

## Shaquille O'Neal F/ Peter Gunz, Public Announcemen

### "You Didn't Feel Me Then"

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Ay man before these bitches was trippin

It was a task

MF 2000 a whole different story

Ay Spado, let these fuckin hoes know

(Spade)

Uh she used to be mine

See me career on recline

Now that doe low

I aint seen her ass in eons

Walkin around talkin bout the Spade like a peon

Took you to a 3-2-5 from a neon

Baby speed on

See me wit all V on

Yeah I heard bitch you got your cheat on

You played a good game

But I got a good name

And all the hoes love me in that thing on wood frame

Aint a damn thing changed

Bitch I'm still a baller

And my new boo appreciates when I call her

I know you aint mad

I know you aint sad

Yeah I heard you pregnant

But I know I aint the dad

Your new man got a coupe

But I know it aint the Jag

You heard about the vapors

I know you got em bad

Hey hoe, why you go that route?

I had you coupin

Now rumors say your new man got you troopin

On the block sellin it from crack to hash

Disrespect you

Let a nigga smack yo ass

Bitch I wouldn't think twice about hittin yo ass

You lookin skinny

Baby is you hittin the glass?

(Bumpie Johnson)

Minkied up

10 karat pinkied up  
And the whore find suites wit a slinky slut  
Baby you had your chance but you chose to step  
See the top off the 'vette  
Jewels cold as death  
Hittin me up sayin that you the best for me  
Is it because the other chick havin sex wit me?  
Used to think less of me  
Now you pressed for me  
Baby this money got you wantin to get next to me  
Uh tell me what you want from Bumpie  
For a dubbie, buggy, jewels, truckie  
All these chicks love me  
Sayin that you the one  
You got to proove to me  
All you doin now baby is just losein me  
Thinkin diamonds and rubies  
Seduce me to use me  
Hate to hear me laid up  
Smuttin in jacuzzis  
Bitch you a groupie  
Won't get none of my cash  
Find another man to stand behind your slimey ass

(Chorus)  
Bitch you didn't feel me then  
But I know you feelin me now  
Don't you think it's funny how  
Tables seem to turn around  
When a nigga didn't have no deal  
Didn't wanna keep it real  
Now that Figgas struck it rich  
All yall bitches on our dick

Is the money why you wit me?  
Then just leave  
Only time you call me  
Is when you need  
It aint that my money funny  
It's just me  
Yeah I like spendin money  
Just for me  
Whats the truth to you is a lie to me  
Bitch I don't ride wit you  
You ride wit me  
My man had you first  
You think you sly wit me  
Beepin my man searchin for me  
Sleep wit my man  
You'll be closer to me  
Everything you own you owe it to me

I bought you a shop  
You chose to be dumb  
I still want my money  
All the heads that get done  
Your jaws aint fucked up?  
All them heads that you done  
Cum and all  
Just for some threads that you want  
You fresh out of luck bitch  
I'm sayin that you done

(Gillie Da Kidd)  
Yo, I met her at the clam bar  
Double parked in my mans car  
S-Type Jag  
She had the best type ass  
Conservative look, linen  
I had my lower Tims on  
And she was starin at the Ro  
I had the gems on  
I must admit, I'm lovin the waist  
Chanel outfit, glasses  
I'm lovin the taste  
Grabbed her arm  
My other hand clutched the Phillie  
Said she heard about the Figgas  
And had love for Gillie  
I knew she was sweet  
Ordered food to eat  
Checked in 243, the Westin suite  
Cracked the door  
Bitch gave me her breast to eat  
Pushed me straight to the floor  
Start carressin my feet  
Body like I never seen  
Small waist and all butt  
Type to have you fuckin up  
Paid on 8th and Walnut  
I'm trippin  
Before the Kid write a check  
I'd dance butt naked at the Vet  
You gotta respect  
She was married wit a hubbie  
So I woke up 4 AM and left the bitch at the telly

(Chorus to end)

