

# Feel Me

## WC & The Maad Circle

(I wanna know do you feel it  
Let me know do you feel it  
Do you feel it) --> Ohio Players

Make ya feel me  
I'm with this right here  
Hey yo Toones, turn my headphones up  
Turn em up nigga  
I can't hear shit  
Fuck them muthafuckas  
Fuck that nigga  
I'm in this muthafucka  
Yeah nigga, right here

[ VERSE 1: WC ]

Freeze, nobody move, hands up  
This ain't no muthafuckin game, niggas is gettin stuck  
So uhm (uhm) get yo ass ready for the big beat bangin  
(What?) dick danglin, pants saggin  
Rank slangin while Toones spin the records  
Going back, back, forth and back  
It's that local janky-ass junkyard funk kickin  
Purse-snatchin car-jackin Ripple-sippin  
187, with the world I got beef  
And I don't wanna hear no talk about peace  
Cause I been lied to, cheated, dissed and mistreated  
A victim of a sodomy to this record industry  
So now it's on to the fullest, so get the bullets  
Cause that's the only way y'all gon' stop me when I do this  
Like ping, ba-ba-bam, straight to your jaw, fuck seein me  
In '95 I'ma make sure you cowards feel me

[ CHORUS ]

(I wanna know do you feel it  
Let me know do you feel it  
Do you feel it)  
(Fo' hoppin, ass droppin) --> Ice Cube  
(I wanna know do you feel it  
Let me know do you feel it  
Do you feel it)  
(Fo' hoppin, ass droppin)

[ VERSE 2 ]

Feel me, feel me while I dip through your hood  
Just mobbin and squabbin cause we up to no good  
(No good) I got a MAAD-ass Circle full of gees  
Rollin treys and fo's and El Caminos on D's  
( ? ) with the ( ? ) amps  
Bendin the corner as I floss all my Zeniths slide across  
Lookin for my competition, if any  
I'm burnin rappers like ( ? ) mama burned Penny  
But this ain't \_Good Times\_, it's nothin but hard times  
And where I'm from, we kick nothin but rough rhymes  
The M-A-A-D C-i-r-c-l-e  
Slingshot khakis and a pair of wallabees  
Three braids in my beard represents the year  
Of another LP for those chose to sleep  
Best to wake up, recognize, I comes with the real, Dub C  
Doin dirt to make sure you muthafuckas feel me

[ CHORUS ]

[ VERSE 3 ]

Last verse, now how should I come with the wickedness?  
Now I got you noddin to my bassline riff  
Goin bump-bump-bump, the guitar strums  
As I beat you down with the drums  
The lyrical night stalker, still payin dues  
And this year I'm servin many and anything that moves  
So which one of y'all wanna run up  
And be the first to get your whole dome ( ? )  
Fool, I'm makin noise like a Glock on your block  
When I drop, ever since I popped it don't stop  
And even if I stut-stu-tu-stuttered over the beat  
I still can catch wreck, so don't try to compete  
( ? ) amateurs best to play the back  
Or fuck around and get that ass rocked and rolled up like Anthrax  
This ain't no joke dudes, I pray for my enemy  
(I pray for em) Lord have mercy when they feel me

[ CHORUS ]

( \*adlibs\* )

( \*DJ Crazy Toones scratches\* )

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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