

Feel My Pain

AZ

This ain't just rap, this is about connection
ya crabs could trap talk, this about respect.
I'm a mixture of Mutulu and Malcolm X*young Rick the Ruler, my mouths is a mess.
My low homey home he on house arrest,
try to tell homey be grown, This is about success.
the streets been sewn we see a thousand deaths,
So many nuts bust we rarely get aroused for sex
Try to do leers at the clear, lounge on decks
Among those who couldn't care what's around my neck.
Ten respects BBM'n or sendin' a text linen fresh
either we sinnin or blandin in with Execs
nigga I'm blessed puff blunts with big in the flesh
due to Nas in '95 with the bridge address
Live what I rep, I'm real no identity theft, my will
It's like a prison, I'm pulling this stretch, it's ill!
Recreation, my reputation, Could bring together that gangs from separation,
So, no dough, no explanations, blow!
Get lows my expectations glow.
OG, G.O.D and I know no Nigger that could deep on me!

The way I put the words together, they want something new,
So let's get reacquainted!
Time to re-up gotta recycle the flow!
You talkin' like this was a thing of the past!
Switch Hustlas been killin em ever since
Hey you tell the truth Dawg
It only makes sense!

Reminisce rent a miss' this is limitless,
started from the Genesis school,
Though I been it since
Touch down scrimmages talkin to your Nemesis,
barkin at your innocence, finding that you're friends ain't shit
Let me finish it!
Few Niggers benefit!
New Niggers tend to send a cent to the penetent
Camp style, I know now what kill I'm in
No resemblance moving off my inner strength
superb penmanship, heard that my pen' was sick
Never impetent wonder where my Niggers went,
Die hard is still the point even when I'm bent
Fly cars, Louis scarves, everything is meant
Two-ten new in charge Imma bring suspense,
White Ice Blue Y'all ain't seen me since
The young god, took a charge for 'em two attempts,
In my defense, I'm due to vent

Rap convo, blackin' over congos,
glass condo, relaxed in the dawn mode
Both arms fold, feet up on the console
Fuckin bomb holds skeetin on your cornrows
My boy Alonzo beat another homo
Let the dawn flow try and get the Bronze dough,
Head honcho high with a Milan glow,
How them horns blow make a nigga mambo,
White Bronco, address beef pronto, breast meat combo, don't be a John Doe

Still calm though, OG at the trial when they hit Busy Bee in '03,
Low key, live wire flow be, 5th gear mode it could rip earlobes
think quick on my tiptoes, life's a bitch and the chick chose