

# No Feelings (feat. slop & Patacico)

## Kurupt

Nigga I don't got no feelings  
What the fuck you think this is  
I got no reason to live  
So make your mind up what you want to do  
I make your family be missing you Nigga I don't got no feelings  
What the fuck you think this is  
I got no reason to live  
So make your mind up what you want to do  
I make your family be missing you Yo dusting you off like dirty fingerprints on evidence  
Battling me you dead like presidents  
I'm fresh like prince jazzy like jeff  
The man just like Meth crazy like Lep  
Plus jams just like Def  
With a pin I'm a king like Kurupt  
When I throw a style, you better duck  
And if you don't your ass is out of luck  
Don't fuck with the master if I have to  
Then I blast you, then go to Church and see my pastor  
Why you have to be like this, me and the mic's tight  
Like lettuce, lighting the pimps  
This year my son turned six  
If your style's wack then you need to get that shit fixed  
Brothers hittin Jersey, my raps hitting harder than bricks I'm iller, willer than your local drug dealer  
Come to my villa, meet the 9-milla  
Letting off, where I stop you getting off  
Make you feel it just like Latifah's kiss in Set It Off  
You want war come on, put on the boxing gloves  
People call me an artist on the canvas 'cause I draw blood  
That's what's up with the shit I maneuver  
Hit the losers with a Lueger then lay up in Aruba  
I'm gonna be rappin till you muthafuckaz  
get sick of me on the M-I-see  
I'm sicker than ten niggaz with HIV  
Tracey, pack the chico, the freak though  
Holding heats and we're in wall street  
With Sloppy Joe, you feel me yo? Uh what check it, my name is Steven  
I eat MC's for no apparent reason  
Better you if you skeezin, I'm pleasing  
Those who dare, I advise you not to stare

You be ass out like a flat tire without a spare  
I declare war before I have to even a score  
You got me hot like sand on the shore  
I'm running the floor like a ballerina  
I go back like Flavor Flav and comb Adina  
I get honeys to make you say "You seen her?" I'm pregnant but only in my mind  
Hopin my baby rhyme grows to be a triple platinum album  
A felon, using the steel to do crimes  
Smoke so many niggaz they put up no smoking signs  
Charismatic, gasmatic, ballin like Madden  
Cream automatic, attractive like a magnet  
Speeding like car racing, cream like carnation  
Burn out my PlayStation while cats be scarfacing  
Hey old lady sorry's all I can say  
My bills got me looking in pocket books in a different way  
Foxy in the boulevard Benzo  
I'm in the back of Kurupt's flex truck playin 64 NintendoGettin pealed, skills and it feels  
Raw doggs, raw deals, niggaz either ill, fake, or real  
Penetrates, own the 10's and 38's  
Ridahs and niggaz turn the states and flippin crates  
Get lift like weights, bust and radiates  
Spreading infection, murderous mafia connections  
I want it felt, touch life's villains  
Start drilling, start ampin out  
Hitting them with autos campin out  
With autos innovative, calculative, creative  
Touch a nigga, hectic, with a couple of seconds to bust nigga  
From a distance, I could peep a fuck up  
You want to have but nuttin but cash to get stuck up  
Man I'm diamonds, yo, God is nice  
Hot, never seen cats with so much ice  
I got blocks to get all that's got behind the scenes  
Sellin glocks, tech 9's, 16's and magazines

Songwriters

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