

## South Central Cartel

### "Fellin How I'm Feelin 'n'"

Visit "[Fellin How I'm Feelin 'n'](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

I feel like ridin  
(This is for my nigga: Payback)  
Somebody took my nigga  
I feel like goin' to war  
Goin' to war  
Goin' to war

[VERSE ONE]

All I think about is the love that you had for the game  
We get into with some niggas, you wasn't the first to  
bang  
Don't know how bad I wanted to you see you with yo'  
riches and thangs  
Hit yo' switches in your '94 Lincoln on Dana Danes  
I'm in the back seat of the Monte Carlo sittin on stuff  
Dreamin about the double my lick, it got me y'all  
fucked up  
Puffin' a blunt, shit, I grab my gat, spray shit up  
Somebody responsible, where yo' homie at? That  
started that stuff  
This nigga deserve to have his bitch-ass touched  
That's on the real, I'm shedin' tears  
Knowin this is the last year we kicked it  
I was addicted to the way that you would spit yo' flow  
These niggas in the game is lucky, homie, they just  
don't know  
To think that we would lose a link so soon  
It never crossed my mind  
That every day we livin' from the sun to the moon  
But you won't that darkness hold us down  
So all the sparks is blood now  
As I vision yo' face up in the clouds, rest in peace

[Chorus:]

If you feelin' like we feelin' now  
Stuck in the rain while it's pouring down  
Thinking 'bout my homie, where the time goes  
Wish you never would have left us but that's selfish,  
though  
For real...

[YOUNG PROD]

Sittin' on the porch, blazin' blunts I see yo' face  
Comin' through the gate I swear to God I saw it today  
My heart beatin fast, you lookin' like you comin' my way  
It playback in my dome cause I can't let you stray  
I'm your dog, you my Loc and that's forever, sho'  
I get that tat, I show you that, watch, we gon' blow  
I hit the Hen for you, thinkin' sin for you  
But I know you want a nigga to win, spend some ends  
for you  
But the waterfalls in my eyes don't lie  
The waterfalls in my eyes don't dry, you my nigga  
You got yo' wings now, no more nicotine now  
No more blackin out, no more talk rowd'  
Now thou shall disrespect Payback  
The resurrection-like comeback  
But the Lord'll make you devil niggas lay flat, uh huh  
For the love of this my nigga shall? like what  
Payback rest in peace, never mentally deceased, we  
love you

[Chorus...]

[HAVOC]

I can't believe my nigga Payback... (Payback)  
Shot over some bullshit, man (fuckin' bullshit)  
The shit is gonna affect for us a long muthafuckin time  
(Full Clipp)  
Rest in peace homie

[PRODEJE]

Pour the liquor for they loved ones  
I give it all for my loved ones  
Won't let the world forget where you came from  
The Full Clippers - we all shedin' tears  
We all wish to God you was here  
But since you passed we feel we gots to still smash  
For real, mash on these niggas with the scrutiny flows,  
we all ask  
Why the hell it had to happen to us?  
Why this nigga had to bust?  
Turned the homie to dust and still live  
And it's nothin that we wouldn't give  
I can't believe I lost a G  
Before we got in the game, I feel a chill  
In my heart still, whatever we do  
It playin' a part still  
We still split that mill with your moms, it's all real

[Chorus...]

Visit [South Central Cartel](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.