

Blackstreet, Can You Feel Me

Feel this
Twelve cars, mansion, beautiful kids
Fly life, my life
Wanna be here to see it on tv
Listen to my cd easily
Dough flow, blow, do the show, all across the globe
Lotta carats in my earlobe, chillin' 20 million
Wanna jam with my ghetto's blackstreet heros
Do they thing, whatcha got?
New jack swing, teddy stay ready
Deadly on the remix
I'm the prefix and suffix, got enough chips
Not enough hits though, don't get it twisted
Over a hundred of mine listed, why?
K-sick widdows and six zeroes in the blink of a eye
In the game I'm ahead of, spread love, call my fleet
When I break bread, we all'll eat
That's how we play from motown to va
T.r., mad pr, cuban cigar, never illegal
None of y'all equal, peek-a-boo, I see you
Now I'll leave you with just a little sneak preview
You know how we do, music for the people

1 - got to give the people
Give the people what they want
Want ch'all to feel this

Get near this, hear this
It's the realist
Gotta give what the people
Give the people what they want
Want cha'll to feel this
Get near this, hear this
It's the realist

See black, markell, future sound cartel
Soon as we dropped the stock fell
Look, better hooks than ali
Give more nightmares than rakim
G-rock to whom I sell records, you don't
Check my steez, invest my g's, adjust that beats's
Golddiggers wanna caress my cheek
See me flow, battle free g, ceo yo
That'll be me, why y'all hate to work
I read every line of the paperwork
That's my job, 'till it's all done
Corn on the cob, mc's it ain't all fun
You might flow to sick 'cause it really quickest
But you stay booked forever 'cause you don't know the business

Repeat 1

Repeat 1