

Pam Tillis F/ Mel Tillis

"Feelin the Hate"

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* uncredited, but +probably+ Charli Baltimore

[Funkmaster Flex]
Murder Inc baby

[Tah Murdah]
Y'all motherfuckers know what this shit is
Take over nigga (gimme that shit man)
Funk Flex nigga
Murder Inc nigga
Tah Murdah, Black Child, C.B., O1
And my nigga Ja Rule

[Black Child & Tah Murdah]
Yeah put your motherfuckin fingers in the air, we here
And it's money and murda all year
Yo it's nothing but the money, gettin cash you feel us
A hundred mill is deep all black we killers
Nothing but the realer niggaz and we after skrilla
So if you in the path or blockin the cash, block and we
blast
Bitch nigga throw em up, we still don't give a fuck
This is Flex shit we party reckless you can't exit
And all my nillas if you willin to win it like we in it
Throw your guns up, throw em up, and fuck keepin the
chome tucked
Spit on some shit and shatted and tear your bones up
Cadillac Escalade sittin on dubs, chromed up
We blow dro in the no-smoking sections
Toting weapons, smokin sessions
Nigga better respect it or the paramedics be pressing
on your chest
When you gasp for breathe minutes away from death
Remorseless, yeah never the less
When I spit shit'll rip through your leather and vest
All my 70's babies on Henny and Haze
Feel me baby, I was slingin twenties in the shade
Killers hate me, niggaz wanna see me in my grave
Niggaz make me, wanna grab the milly and spray
I'm a Pov City hustler, I'm from the Woodhull gutters
Which means it's still murda motherfucker

[Chorus: Ronnie Bumps]

Have you ever had a pussy nigga runnin his mouth
That's a nigga that you kill, let him die down south
Get in there, catch the body, spit it and bounce
I'm drugged up of an ounce of 'dro, I want dough
And the same niggaz who killed your pops, kill em all
Stop, wait, multiply the eight
Feelin the hate, walls come out, get on one
Proper, killer, copper, shit has just begun

[C.B.]

What, what..
What the fuck, been a menace since +Volume III+
When I was un un un'nin, pussy second coming
Who the fuck what want it wit'cha
Chrome twenties on a squad of ducks
Sittin spittin fifty get wit me
Bitch hustle nigga, earn stripes
Me and Chi-ha gunnin a turnpike, turn right
Hit that brickball, hardcore, platinum dog
I get in ya, fuck a stage, ya murderer kill these bars

[O1]

As far as the dough go I'm hungry, I need this bread
I ain't sharin with none of y'all, I'm killin niggaz instead
Poppin lead, somebody's gonna wind up dead
Hard drugs over the edge, I'm out of my head
Y'all niggaz ready to die?
I'm layin niggaz down flat, you'll be dead in the sky
Niggaz ain't built for crime
Niggaz ain't built for street life, so fuck five mics
Fuck pigs, fuck police, murda for life nigga

[Chorus]

[Ja Rule]

Motherfuckers, I'm untearable and I'll piss on you
That heat you spit, I spits that too
Put three in you, match yo' name
It's really the Rule nigga that pops them thangs
For real, it's in my bloodline ready to kill
Cause nigga I happen to know you
It's about time I expose you
The world over, you fraudulent niggaz it's all over
Get ready, the hostile murderers take over
You scared but don't know
Cause I like sendin my slugs in excess, and makes the
wet steps
I, mack cold blooded and bitches I fucks love it
I'll assassinate your character and think nothin of it

I'm a Murderer, niggaz must not value they life
Cause I'm a Murderer, niggaz best be ready to die
I'm a Murderer, niggaz scared it's all in they eyes
Funk Flex, I-N-C, it's murda for life

[Tah Murdah]
My nigga BJ
Ronnie Bumps
My nigga Pre
My nigga Dirty
Funk Flex nigga
Funk Flex nigga

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