in the hood feel my shit

(Chorus)

The niggas start poppin', the club start rockin'

The DJ start spinnin', the pants get the droppin'

The lights gettin' blue, the haters start watchin'

Uuh you gotta feel me, Uuh you gotta feel me

FEEL ME

(Verse 2)

Away from self praise you gotta see for yourself

Gotta beat the drums niggas wanna dance to my tune

You nodding your head nigga I wanna spark your
brains

Thanks to my born day for being a peaceful day

Unlike 9/11 it was 16/11/82 homie I was connected to
the world

You feel me like you feel thirsty

You feel me like you feel cold

You feel me like you feel angry

You feel me like you feel sexy

Hear, I need no miracle, I wanna be tactic

I wanna solve the puzzle, I gotta play tricks

I don't need to be criminal to get the glock on the
stash

Make money and get rich homie money speaks

Think of a ho doing you sucky-sucky in the jet

Think of buying a football team that's money

The war in Iraq doesn't end that's money

Michael Jackson changed the colour that's paper

Getting so fly my paper get stuck, I boiii

(Chorus)

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Uuh you gotta feel me, Uuh you gotta feel me

FEEL ME

(Verse 3)

Big plans the road so rough still them I gotta soldier on

The doctor told me to be patient but I won't homie

From East to Stone the tourist capital, I gotta fly for
money

Back from Lsk to Copperbelt, I will make it rain

Addicted to the money like crack, I'm a paper chaser

Shit that turf, I 'm puffin that smurf

Killing the tracks like Aids, so niggas wanna get
infected

Finger on the trigger, gotta blast them haters with
clips, fast as fast'll spit

Gotta button up your face and grip you like dope

Every holla at the G cashes back the ton

That's how niggas trap money cause they aint like

Somali pirates who demand for ransoms

Models and bottles around bringing revenue for the
authority they reach beyond target

I keep it on my plans and you might just bump into a
few of my plans

I aint go off the chain cause I always hustle bigger

Cops doing helicopter fly-bys trying to spy our
dealership

From tax invading to money laundering, gotta put that
in effect

Wouldn't you loot if you don't have the loot? Feel me

(Chorus x2)

The niggas start poppin', the club start rockin'
The DJ start spinnin', the pants get the droppin'
The lights gettin' blue, the haters start watchin'
Uuh you gotta feel me, Uuh you gotta feel me

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