

# Can You Feel It

Shyheim

Haaaaaa, and it don't stop and it don't stop  
Rugged child got the world prop nigga  
Can you feel it  
Can you feel it  
(do I gotta cock my pistol? )

[shyheim]

I be notorious like that nigga big smalls  
Plus I keep it raw live illegal like jamal  
If ya act up you get shot up  
What the blood? I represent thugs (you know it)  
Y'all know my style, bring it to man, woman and child  
Buckwild juvenile (rugged child break it down)  
Jiggers they stick close like crews  
You never see me spendin cash rules on you fools  
Cause I don't love you hoes (why not)  
A lot of y'all cross be laws like got  
A nigga like me keep it real, word to jesus  
Respect to the real woman, f\*\*k you skeezers

Chorus: (2x)

Can you feel it  
Can you feel it  
(or do I gotta cock my pistol? )

I'm a juvenile delinquent, I keeps a cocked biscuit  
Moet and alize be gettin a nigga lifted  
And when I'm high my mouth is dry  
I'm not from the sky  
But a nigga for the eye he better do or die  
Clack-clack, that's all you hear up in the dark  
Blaka-blaka, and then two bright sparks  
The boy fall down while screamin police  
Wooo jiggy comin, but them no worry me see  
A criminal for bein crimi-nal  
No matter who, what, how, when or where it goes down  
A dramalord plus a punany don  
In '95 i'ma max like nissan  
I'ma max, get it, max, i'ma, max-ima, well come along  
I take you through another chamber, let me pick  
36 wu-tang? yeah that be that shit

Chorus

So I creep ooohhhhhh I roll deep like f.o.i.'s  
Recognize or get paralyzed  
I drop jewels like a nervous appraiser  
A hell raiser, engrave my logo in your back player  
I bring the pain in many different methods  
Similar to the lethal injection and your style is seconds  
What punk, boy I'll box ya up  
Plus my rhymes is sicker than them kids in somalia

Chorus