

## **Black Rose Kartel**

### **"Feel My Thug"**

Visit "[Feel My Thug](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

(Interlude) Goldie Mack

From East to West Coast we get it popping  
Only like a broad if she take me shopping  
Bang this in your club; Daddy Rose got the beat  
knocking  
We VIP popping bottles with the team watching

(Chorus) Elohim

Yo, show love I know you're feeling my thug  
Up in the club seen you grilling my mug  
Acting up 'cause I was feeling your bub  
Peep me then I was still in the club  
I'm singing though are we chilling or what?

[Goldie Mack]

Yo I'm a gorgeous gangster, shorty you recognize in  
G'ing me  
You ain't slick thinking you're G'ing me  
But yo, how you gon' game a gamer?  
If your girl out of line I'll tame her  
Got a degree in Womenology  
Disrespect Goldie, I'll have you begging my apology  
You'll probably think it's alright 'cause you're a dime  
piece  
But you know I get 'em by the truck loads  
Now you wanna make it up to me and suck toes  
Talking about how you liked the boots I got you  
I'm like fuck those, pigeons gossip how I be fronting  
Like they got enough money to buy me something

(Chorus) Elohim

[Baracus]

What up ma you fucking or what?  
Yo Cash wanna get sucked in the truck  
Who paying cash for you slut?  
Calling you off in the club trying to master your cut  
What are y'all gangsters or what?  
Living it up, Kartel pop shells, niggas giving it up  
Kartel Rose under the pale known for being hell  
With me and dollar bills, and hate county jails

Stick up fiends, and hit county's grill  
Holla hoe to my home, yo get Daddy dealt  
Before warrants pop up, FEDS gon' pop up  
Can't get Daddy now, fuck your man take his stash  
And meet my man Cash in a half  
Bitch better get Daddy help  
Empty large amounts from my accounts  
If you're feeling me boo make it count  
Cop an ounce, make them clowns bounce  
Take them clowns ounce

(Chorus) Elohim

[Goldie Mack]

Since I've been making moves broads hollering "where  
you been at?"  
I'm like "yeah-yeah, what ever baby girl, where your  
friend at?"  
Them sap rap what you got for me bitch send that  
Where that at, bitch ba-dat-dat  
I feel you G funk, from here to Long Beach  
Gangsters know how we pump  
Rose got guns for thugs, dicks for hoes  
DeVille keep a nigga on his tippy-toes  
I want cake, dumb bitch want to get me clothes  
That's why I hit the club and bag some hot shit  
I mean what could you possible do for me ma?  
You ain't got shit, you used to pop shit  
Now you get top-lifts, uh-huh and strip for a nigga  
But your money ain't right, you can't do shit for a nigga  
But anyways I'm feeling that one, your son tapper  
Tryna get at her, iced out, plus her ass fatter  
And her mind like money wild, see me getting mad  
numbers  
Now she acting funny style

(Interlude) Goldie Mack

From East to West Coast we get it popping  
Only like a broad if she take me shopping  
Bang this in your club; Daddy Rose got the beat  
knocking  
We VIP popping bottles with the team watching

(Chorus) Elohim X2

Visit [Black Rose Kartel](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.