How I Feel

Zed Bias

Man, all I hear is Santana this, Santana that
Santana, you can't do this, Santana, you can't do that
Man why I can't I just smoke a blunt and be me
That's how I feel
Okay, it's Santana, I'm back again
You know what, man? This is, yeah
You fuckas don't know a damn thing about me
A piece, a part, a hamstring about me
The street's my heart you can't get it out me, it's
You fuckas know me, it was a sharp throb in my bones
I looked it was my own flesh, heart, and my bones, problems at home
So I left them there, got up out the atmosphere
Misery loves company, I don't respect that there
Dip Set on the posta, boys for coming so close to
Being the black Lagrosta Nostra
Jim is my big buzzin', Zeek's my big cousin
Killa's my big nigga, also my big brother
We are the Dip family, get a grip family
Nothin' alive can divide this family
So, come on roll with the Set, come on roll with the best
With pain is felt, niggaz know that you stressed, oh
The game itself don't notice your stress
You been left smokin', zoning on steps, no
That's not the way to go but that's the way you'll go
If you don't get up off you ass and find a way to go
Streets to rap, yeah that's the way I went
Now it's beats and rhymes that's the way I pay the rent
Fuck what ya think nigga 'cause this is, niggaz know me

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