

Shyheim, Can You Feel It

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 deliquent, 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
Woou 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