

Jay-Z, Feelin' It

Chorus:

I'm feelin it fill the glass to the top with Moet
Feelin it feel the Legs pushin up on the sand
I'm feelin it feel the high that you get from the lye
Feelin it if you feel it raise your I in the sky

Verse 1:

I keep it realer than most I know your feelin it
Cristal on ice I like those toes I keep from spillin it
Bone crushers I keep real close I got the skill for this
On my back the fliest clothes lookin ill as shit
Transactions illegitimate cause life is still a bitch
And then you die but for now life close your eyes and feel this dick
Since diapers had nothin to live for like them lifers but
Makin sure every nigga stay rich within my cipher
We paid the price the circle of success-hey turned my mic up
Im bout to hit these niggas with some shit that'll light your life up
If every nigga in your clique is rich your clique is rugged
Nobody would fall cause everyone would be each others crutches
I hope you fools choose to listen I drop jewels bust it
These are the rules I follow in my life you gotta love it
Jiggy jigger lookin gully in the joint
If y'all niggas ain't talkin 'bout large money what's the point?

(Chorus)

Verse 2:

Even if it ain't sunny hey I ain't complainin
I'm in the rain doing a buck 40 hydroplanin/ what shorty
(Where you disappear to, son?)
Maintainin puttin myself in a position most of these rappers ain't in
I'm livin the ill streets blues got you hunger painin
Nothin to gain and a whole lot to lose you still slingin-fool
I'm thorough in every boro my name be ringin
Warmin it up for the perfect time to hit your brain and
Ya Feelin it? to all the girls that bought a girdle to conceal my bricks
No doubt they can vouch my life is real as shit
95 south and poppy on the hill and shit
And all the towns like Cambridge that I killed wit shit
And all the thorough ass niggas that I hustle wit
Throw your joints in the air one time and bust your shit
These fake rappers cant really know I'm lovin it ya feelin it

(Chorus x2)

Verse 3:

What y'all ain't heard that nigga Jay high?
The Cristals they keep me wet like Baywatch
I keep it tight for all the nights my mom prayed I'd stop
Said she had dreams a sniper hit me with a fatal shot
Those nightmares mom
Those dreams you say you got give me the chills
But these mils make me hot y'all don't feel me
Enough to stop the illin right?
But at the same time these dimes keep me feelin tight
I'm so confused
OK I'm gettin weeded now I know I'm contradicting myself
Look I don't need that now
It just once in a blue when there's nothin to do and
The tension gets too thick for my sober mind to cut through
I get to zonin me and the chick on the I and then we're bonin

I free my mind sometimes I hear myself moanin
Take one more toke and I leave that weed alone man
It got me goin shit

(Chorus x3)