

Can You Feel Me

S.A.S

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This the type of tip that I'm on
Sometimes I listen to songs and zone out 'til I wish I was gone
Bitches see I'm gettin' figures so now they real thirsty
Niggaz won't be pullin' them triggers to try and murk me
Respect my hustle, get checks and bubble
Yeah it's real cuz I still seem to rep the struggle
You can't blame me when it's the same me
I won't let the fame or the game try to change me
This is flames, see it's hot enough to scorch the beat
I be stuntin' in London up in that Porcha jeep
And I'ma tell you what I'm here for
The shit I believe the shit I do some years for
Talk about how you pop your gun
I heard the cries of a mother when she lost her son
You can lose it all in a second
Tomorrow's a gift so we call it the present

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I'ma grind my way to the top (so make room)
I'ma shine incase you forgot (there's great to him)
Take mine they'll blaze at ya top (put 8 through 'em)
When you rhyme this way and this hot (your date soon)
This is no act, no gimmicks, industry hate it
Raw raps, flow, lyrics, in the streets favorite
And I'm floatin' down this path, wait
It took a long time to get here but I'm only half way
So the mission's incomplete until we drop and bring that heat that singe the streets
Beef calling, same game, we foreign
Like ain't you got a deal, mind frame see-sawing
We touring, sometimes we balling
Stunt on me like Denzel he falling
There's gangstas among us so just chill and let the kid do they numbers now
that's real

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You listening clear, I ain't living in fear
Not Hewy Newton but I'm moving with my fist in the air
And yeah it's nuthin' fam, listen to me brother man
Like brail so you gotta feel me to understand
Try killin' me man but still I remain
They say the truth hurts, so you niggas feeling my pain
I'm still in the game, strike while the iron is hot
And be like heat on the thermostat that rise to the top

A lot of hating going on and I don't want no part of that
Cuz for your chain they'll put some'n in your Prada hat
I'd rather that, you'll never see me scared
Wanna jack it come and grab it, better leave me there
I pull the trigger, the judge tryna give me years
It's self-defenses but jail they wanna see me there
And it seems to me get a plaque they act funny
Cuz they hate to see young, black niggaz stack money, uh

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