

# Catchin Feelins

## 2Pac

My home boys might squabble but we don't fall down  
Yeah, my home boys might squabble but we don't fall down  
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Westside, westside  
Part two of the war, bring it, let's do it, huh huh Cross this nigga here, now Biggie, tell me who do you fear?  
Ain't a livin' soul breathin' shall pump no fear here  
My last four flashed then I mashed his ass  
Bastard, fuck with me, bet I blast your ass So many follow but can't reach me, caught in a maze  
Catch 'em mimickin' my style, tryin' to walk this way  
Impossible, my posse droppin' you, we Death Row riders  
No need to beg, motherfucker, ain't no mercy inside us Feeling blessed, the richer I get the more I stress  
Smokin' lye watchin' time fly, waitin' for death  
Dear God, I been feelin' like I'm close to Jesus  
Paranoid with my pistols close, smokin' trees Keep my eyes on my foes, those close to me  
Watchin' niggas catch strays, shake, choke an' bleed me  
A mercenary for the streets, check my pedigree  
Bustin' motherfuckers, it's the thug in me Now niggas talk a lotta bad boy shit  
Then get to squealin'  
Bitch made catchin' feelin' Outlaw niggas, are you ready to clown?  
My homeboys might squabble but we don't fall down  
Screamin', "Bye bye bitches, untouchable sound"  
Niggas hide like hoes when we hit your town  
Catchin' feelins Outlaw niggas, are you ready to clown?  
My homeboys might squabble but we don't fall down  
Screamin', "Bye bye bitches, untouchable sound"  
Niggas hide like hoes when we hit your town  
Catchin' feelins Yeah, Napoleon, picture me sippin' on one five one  
Drunk than a motherfucker, droppin' my gun  
Or as high as a kite, hittin' hoes for fun  
But that ain't me, dog, my mind's now clear An' that ain't fair, dog, your heart pump fear  
In the state I guess  
You better hide nigga truth is near  
An' you know just as well I do  
You ain't no killer, so kill that you wouldn't kill if you had to We might wobble but we don't fall down  
We take the gospel from Makaveli, pass it around  
Ah, shit, we gonna taste the power  
We started the thug trend, the game is ours Now we coast together, put our thoughts together  
Won't question will we die together  
'Cause the hour is soon to come

Kadafi trained soldier, I show you how to use your gun, bring it  
Outlaw niggas, are you ready to clown?  
My homeboys might squabble but we don't fall down  
Screamin', "Bye bye bitches, untouchable sound"  
Niggas hide like hoes when we hit your town  
Catchin' feelins  
Outlaw niggas, are you ready to clown?  
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Screamin', "Bye bye bitches, untouchable sound"  
Niggas hide like hoes when we hit your town  
Catchin' feelins, feelins catchin' feelins  
We yellin', "M A D E N I double G A, motherfuckers"  
An' we here to stay, from curb surfin'  
We workin' the industry, you kiddin' me  
It's really nothin' to me an' my king, you see  
We in the big things, eat a dick, man,  
If your hatin', we gone ride, 'til the wheels fall off, pay attention  
Screamin', "Bye bye bitches, untouchable sound"  
Ride or die niggas, an' we huntin' you down  
Representin' all the real niggas stuck in the trap  
Bangin' out with the po' po', tryin' to get to some mo'  
Street life, young strugglers racin' the clock  
Ain't no tellin' when it all can end, roll or rock  
Ain't no world with feelings, this a man's world, youngin'  
But the bitches' in business, so learn a lil' somethin'  
And stop runnin' your mouth, you're on the verge of squealin'  
Bitch made catchin' feelings, nigga  
Outlaw niggas, are you ready to clown?  
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Screamin', "Bye bye bitches, untouchable sound"  
Niggas hide like hoes when we hit your town  
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Catchin' feelins  
Everybody's a gangsta but don't put in work  
Instead of puttin' on the armor, niggas put on skirts  
These drugs ain't helpin', it only makin' it worse  
An' the streets ain't got nothin' for me but herbs  
I can't trust the church or the mobs  
I can only trust God an' to tell you the truth  
I gotta ride, I only roll with the real  
'Cause rollin' with the fake got my loved ones killed  
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