

What I'm Feelin' (feat. The HamilTones)

Anthony Hamilton

The drugs keepin me high
I just wanna eliminate everyone thats in sight
The wicked shits alive in me and it will never die
I just wanna let you know inside what I'm feelin
 Feelin endeavoured I'm still alive
Killers who cut throats the only ones that survive
The wicked shits alive in me and it will never die
I just wanna let you know inside what I'm feelin I'm sick like hotel beds
 And gettin head
 In a motel where
 My ex-girls in the corner dead
 The coroner said it was an overdose
 So I cut his throat and left him for dead
 I slide him over home
 I'm a stoner with his motor blown
And I get high over leavin wack mcee's comatose
 You ain't shit you suck
 So what you got your vitals mixed up
J hand me the bitch so I can pump this shit up like training day
I'm holdin the real killers who walk and never run away
 Put your fuckin gun away
'for I get pissed off then piss on ya like a rainy day
 I ain't happy I'm the other way
Stayin mad as fuck and always lookin to retaliate
 So if you wondering why I magigate
Just refer to the real definition of assassinate Here we go and were takin it back to basics
 We make a mark and you marks try to erase it
 We take dilemma and usually we embrace it
 We were born in chaos with carnival faces
 Hows that for odd
Sent here to eliminate false profits and DemiGods of statistics
 Mediums, moguls and spreaders of the falseness
With they heads lopped off and bodies tied to crosses
 Followers have been exposed
 With overactive temperal lobes
 Up in they dome
No indiviuality more clones on the production line
Manufacture and faximilated rhymes for the twelfth time
 Thirteen's synonomous with the oddity's

Stay hungry for flesh like the piranha be
Killer tryin to dishonor me
Nothin is sacred in a dead economy
So bury me deap where the haters will never bother me
They got a problem with us and the way we tellin it
Not a statistic refuse to be irrelevant
Disorted in sick shit
Ooze from every element
You can blame it on my soul but the music be compelling it
To do the type of shit to make you feel it when you hear it
Musical ducktape
To patch the holes in your spirt
No jump on fate
And stay buzz wordy while your shit's on clearance

Songwriters

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