

Can You Feel It? (feat. B-Legit)

E-40

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

[Featuring: B-Legit]Ugh, yeah

(can you feel it baby?)

Ugh, yeah

(can you feel it baby?)

Ugh, yeah

(I want to know)

Tha murder weapon

Cappin off safety

Keep one in tha chamber

Youre life is in danger

(boyowh!) call me noah cause Im floating cross

Tha river droppin g *****

With mo locls than a Steven Segal

(boyaaa!) peep this

From tha unforgiven mask murderer

Handcuffing tha m-i-c

Serving *****s like milky ds

Mo actions than Jackson

You never breth again like Toni Braxton

When Im maxing

Shooting rhymes like John Paxton

And dont forget

Tha lights on tha camera

So I lick em

Stick em

Did em

Dun em

Get mo mellow than I trail em

To tha darkside

And make em evacuate with tha swiftness

Killin my fatal flow with tha quickness

Ugh!
You relly dont wanna see me and my flow
(you dont wanna see me, you dont wanna see me)
cause I can play it like
Casper
Get real and
Then Im ghost
All I want to know
Fool!
Can you feel it?
*****!(can you feel it baby?)
Ugh, yeah
(can you feel it baby?)
Ugh, yeah
(I want to know)
(can you feel it baby?)
Ugh, yeah
(can you feel it baby?)
Ugh, yeah
(I want to know)Uuh!?
***** who tha ***** you talkin to?
Talkin yo *** mutha*****a
Yous got no clue
Ill be your huckleberry (huckleberry)
Tha black doc holiday
I dos me? with my stainless steel plates
Serial number scratch off must be a throw away
Mutha*****az expect me to come soft
But fool Im here to stay
(gunshots)
Blow, bllaarraah, muth*****az, blast mutha*****ers
(gunshots end)
Release tha tec
No chop to tha bank
Its hot
No rock n jock
You big bullies done turned a semi automatic
Into a fully
I like tha times with my social thugs
Stay away from tha
Brushing up on my shooting skillz
Private property land
Aiming at acorns coke bottles and aluminum cans
Walkin around this mutha*****a with ya lips
Closed out

Fools know wut Im about
Mutha**** you!(can you feel it baby?)
Ugh, yeah
(can you feel it baby?)
Ugh, yeah
(I want to know)
(can you feel it baby?)
Ugh, yeah
(can you feel it baby?)
Ugh, yeah
(I want to know)Verse 3: spice-1
A whu, a whu
A 1-2-3
Its tha motha****in killa
Bailin up out tha caddy
With tha infrared up on my milla
Meet ya motha****in head up
With the barrel up in his mouth
Creepin up in ya ****in house
Leave ya brain on tha couch
Just some sick ****
From some *****s
Who really dont give a ****
1990-sick up on this album all you snitches duck
Blaw!
Triple gold knack off
Be holdin my tire on
****in with tha alcohol, tobacco and tha firearm
My ***** e-4-0
Double jeff
And kyoZ
You way off
And hoes like a fro
You gunn stay soft
Thats why Im pickin on ya ***
Ya phony *****
East bay gangstas for life
Str8 1-8-7 killasBlaw!
Yeah man
We just take em got em
Put tha barrel in they mouth and just blaw!
Man
Just takin motha****in brains out like that
cause really dont give a ****
Blaw!(can you feel it baby?)

Ugh, yeah
(can you feel it baby?)

Ugh, yeah
(I want to know)
(can you feel it baby?)

Ugh, yeah
(can you feel it baby?)

Ugh, yeah
(I want to know)

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>