

Das Auge Gottes

"Love How it Feels"

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[Jacka]
Let's go
I come through bitch
With my muthafuckin' niggs
And I couldn't give a fuck
By how you hoes feel
Dip through with the steel
All in a bitch's face
Put my sticker on her ass
Tell her let a nigga pass
At the summer jam
With my backstage pass
Bought 'em from the base
So we thuggin' on the grass
Watchin' time pass
Cuz I'm waitin' on the real shit
Performin' at the after party
Sold when you see a mix
Scream real loud bitch
Like your real proud
A G got tossed in the crowd
Then I got lost in the cloud
In the Benz
With my nigga Twin
Honkin' at her and her friends
Watchin' her, watch the rims
I bet they wanna hop in
Even though they on dubs
Too love what a thug do
I know you got your bread right
Let's see if your head right
In the traffic in the middle of the night

[Chorus] x 4
Do you love what you feel
In love with you

[Husalah]
Real gangsta
Yo, uh, yo
Real gangstas everywhere

Smokin' rope in the alley
Just don't care
Swangin' eights in the alley
The Hus long here
All the hoes on my dick
I got to be there
But I'd rather hang out
And hustle all year
Cuz the paper don't stop
The block is on pop
It's the dope game, cocaine
Locced out to the brain
Give shit 'bout a bitch
Silly with the chop man
I'd rather hang
Wit my niggas on the drug spot
Don't talk on a snitch when his gun pop
1 double O duece 3
Niggas gettin' packed in a row 'fo deep
Movin' on Fourth Street
Yeah ho, check out my shit
I couldn't give a shit about
A shitty haired bitch
Tossed up, pursed slut
Tryin' to get rich
Slide my shit down a [?] and burned
Gone on a bitch
Gettin' dope-fiend dumb
Nigga gone off this shit
And I don't pop pills
I pop niggas with the clip
You faggot ass nigga
What are you smokin'?
I know to dip hard
To the knock I'm yokin'
Like what
All my murder dub niggs in Oakland
And my Hunter's Point hustlas
Keep the chapper smokin'
Gave a kid up out my low-life, gangsta, hustlas
All you child ass turkey
I don't fuck wit suckas
Havin' fun like it's '81
The hoes love the way
My perm hang in the sun
I'm outtie 5 G

[Chorus] x 4

[Jacka]

What up bitch, yeah that's me

You a model from L.A.
But you couldn't believe
All the shit that you seen
When you came to my house
Thought it was a hard cock
Till you seen it float out
Rob sittin' on the leather couch
Lookin' like Bob
Smokin' more than a ounce
Close the door
Took a trip upstairs
Got sucked on the floor
Then I called her a whore
And I spend way more
Than your pops can afford
So get the fuck out for real
You punk bitch
And I ain't nothin' like
Any of the niggas you fuck wit
Just ask Boo James
That's my DJ, he'll tell ya
Ain't nothin' worse than a failure
So get your shit together
Punk niggas tryin' to send 'em
And see what's in 'em
And every love that I drop
On a chick is venom
I got bitches that suck way more
Than them bitches that suck the floor on your tank
That's so real
I better paint a picture in your brain
You must be lame if you can't [echoes out]

[Chorus] x 4

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