

# What I'm Feelin'

Anthony Hamilton

The drugs keepin me high  
I just wanna eliminate everyone thats in sight  
The wicked shits alive in me and it will never die  
I just wanna let you know inside what I'm feelin  
    Feelin endeavored I'm still alive  
Killers who cut throats the only ones that survive  
The wicked shits alive in me and it will never die  
I just wanna let you know inside what I'm feelin I'm sick like hotel beds  
    And gettin head  
    In a motel where  
    My ex-girls in the corner dead  
    The coroner said it was an overdose  
    So I cut his throat and left him for dead  
    I slide him over home  
    I'm a stoner with his motor blown  
And I get high over leavin wack mcee's comatose  
    You ain't shit you suck  
    So what you got your vitals mixed up  
J hand me the bitch so I can pump this shit up like training day  
I'm holdin the real killers who walk and never run away  
    Put your fuckin gun away  
'for I get pissed off then piss on ya like a rainy day  
    I ain't happy I'm the other way  
Stayin mad as fuck and always lookin to retaliate  
    So if you wondering why I magigate  
Just refer to the real definition of assassinate Here we go and were takin it back to basics  
    We make a mark and you marks try to erase it  
    We take dilemma and usually we embrace it  
    We were born in chaos with carnival faces  
    Hows that for odd  
Sent here to eliminate false profits and DemiGods of statistics  
    Mediums, moguls and spreaders of the falseness  
With they heads lopped off and bodies tied to crosses  
    Followers have been exposed  
    With overactive temperal lobes  
    Up in they dome  
No indiviuality more clones on the production line  
Manufacture and faximilated rhymes for the twelfth time  
    Thirteen's synonomous with the oddity's

Stay hungry for flesh like the piranha be  
Killer tryin to dishonor me  
Nothin is sacred in a dead economy  
So bury me deap where the haters will never bother me  
They got a problem with us and the way we tellin it  
Not a statistic refuse to be irrelevant  
Disorted in sick shit  
Ooze from every element  
You can blame it on my soul but the music be compelling it  
To do the type of shit to make you feel it when you hear it  
Musical ducktape  
To patch the holes in your spirt  
No jump on fate  
And stay buzz wordy while your shit's on clearance

Songwriters

ANTHONY HAMILTON, HAROLD SPENCER JR. LILLY, MARK CHRISTOPHER BATSON  
Published by  
Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Universal Music Publishing Group  
Song Discussions is protected  
by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>