

## El Pasador

### "If You Feelin This"

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(Happy P & Grimm talking)  
What up loc, we holding it down  
But anyway, what's up, bitches, niggas  
And them bitch ass niggas, everybody  
We the Lone Star Ridaz, representing the Lone Star  
State  
That's Texas, front your do' motherfuckers  
But anyway, Grimm, what's up my nigga  
(what up, what up Hap) what's up bwoy  
(been a long time coming huh, Latin Sector  
You know, to that aggravated, if you don't know  
Most Hated, and they look now, the Lone Star Ridaz  
And everywhere we go baby, they looking at us  
All the Mexicans, them essays) sick motherfuckers  
(essays starting it from the beginning to the end baby)  
Here we go...

[Grimm]  
Ever since what, '89 I put the pen on loose leaf  
The only Mexican in black clubs with groupies  
Who see, the same round groupies and baselines  
G-R-I double M, got this game mine  
Slayed down from scraps, raps ran over tracks  
And for that quick to cap, niggas giving me dap  
Pimp smacks to strap packers, what no Latin rappers  
Switched the game up straight fucked, back sackwards  
Bastards, never knew what him at first  
Not to laughter, he was making the matter worse  
And we recite Man, Balasso, Shadow, Filero  
Some breaking bread, others have no dinero  
Sad though the ghetto, was feeling us from the front  
Fucked up cause we kept it crunk, and who would of  
thought  
That Mexicanos out the Gulf Coast, keep it to the  
utmost  
Some though boys that been hating, them boys cut  
throat  
Buck holes, get your jealous niggas your organs  
Look no bided, and look how many to follow you  
The fars back days boys, yesterday's boys  
Telling em get up get out, and get your game boy

(game boy)  
It ain't hard, nothing to it, but to do it  
If you knew it, I knew it  
Make you think twice, bout that G life  
We respect the Jesus Christ and why he died  
Now be applied, hope this game get you soaked up  
Been locked up, since Aggravated and then we broke up  
But hold up, then the Most Hated came to the rescue  
Lone Star Ridaz, do his thang and smoking left fool

[Chorus: Rasheed & Russell Lee - 4x]

Now if you feeling this  
Go and turn it up a little louder  
So what you saying what  
So what you saying what

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