No Feelings

Good Riddance

[Hook:]

Nigga I ain't got no feelings
What the fuck you think this is?
I got no reason to live
So make your mind up
What you wanna do?
I make your family be missing you

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[Verse 1: Slop & Patacico]

Dustin' you off like dirty finger prints on evidence
Battlin' me ya dead like presidents
I'm Fresh like Prince, Jazzy like Jeff
The man just like Meth,
Crazy like Left plus jams is like Def
Wid a pen I'm king like Kurupt,
When I throw a style you betta duck
If you don't yo ass is outta luck
Don't fuck, wid the masta,
If I have to, the I'll blast ya
Then go to church to see my pastor
Why ya have to be like this
Me and the mic's tight like
Gladys Knight and the Pips
This year my son turned six,
Yo style's wack and you need to get that shit fixed
Representin' Jersey my raps hittin' harder than bricks

[Patacico]

I'm iller, realer,
Than ya local drug dealer

Come to my villa,
Meet the nine milla,
Lettin' off,
Where I stop you gettin' off,
Make you feel it juts like Latifah's kiss in Set It Off
You want war come on,
Put on the boxing gloves
People call me an artist in the canvas
Cause I draw blood,
That's what's up,
Wid the shit I manouver
Hit the losers wid a Luger
Than lay up in Aruba
I'm gon' be rappin' till you motherfuckas get sick ah me on the mic,
I'm sicker than ten niggas wid HIV,
Tracy, had the cico, the freako
Holdin' heat somewhere on Wall Sreet wid Sloppy Joe
You hear me though?

[Hook]

[Verse 2: Slop, Patacico & Kurupt]

My name is Stephen
I eat MCs for no apparent reason
It in you if you skeezin' I'm pleasin'
Those who dare,
I advise you not to stare
You be assed out like a flat tyre widout a spare
I declare war before I had to even the score
You got me hot like sand on the shore,
I'm runnin' the floor, like a ballerina,
I go back like Flava Flav in cold Medina
I get honies to make you say "You seen her?"

[Patacico]

I'm pregnant, but only in my mind
Hopin' my baby rhyme grows up to be a triple platinum album
I fell on, using the steel to do crimes
Smoked so many niggas they put up no smoking signs
Charismatic asthmatic, ballin' like Madden,
Cream, automatic attractive like a magnet
Speedin' like car racin',
Cream like carnation,

Burned out my Playstation while cats be scar facin',
Hey old lady, sorry's all I can say
By bills got me lookin' at pocket books, in a different way,
Fox got the bubbled eye Benz-o
I'm in the back of Kurupt flex truck playin' 64 Nintendo

[Kurupt]

Get peeled, skills in the fields
Raw dog raw deals,
Niggas either ill, fake or real
Penetrates I only heard ah tens and thirty eights
Ride as the niggas turnin' states and flippin' crates
Get lift like weights,
Bust and radiate spreadin' infections
Murderous mafia connections
I wanna feel touched like feelings
Start drillin' start ampin' out,
Hittin' wid autos campin' out,
Wid autos innovative calculative creative
Touched nigga, hectic, wid a couple seconds
A bust nigga, from a distance I can peep a fuck up
You on the Ave wid nuthin' but cash to get stuck up
Man them diamonds y'all got is nice, hot
Never seen cowards wid so much ice
I got blocks to get all that's got behind the scenes
Sellin' glocks, tech nines, sixteens and magazines
Zines, zines, zines.....

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