What A Feelin'

Keith Murray

Kaboom! Guess who stepped in the room?
Lookin' like the creature from the Black Lagoon
There's gonna be a 187 real soon
If some niggas don't give me some elbow room
I'm runnin with the Legion of Doom
Like a pack of wolves foamin at the mouth on full moon
I track range between space and time
And push back like receding hair lines
That's the essence of the effervescence
At this melodic dynamic shit progresses
A mic murderer for hire
As I sit back and watch your little gimmick backfire
Under the circumstances in any order of events
I be with sick niggaz rollin thick
Dissin the system got America mad at me
Like my name was O.J. SimpsonMy style is all that and a big bag of chips with the dip
So fuck all that sensuous shit
The astronomical is comin through like the flu bombin youMy style is all that and a big bag of chips with the dip
So fuck all that sensuous shit
The astronomical is comin through like the flu bombin youMy style is all that and a big bag of chips with the dip
So fuck all that sensuous shit
The astronomical is comin through like the flu bombin youGet off my d.k., you pitty pat bitch, stepped into the party
People wonderin' if I'm a start some shit
Prisoner of the media very often
Cause people be blowin shit out proportion
False information and bogus arithmetic
Got everybody stuck on stupid, misinterpretating shit
How could I? Why should I damage my career?
Over a nigga that'll probably bust me out of fear
Don't let your mouth get you into somethin that your ass can't get out
When I see you, I'm a pull your dreads out your scalp
Caution code red
I could kill you now but instead I'm a put this thought into your head
I got the illest crew in the industry
We could go to war for 30 years like foreign countries
Yo, slow your roll
Cause I don't really think you know with what you dealinMy style is all that and a big bag of chips with the dip
So fuck all that sensuous shit

The astronomical is comin through like the flu bombin youMan, fuck bitches, I'm getting money
And laughin at these clown ass niggaz like they funny
The grand imperial with milky material
I be the surprise in the bottom of your cereal
One thing I gotta say, my Squad never lost it
Unlike you corny MC's out there who Farrah Fawcett
Can't rhyme, runnin your mouth all the time
While Def Squad sit back and enterprise perfect crimes
Got the Funk Lord squeezin the life out of keyboards
While each MC tear the frame out of mic chords
Yo I was in the bullpen with them niggas pullin heists
Grown ass men crying like little mice, but I'm a bounce true indeed
Cause punk ass only bagged me with two ounces of weed
Now I'm back in the city lights
And all I can think about is keepin it tight

Songwriters
Erick Sermon;Tyrone Fyffe;William Earl Collins;Jr. Clinton;Keith Murray;Jr. WorrellPublished by ILLIOTIC MUSIC;ERICK SERMON ENTERPRISES INC.;UNIVERSAL MUSIC-Z TUNES;BRIDGEPORT MUSIC, INC. Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/