

Can You Feel It? (feat. B-Legit)

E-40

Ugh, yeah
(can you feel it baby?)
Ugh, yeah
(can you feel it baby?)
Ugh, yeah
(I want to know)
Tha murder weapon
Cappin' off safety
Keep one in tha chamber
You're life is in danger
(boyowh!) call me noah 'cause I'm floating cross
Tha river droppin' g ****
With mo' locs than a Steven Segal
(boyaaa!) peep this
From tha unforgiven mask murderer
Handcuffing tha m-i-c
Serving *****s like milky d's
Mo' action's than Jackson
You never breth again like Toni Braxton
When I'm maxing
Shooting rhymes like John Paxton
And don't forget
Tha lights on tha camera
So I lick 'em
Stick 'em
Did 'em
Dun 'em
Get mo' mellow than I trail 'em
To tha darkside
And make 'em evacuate with tha swiftness
Killin' my fatal flow with tha quickness
Ugh!
You relly don't wanna see me and my flow
(you don't wanna see me, you don't wanna see me)
'cause I can play it like
Casper
Get real and
Then I'm ghost
All I want to know
Fool!
Can you feel it?
(can you feel it baby?)

Ugh, yeah
(can you feel it baby?)
Ugh, yeah
(I want to know)
(can you feel it baby?)
Ugh, yeah
(can you feel it baby?)
Ugh, yeah
(I want to know)
Uuh!?
***** who tha ***** you talkin' to?
Talkin' yo *** mutha*****a'
You's got no clue
I'll be your huckleberry (huckleberry)
Tha black doc holiday
I do's me? with my stainless steel plates
Serial number scratch off must be a throw away
Mutha*****az expect me to come soft
But fool I'm here to stay
(gunshots)
Blow, bllaarraah, muth*****az, blast mutha*****ers
(gunshots end)
Release tha tec
No chop to tha bank
It's hot
No rock 'n' jock
You big bullies done turned a semi automatic
Into a fully
I like tha times with my social thugs
Stay away from tha
Brushing up on my shooting skillz
Private property land
Aiming at acorns coke bottles and aluminum cans
Walkin' around this mutha*****a with ya lips
Closed out
Fools know wut I'm about
Mutha***** you!(can you feel it baby?)
Ugh, yeah
(can you feel it baby?)
Ugh, yeah
(I want to know)
(can you feel it baby?)
Ugh, yeah
(can you feel it baby?)
Ugh, yeah
(I want to know)3: spice-1
A whu, a whu
A 1-2-3
It's tha motha*****in' killa

Bailin' up out tha caddy
With tha infrared up on my milla
Meet ya motha****in' head up
With the barrel up in his mouth
Creepin' up in ya ****in' house
Leave ya brain on tha couch
Just some sick ****
From some *****s
Who really don't give a ****
1990-sick up on this album all you snitches duck
Blaw!
Triple gold knack off
Be holdin my tire on
****in' with tha alcohol, tobacco and tha firearm
My ***** e-4-0
Double jeff
And kyoZ
You way off
And hoes like a fro
You gunn stay soft
That's why I'm pickin' on ya ***
Ya phony *****
East bay gangstas for life
Str8 1-8-7 killasBlaw!
Yeah man
We just take 'em got 'em
Put tha barrel in they mouth and just blaw!
Man
Just takin' motha****in' brains out like that
'cause really don't give a ****
Blaw!(can you feel it baby?)
Ugh, yeah
(can you feel it baby?)
Ugh, yeah
(I want to know)
(can you feel it baby?)
Ugh, yeah
(can you feel it baby?)
Ugh, yeah
(I want to know)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>