

# How I Feel

## Orange Cake Mix

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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