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The Dirthombs "Feel Mi Ni"

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[Big Pimp]

I know dat y'all feel me now...

...feel me, feel me now

[Big Pimp] Load it up, cock it back, get dropped bitch None of y'all haters cain't stop this Everyday we on the grind selling rocks bitch Just because we got a deal, it don't stop bitch I poured the cocaine in the pot bitch When it drop and check it when it's hot bitch We still tote dope in our socks bitch Broke ass hoes tryna knock bitch Runnin off atcha mouth, get popped bitch AK, sawed-off, or a glock bitch Runnin up in ya house or ya spot bitch Now yo' ass tied up in a knot bitch Take every damn thang that ya got bitch The Pimp and the G got it locked bitch On the pimp, so we got all the twat bitch And the G, so we got all the blocks bitch We did that thang in the 'Lac boy I bought me another big 'Lac boy I know y'all niggaz hate I did that boy Put my name right back in the back boy - like dat boy I know y'all niggaz don't give a fuck So what? So when there come a time to bust Ya 'posed to buck - yo' nigga ass greasled up

what?
Y'all niggaz can't bring the pain and stop the fame
There ain't nothing more to explain, you must insane
It's like tryna stop a train in the rain
Now if the bitch doesn't take ya pain mane
Y'all niggaz don't know how it feels
To run with the k-ika thug niggaz that's real
Y'all niggaz better learn how to well

Ya leave a nigga smoked up, just bring the dutch so

When Big Pimp come through slangin steel

[Big Pimp]

I know dat y'all feel me now...

...feel me, feel me now

[Mr. G Stacka]

I know, when all this beef jump, all my heat gon' blow And when it the streets y'all peeps gettin broke Got no time for hoes, cuz if you want the war Then I'ma call my folks and bitch (let's go) I ride, with G's and they strapped with them big tech nines

And they gon' catch yo' head and yo' neck and yo' spine

Ain't no need for crying, cuz I gotcha nine And bitch that ass is mine Don't be petrified, don't be scared to fire I knew y'all boys' gon' run and hide I knew y'all boys wattn't down to ride, now So don't step, cuz a nigga hopin That y'all boys know that we ain't jokin Cuz a beatin prolly better have ya bones broken The heat from this gat'll have ya ass soakin My hands around ya neck'll have ya ass chokin Throw you in the river now ya ass floatin Fuck a bulletproff vest, get ya chest open A lifeguard would be more important Now you wanna hate cuz our styles be cold Or ya sittin mad cuz ya really can't flow And ya say you wanna rob but ya really don't show For the same reasons that you already know We'll take ya main broad havin her swallowin that blow I don't give a fuck about you or ya hoe And this steel that we slang like ya off on ya toes How many y'all niggaz really want mo'? What y'all fuck niggaz wanna clown on me fo'? If you wanna take it there then we can go

[Big Pimp]

I know dat y'all feel me now... I know dat y'all feel me now... I know dat y'all feel me now...

Y'all lil' niggaz won't hate no mo!

Strangle ya throat bitch, watch ya die slow

I know dat y'all feel me now... I know dat y'all feel me now...

[Mr. G Stacka]

All y'all niggaz who was talkin trash
I'll tell you right now, you can kiss my ass
And nan one of y'all in my paper stash
So I don't give a damn who the hell get mad
And I don't give a damn if you don't like this track
But I bet'cha right now that ya watching ya back
So the thugs in the back, let'cha know where I'm at
Got ya down on ya knees praying I don't attack
But right now it ain't no stopping
And right now it ain't no squashing
Cuz my click roll deep and we pack mo' heat than yo'
boy Osama Bin Laden
So bitch tell me now what's poppin - I know ya feel me
mane
And when my glock start sparkin, I'm killin everythang

[Big Pimp]

Shiiit.. I don't give a damn 'bout all that hatin Cuz all y'all rappers' just overnight stops Me and G, we been in the game like Larry Bird and Kareem Abdul-Jabbar Freddy Lamar, Sanford and Son, Bubba and Grady Good Times, JJ Sweet, Penny Lenny We been doing talent shows since the first breakdancer was Crazy Vinnie I took ya back to the TC Lockers When Trinico was poppin and lockin When my cous' Steve Ree was tickin We was at home, wine droppin You can take it how ya wanna bitch And I want all y'all haters to know The Westside is the crunkest side From Riverside to Smiley Cove

I know dat y'all feel me now... I know dat y'all feel me now... I know dat y'all feel me now...

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