

# 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