

# Saafir, Can-U-Feel-Me?

I'm cruisin, I'm losin money on gas  
I pass a car with a star in it, I stare  
For a minute, but that's the limit  
Otherwise gas won't be the only thing  
I'm losin' money too...ooh wee! It's  
Tuesday, two days after the weekend  
Imagine if the weekend was a day for  
Weak minded men - anyway  
I re-take my train of thought, I bought  
a fat sack and I'm happy cause I got nappy  
Soldiers in my crew, ya through, if  
You don't learn so I learnt, that I'm burnt  
I ran into my homie, yeah wassup?  
At least I thought he was, but then I caught  
the buzz that he was talkin behind my back  
From his girl, ain't that Earl? For  
Those who can't feel me, Earl means wack  
In fact, I had that problem a few times  
But I'll just splurge it in a new rhyme, then forget it  
Maybe I'll split it in half, or laugh like this...  
Ha ha ha... can u feel me?

I faked the funk, and conversated without a doubt  
He was a chump, but with clout, I ended my route  
at the liquor store and I tried to  
buy a Guinness Stout, but I remembered it was nasty  
But fools drink it cause it's a hip-hop classy  
You can miss me with that trendy drink  
Cause they, all make your breath stink, plus  
death is linked to all alcohol that Arabians won't let you buy  
they keep tellin me my identification is a lie  
Why would I, put my face on plastic and in the space  
where it says birthdate put &&quot;see owner&&quot;  
fool, I'm a teenage organ donor  
So I pick up my I.D. I ain't trippin - why?  
Cause I'm high, already, on life  
Once again - I'm riding  
I'm about to hit the eastside of Oakland  
I got my seat belt on so when the heat's felt  
From 5.0, I'll turn up the song and start  
Singing, &&quot;I wish police was a lease  
that was up&&quot; Can u feel me?

Well it's gettin dark, but it's daylight savings time  
Clocks go back, but I stay focused and  
ahead cause I wanna be fat, can u feel me?  
If you rap I like to fully flex, I like to box  
I like breakin bullies necks  
I like collecting checks and collecting respect  
But I'm not there yet and until then I'll just sell dank - sacks  
20's, 10's, I'm drivin the weights to be  
prepared in case I meet my fate and I'm always  
thinking, &&quot;Where will I go when I die?  
Will I be underground like I am now  
or in the sky?&&quot; My man plan B is smilin  
cause he can feel me, wassup Jess