

## Chip Tha Ripper "Feel Good"

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Slide me a tip boyeee, yeah. Chip the rip. Mmhmm.  
Bitch I feel good, don't I look stupendous?  
My shine is so endless, aint shit you can do to end this.  
Even when I'm dead, nigg\*s still gon' bump that Chip  
shit. Coat white, escalate on six's for you dipshits so  
you wont forget this midwest nigga be the coldest.  
People when you see me: where it's hustle or you  
hopeless. And my clouds are like a snow bitch, only  
difference is you aint find us in no slow bitch. I'm  
fresher than your whole click, g-shock over dc grinding  
every time you see me that louie vuitton completely,  
now R.I.P. the et while I'm out here stuntin with Kiki, I'll  
be ridin super tint, I'm a ghost you never see me. Cuz  
i'm up above, I'm in the clouds, I'm rollin up, I'm lookin  
down. Chip in the house yall stop your breathing, I'm a  
super hero like Hancock to cleveland nigga.

(Chorus)

Hell yeah that nigga shine all the time, well look at him  
you can tell him from the hood. Bitch I feel good. Hold  
up, roll up, we just smoked four blunts and I'm feelin  
like I should. Bitch I feel good. Nigga where the liquor  
where the cups where the ladies where the sluts I'm  
drunk what? Bitch I feel good. Now Imma stay a  
fresh, fly nigga doin everything you would if you could.  
Bitch I feel good.

Don't I look tremendous, damn I feel so splendid. I walk  
up in your shindig, higher than the o-zone. Damn I can  
flow holmes, just call me when you want some, I'm all  
here by my lonesome. Get that big jacket for the winter,  
polo v neck for the summer, I'm a young, clear boss, I  
do what I wanna. If you tryna fuck with me, then you  
better have some condoms. I be with some O.G.'s with  
me, I'm probably stuntin with your father. Problems you  
don't wanna nut 'em, my niggas got hella choppers,  
you gonna need hella doctors. And I rep my city proper,  
probably catch me rockin Prada, hoppin off a  
helicopter.

In the skizzigh, Cudi hand me the shizzit, nigga we  
gettin hizzigh, uh lookin for izz-I. Yeah here I go the  
nigga who get your income tax say yo.

(Chorus)

Hell yeah that nigga shine all the time, well look at him

you can tell him from the hood. Bitch I feel good. Hold up, roll up, we just smoked four blunts and I'm feelin like I should. Bitch I feel good. Nigga where the liquor where the cups where the ladies where the sluts I'm drunk what? Bitch I feel good. Now Imma stay a fresh, fly nigga doin everything you would if you could. Bitch I feel good.

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