

Feelings Gone

Styles P

[Intro]

"Cause the feeling, is gone!" [Ghost]

"And I must, get it back" [Statik Selektah] Trust me, nothing prepares us

They never say gettin money slows your prayers up

We already in Hell! Nothin can scare us

We already fly how nothin can air us

Came from the underground so I stay grounded, astounded
by all the bullshit that I founded

A wise man can lose juice soon as he gain jewels

Life get real and you think of the pains you grew

You different, you makin a change, you let your man tell it

Blowin chronic, am I demonic or angelic?

No vanilla Dutch, fuck it, get a panetela

Roll a one sheet, think about my rap sheet

Sellin crack'll have you runnin like a track meet

Watchin your back on every other back street

I started so young, why you think I'm so numb

You can't feel shit and only like real shit

[Chorus: Statik Selektah's samples scratched]

"You can act stupid if you wanna"

"Like you don't know what block I'm front of"

"D-Block layin 'em down"

"And I ain't never plannin to stop, I'm plannin to rock"

"You know my name, you heard my raps"

"You know my name, ain't nuttin changed"

"S.P. and I done been through it all"

"From here on I spit it in rare form" The moon stay quiet but the sun spoke

Still can't blow away the pain with the blunt smoke

Tryin to give my daughter and my son hope

The shit get rough, when you breathin in the gun smoke

Do it all for a pile of the cash, funny

But I'm rarely known to smile when I laugh (that's all)

You can say the pain run deep and I wonder

Do the insane or the sane ones speak?

And I feel like the devil got chains on me

I'm inside but I still feel the rain on me

(It's raining) like it's comin through the window or the windshield

Life full of sins'll have you spinnin like a windmill

Contract with God is signed and it been sealed

See you at the crossroads if everything has been real
I can feel what you can't
And the shit is vice versa so fear what you can't
[Chorus]I told you it is what it is
Can't choose how to die but I can choose how to live (true)
Thought about it just sittin where I live
Just another ghetto nigga with a million dollar crib
No hope, then I dropped the E and got hoppin
Got hip, just so I could get a little guap' (you get it?)
Before that, I used to move rock
with a 4 to 10 job after school workin stock (word)
Then I said "Fuck pickin up a box"
So I sold more drugs, started stickin mo' spots
That's why I thank God for this rap shit
Niggaz be frontin cause we used to livin backwards[Chorus]
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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