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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