

Mase "Feel So Good"

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You ready, Mase?

Party people
In the place to be
It's about that time
For us to

Yo, what you know about goin' out?
Head west, red Lex, TV's all up in the headrest
Try and live it up, ride true, a bigger truck
Peeps all glittered up, stick up can, they go what?

Jig wit it 'cuz ship crisp, split it all
Ho's ride, get your nut 'till I can't get it up
I'm a big man, give this man room
I'd a hit everything from Cancun to Grant's tomb

Why you standin' on the wall? Hand on your balls
Lighting up drugs, always fightin' in the club
I'm the reason they made the dress code
They figure I wouldn't wild when I'm in my French
clothes

Dress as I suppose, from my neck to my toes
Neck full of gold, baguettes in my Rolls
Wreck shows, collect those, extra O's
Buy the E, get a key to the Lex to hold

East, West, every state, come on, bury the hate
Millions, the only thing we in a hurry to make
Are the friend that act's friend in a Lex or a Benz
Let's begin, bring this BS to an end

Bad, bad, bad, bad boy
You make me feel so good
(You know you make me feel so good)
(You know you make me feel so good)

Bad, bad, bad, bad boy
I wouldn't change you if I could
(I wouldn't change you if I could)
(I wouldn't change you if I could)

You can't understand we be Waikiki
Sippin' DP to the TV, look greedy
Little kids see me, way out in DC
With a Z3, chrome VB's, they wanna be me

Nigga's talkin' shit, they ought to quit
I'm fortunate they don't see a fourth what I get
And those be the same ones walkin' while I whip
Just styling cars 'cuz they all true Nig'

So, while you daydream my Mercedes gleam
And I deal with ho's that pose in Maybeline
One time you had it all, I ain't mad at ya'll
Now give me the catalog, I'll show you how daddy
bought

Six cars and power to fire big stars
Sit up, CEO style, smokin' on cigars, nigga
It's like y'all be talkin' funny
I don't understand language of people with short
money

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Do Mase got the ladies? Yeah, yeah
Do Puff drive Mercedes? Yeah, yeah
Take hits from the 80's? Yeah, yeah
But do it sound so crazy? Yeah, yeah

Well, me personally, it's nothin' personal
I do what work for me, you do what work for you
And I dress with what I was blessed with
Never been arrested for nothin' domestic

And I chill the way you met me
With a jet ski attached to a SE
Smoke my Nestle, no mad rap-ass cat, where my check
be?
Problem with y'all I say it directly

Went from hard to sweet, starved to eat
From no hoes at shows to menage in suites

Now, I be the cat that be hard to meet
Gettin' head from girls that used to hardly speak

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