

Feelin' It

Jay-Z

I'm feelin' it fill the glass to the top with Moet feelin' it
Feel the Lex pushing up on the set I'm feelin' it
Feel the high that you get from the la feelin' it
If you feel it raise your L in the sky I keep it realer than most I know your feeling it
Cristal on ice I like to toast I keep from spilling it
Bone crushers I keep real close I got the skill for this
On my back the fliest clothes looking ill as shit
Transactions illegitimate cause life is still a bitch
And then you die but for now life close your eyes and feel this dick
Since diapers had nothing to live for like them lifers but
Making sure every nigga stay rich within my cipher
We paid the price the circle of success-hey turned my mic up
I'm bout to hit these niggas with some shit that'll light your life up
If every nigga in your clique is rich your clique is rugged
Nobody would fall cause everyone would be each others crutches
I hope you fools choose to listen I drop jewels bust it
These are the rules I follow in my life you gotta love it
Jiggy jigger looking gully in the joint
If y'all niggas ain't talking 'bout large money what's the point? I'm feelin' it fill the glass to the top with Moet
feelin' it
Feel the Lex pushing up on the set I'm feelin' it
Feel the high that you get from the lye feelin' it
If you feel it raise your L in the sky Even if it ain't sunny hey I ain't complaining
I'm in the rain doing a buck 40 hydroplaning hey shorty (Where you disappear son?)
Maintaining putting myself in a position most of these rappers ain't in
I'm living the ill streets blues got you hunger paining
Nothing to gain and a whole lot to lose you still slinging-fool
I'm thorough in every borough my name be ringing
Warming it up for the perfect time to hit your brain and
Ya Feelin' it? to all the girls that bought a girdle to conceal my bricks
No doubt they can vouch my life is real as shit
95 south and poppy on the hill and shit
And all the towns like Cambridge that I killed wit shit
And all the thorough ass niggas that I hustle wit
Throw your joints in the air one time and bust your shit
These fake rappers cant really know I'm loving it ya feelin' it I'm feelin' it fill the glass to the top with Moet
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If you feel it raise your L in the sky What y'all ain't heard that nigga Jay high?
The Cristal's they keep me wet like Baywatch
I keep it tight for all the nights my mom prayed I'd stop
Said she had dreams a sniper hit me with a fatal shot
Those nightmares mom
Those dreams you say you got give me the chills
But these mils make me hot y'all don't feel me
Enough to stop the illin' right?
But at the same time these dimes keep me feeling tight I'm so confused
OK I'm getting weeded now I know I'm contradicting myself look I don't need that now
It just once in a blue when there's nothing to do and
The tension gets too thick for my sober mind to cut through
I get to zoning me and the chick on the l and then we're boning
I free my mind sometimes I hear myself moaning
Take one more toke and I leave that weed alone man
It got me goin' shit I'm feelin' it fill the glass to the top with Moet feelin' it
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