

Feel It

Killarmy

"It's not that I don't love you"
"You know how much I do"

Yeah, Killa-Arm
This one here's for the people (word up)
To families livin in the ghetto
Babies, right there witchu
Peurto Rico (Japan, Africa)

Make ya feel it, on the outside
And make ya feel it, on the inside
And make ya feel it..

Have you ever seen a grown man cry?
Have you ever asked a grown man why?
Why do ya feel that way inside?
Sometimes I had to swallow my pride and settle for less
Lord don't settle for less, you more like the best
To me, as I pull my head out my skully,
and I give praise due to those who mean somethin to me
Moms, you incredible, you raised me all by yourself
Regardless of the situation, there was food in the shelf
Pops, you abandoned me, you left me all alone
In this cold warzone, I had to fence for my own
My sister Candie, probably the only one that understands me
Girl I love you to death, you never turned your back on me
La-Familia sick, I wish I had the hands to heal you quick
And rid you of a disease you livin with
A young father, I've been blessed with two little girls
You two jewels more precious than diamonds or pearls
A part of me from a different perspective
And any woman that I'm dealin with is gonna have to respect it
On the outside there's negativity
Please killa cause on the inside
Me and my team'll make you feel it

Make ya feel it, on the outside
And make ya feel it, on the inside
And make ya feel it, on the outside
And make ya feel it, on the inside
And make ya feel it..

Word up,
It's like everyday, it's a struggle
Like floatin in a bubble
Burnin on the rocks, sticks and stones
And all that..

Aiyyo, aiyyo
Mom I'm suspended from school
Boy I'm tired of your shit, black woman drivin the mothership

Own the company witcha man, incorporate
She told me I was handsome -- I know I look funny with big lips
But that's the love she had for her son, the 9th Prince
Forever you exist in my circumference
You left my brain numbness, at night sometimes I cry

Wipe the salty tears from my eyes,
and feel lies, life's no job
You caught up in the Beehive,
but mom, ever since you been gone ain't nothin changed
Rza got a new Range, I can't complain
Them fake cats, stay in they lane
Your granddaughter Angelica, is gettin bigger
More figures I gotta spend on Princess Corinthia
Pull LaVoyd pictures, back when fam was ghetto prisoners
Let's all hold hands, and sing for the listeners

Make ya feel it, on the outside
And make ya feel it, on the inside
And make ya feel it, on the outside
And make ya feel it, on the inside
And make ya feel it..

(It's not that I don't love you)
Shit is just that real
Knowwha'mean, shit is definately just that real
(It's not that I don't love you)
Comin up in the ghetto and shit
You know, it's like sometimes ya just,
Sometimes, ya'know
It's like, it's like sometimes

Sometimes I catch myself sittin back,
scratchin the hair off my head
Thinkin about where I'm at black
Trapped in the worst part
I geuss so son, shit is fucked up though
The type of shit a young black man gotta go through,
everyday of his life, no matter where we at
They say we sell crack
Yeah we do son, so what do you expect us to do about it
I gotta eat, I ain't tryna starve for government
I know you lovin it, got us like rats and lamps
Just watchin us fade away, and it's sad
Like a rainy day, so what the fuck the president gotta say...

[Chorus to fade]