

# 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]