

## Feel Me

Master P

(4x)

I won't stop 'til they feel me dawg  
They can't knock a nigga hustle they gotta kill me dawg

You can find me on the block my nigga  
Ain't nuttin changed, still runnin from the cops my nigga  
I feel like B.I.G. and 'Pac my nigga  
"All Eyez on Me," but I got this nigga  
P. Miller shoes, camou' top my nigga  
I'm from the hood so I'm strapped with two glocks my nigga  
You wanna scrap but I don't box my nigga  
Black Sopranos up in here and you get popped my nigga  
I told Bob hold me a spot my nigga  
Case these industry bitches try to stop a nigga  
Try to sue me but I'm on top my nigga  
Bentley Coupe, P. Miller rims, convertible top my nigga  
Keep my enemies close and watch my friends  
And I'ma rep the New No Limit 'til the casket bend  
We did it once, we'll do it again  
I don't follow I lead my nigga I set trends

Yo, all you blacks in white, I promise you these two techs crea  
te  
enough firepower to make a coward's chest deflate  
See Poppa pull up to yo' sets and spray, so you ain't gotta be  
on public housing to get yo' section ate/eight - ayyyy  
Now won't you chumps go dare front for?  
Get dumped on tryin to knock my hustle like a front do'  
Punk no, you better come off my bread pronto  
Fo' my guns blow and leave cats wetter than panchos  
The head honcho, from low peels to sex or grass  
I bleed on blocks like tampons and maxi-pads  
Until I'm sleepin on stacks of cash - my triggers  
are like niggaz around strippers they'll snap ya ass  
Keep actin bad, the two-buck can eat ya whole crew up  
So you ain't gotta come down to Houston to get Screwed Up  
I move more yellow on the block than a school bus  
So if you need a clique to hate on then don't choose us

[Chorus]