

Bailey Phillp**"Feel It"**

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

[Swan]

Yo, take a walk through the Terror Dome
Instead of duckin little niggas, gettin live when they
hear the chrome
Where them dollars at? What, nigga holla back
Is what they screamin, ice gleamin on Jumanji plaque
Here to rat-a-tat-tat, on a regular
Money exchangin, rearrangin on a cellular
We do it up in a Benz or a hoop dog
Smokin black, listenin to Snoop Dogg
We them troops dog, that be runnin up, summin up ya
money block
Smack you all up in your funny top, guns cock
In the drop top, headed to the chop shop
Gettin ten grand, cuz the handle on your lock pop

[Chorus 2X]

Throw ya hands in the sky if you feelin this
You can roll a bag of la if you feelin it
You can bump it in ya ride, you can park up on the side
You can bump to the vibe, if you feelin this

[Buckshot]

I'm high when I know I'm sweatin, plus I'm gettin
Ready to set like Nino Brown at the wedding
You a New Jack, this ain't a City
What a pity, I fuck around, I have to give you fifty
And if I take 49, and you're left with one
See the one that jammed in ya ear, made ya deaf son
Take ya breath son, nah, here's the oxygen
Fuck it, bring the muthafuckin glocks again
Throw ya hands up, when I spit six to tear ya man up
Now you can't stand up, fucked your whole plan up
Every time the gun jam up, the back slam up
Upside ya head, give me my respects

[Tone Cappone]

Yo, there's nowhere to run, there's nowhere to hide
Don't no one survive, the toast on my side, we both
gonna die
A nigga and his man tried to front, they both in

disguise
See before Jesus, the only man chosen was I
And you can a dream or a nightmare, and I'm right
there
Standin over there, wit a bead and a mic there
Puff there, Hype there, Russell there, Mike there
All them niggas watch me embarrass you, right there
From Brook-Nam to Queens, all the way to Yonkers and
back
Anywhere you go, you see the knights only attack
Niggas flipped it on they back, enormin this tracks
We bombin these cats, like U.S. was bombin Iraq

[Chorus 2X]

[Sweet Mellodye]
A real hard head makes a real soft ass
I thought I told these muthafuckas they ain't in our
class
Quick fast, I strip them from they stripes, snatch they
thug patch
Fuck that, I make 'em run and get they wife and come
back
You dumb black, bum raps is what y'all got
It'll take a forest fire, just to make ya hot
And I ain't got no time for them weak ass rhymes
And then, when you spittin it's three and four at a time
Come on now, I hate to be rude and shit
But it's only a chosen few that can do this shit
I thought you knew this shit, and ran through this shit
But you still sample shit, and gettin sued and shit
You know you makin me sick, like the flu and shit
And stage ya monkey ass, leave the zoo and shit
You see I rule wit shit, wit any bit I spit
That rap crack, you phat, ain't all that and shit

[Chorus 2X]

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