

Catchin Feelins

Raj Mahal

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?
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Catchin' feelins
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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
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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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