

G-Unit "Feel Good"

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[Chorus:]

I keep saying I don't love these hoes
I keep saying I don't love these hoes (Man I don't love
em man)
I keep saying I don't love these hoes
I keep saying I don't love these hoes
But she makes me feel good
Ma you make me feel good
Bitch you make me feel good
Girl you make me feel good
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Bitch you make me feel good
Girl you make me feel good
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[Verse 1: Tony Yayo]

My cafali bitch stay in L.A.
And my prada mama live in B.K.
You know my choloe hoe holds tha 44
Buy her a bag she ride it like a rodeo
I miss my fende chick, used to be a wendys bitch
I had to supersize her now she looking proper
The price of good pussy ain't always worth it
It can make you insane or get your murdered
Shorty laying on her back while you blowing trial
So don't trust a big butt and smile
And shorty laying on her back while you blowing trial
So don't trust a big butt and smile
You heard me

[Chorus:]

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[Verse 2: 50 Cent]

Special, I'm a special kinda nigga
Look at my live baby girl everything's bigger
The stash is bigger, my cash is bigger
Your friends cute, but you for me
You see your ass is bigger
I'm into bigger things, see me I like bigger shit
A nigga stunt in front of me, I buy a bigger whip
If beef pop off, I'm letting off a bigger clip
We swallow Champaign them niggas taking little sips
I fucked this white bitch she said I had a lil dick
She had a big pussy, real real big kid
I buy big cribs man I fly on big jets
Motherfucker I'm as big as being big gets

[Chorus:]

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[Verse 3: Lloyd Banks]

They say Banks I love you, I say I love me too
They throwing em right at me what the fuck am I pose
to do
But turn her to a regular and a couple are over due
When I'm done what I do, I'm dumping her on the crew
And this is everyday, won't stop til I'm old and grey
I drop in the MIA, pop when I'm on my stay, shop than
I'm on my way
First class to the A, I got a show later today
That's more paper to play, I'm to grown for rookie shit
To cold to get pussy whip, keep an extra bitch around
in case she want her pussy licked
That I'll never do, that's inedible, I got something better
boo, my pipe game incredible

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[Verse 4: Young Buck]

She calls me daddy, carries my luie vuton luggage
Frank mulers my wrist and she's using your money
These round trip flights, dinner at benny Hondas
I call em more bitches than Isah Thomas, and she love
it
Them other hoes hate her, plus her head game is
better than fantasia
Shawty I don't love you I'm just feeling good
I know I said I'll buy it, did you really think I would
You know I'm still hood, six o clock jack in the box with
your bitch at the drive thru
You know how I do, so let's ride boo
We gon see, I'll be Brad Pitt you be Angelina Jolie or Jay-
Z and B

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