

## Lil' Keke

### "Feel Good Don't It"

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(\*talking\*)

That light green, got boys head twisted back  
We steady rolling up, we getting full of that shit fellas  
Studio time, 12 to 12 dropping this hot shit  
This for y'all niggaz out there holding and rolling  
Shop to shop, do your thang go on shine

[Lil' Keke]

I got to move swiftly, laws wanna get me  
Donuts in the parking lot, Ferrari 3-60  
I crank it up, I'm bout to flash the whip  
23's-24's, when it's time to dip  
When it's time to flip, Call Manny Shetill  
45's infrareds, with them extra clips  
Hit the highway turning, Yokohamas burning  
Seat pushed back, as I hold the wood sturning  
We holding, we bout to shatter the mix  
I got two cars behind me, that's the 5 and 6  
And we smoking and drinking, what y'all niggaz  
thinking  
Hit the lot quick, with them park lights blinking  
Slow your roll, cause my game's so cold  
Ain't no need to trip, mayn we out of control  
Plus we sitting on swoll, that's just how we roll  
Ship a half a mill quick, cause the game is sold

[Hook]

Gon rock it gon drop it, till you reach the top  
Off the showroom flo', baby straight to the shop  
It feel good don't it, and your chick want it  
In the whip looking good, 22's on it  
Now you crawling, shot calling  
Me and my click acting up, man we balling  
We do show after show, drop hit for hit  
CMG on the rise, and I love that shit

[Lil' Keke]

Ok it's picture perfect, so won't you paint a perfect  
picture  
Four 15's knocking, I'ma let the bang hit you  
I'ma touch a mill ticket, when I drop

Hit the stage grab the mic, let the crowd rock  
Tell them fake niggaz, that they got to roll out  
Walk up in Reliant, and the place sold out  
Everytime we do it mayn, you know that's how it go  
Boppers going crazy, all in the front row  
I gotta let her know, how she work her shit  
Lock up on the mic, like a new born pit  
I wouldn't give a damn, I'ma hold up my spot  
Boys running high, when I'm coming out the shop  
Let the top drop, like that nigga Pat  
Snitches getting killed, drop the bomb on a rat  
We do it like that, keep a nigga rolling  
Chumps get out of line, Southside still holding, holding

[Hook]

[Lil' Keke]

Gon pop what you got, gon drop what you got  
These thugs be getting hot, wanna touch that spot  
Gon work it how it go, gon twerk it how it go  
These gangstas up in the place, wanna see you get low  
Time to start wrecking, niggaz get to stepping  
Never roll your slab, without your automatic weapon  
Highway flossing, 23's tossing  
Watch yourself, I'm in the back lane crossing  
Increase my speed, fire up my weed  
Trying to find another corner, and a block to bleed  
Drop some salt on the Don, man I wish you would  
From the mic to the hood, and it's still all good

[Hook]

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