

# Did Y'All Feel Dat?

DJ Quik

New game..

Ay, my musical style is far from intermediate  
And my lyrics stay flow as if I was collegian (smart)  
Take my style you need it  
Cus the shit I'm hearing on the radio is so repeated  
So repetitive, not to be confused with competitive  
Get a bar of this you need a sedative  
It'll keep you up all night  
Analyze it; dissect it, pretty tough all right  
Cus I got some magic goin down  
I summon up my powers and get tragic on the sound  
Levin maggots on the ground (wow)  
And I'm trying to do it twice and get some rich ass figures  
Cus I'm tired of being nice to you bitch ass niggas  
And the truth is, I ignore disses  
You probably want my misses or you probably want my kisses, little faggot  
Never one for metaphors  
But now I take competitors, bleeding through that set of doors  
Cus I'm pretty jagged  
Flyer than TWA  
We came to the game strong we ready to play  
So watch how you speak it  
Cus my niggas'll break bats over your head until you leakin  
Nigga take that

Did y'all feel dat? (talk box)  
We turning you out and we move the crowd, yeah  
Did y'all feel dat? (talk box)  
We turning you out and we shake the crowd, yeah

What's with this paper stuff? Buy ya shit, look how you be actin  
Well I aint buyin shit but this one got you laughin  
Tough actin like (Tinactin) is how my game got you reactin  
Keep ?? them songs, look how you got me actin  
Skaboo come through, Skaboo always come through  
Shit pay a villain to a mind if a nigga asked you to  
I'm feelin you supposed to  
Look at all the things that I go through  
Ring the bell, gets the ?? before I'm even spoken to  
What the ?? quick to blow ya spot  
Why you sweatin when it was dead cold? I keeps it hot, hot!  
Figure you could ride me and still play me like polo, that's a no no  
Now I'm platinum crackin and that's fo sho' though  
Baby girl you aint know sexuality  
That got you watchin me jockin me fuckin wit Quik, Quik and now she out for me  
Pussy, torsi, pussy no working  
Skaboo Ha! Got your body jerkin

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Now I'm as real as real gets  
And I put that on a police spill fuckin with Quik I'ma be rich

And I aint got no doubt in my mind, change the game in a real way  
Residential to presidential hey  
Y'all niggas don't wanna see me ballin  
Being black, in the big black Navi raw doggin  
Puffin on nothin but the bombest  
On my way up to the studio to get my definition of "Ebonics"  
Doin my thang gettin paid at the same time  
5 G's for a 40 second rap line  
God bless the voice of a young soldier  
You don't wanna party with the realest pass my chips over  
Gave the show ate the sandwiches and left  
Packed the Avian water, left a big ass mess  
Now we on the highway, doin it my way  
Back up to the marial for my after party  
Did y'all feel dat?

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