

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

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

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?

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