

# No Feelings

## Mr. Irish Bastard

[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 Street 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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