

## Mase

# "Feels So Good"

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f/ Puff Daddy

You ready Mase?

Party people

In the place to be

It's about that time

For us to

Yeah, uh-huh

First Verse:

Yo, what you know about goin out?

Head wet, red Lex

TV's all up in the headrest

Try and live it up

Ride into

Bigger truck

Peace all

Glittered up

Sticker kid

Nigga what? Jig with the cut

Sip Cris, spit it up

Hoes ride, get your nut

Till I can't get it up

I'm a big man, give this man room

I'ma hit everything, from Cancun to man's tomb

Why you standin' on the wall?

Hangin' 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, but gets in my Rolls

Reck shows, collect those, extra O's

Buy an E, get a key, to the Lex

To hold, East, West, every state

Come on, bury the hate

Millions the only thing

We in the area to make

Better friend or ex-friend

In a Lex or a Benz

Let's begin

Bring this BS to an end

Come on

Chorus:

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

Verse Two:

You can't understand, we be

Ride kinky, 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 started seing cars

Cause they alternate

So while you daydream

Mama's city gleam

And I deal with hoes

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 ball

Six cars in power

The five big stars

Phillip, C, O, Chaz smokin' on cigars

Nigga

It's like ya'll

Be talkin' funny

I don't understand language

In people with short money

Come on

Chorus

Verse Three:

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 nuthin' 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 nuthin domestic

And I chill

They way you met me  
With a jet ski  
Attached to a SE  
Smoke my Nestle  
No mad rap  
Ask Cat  
Where my check be?  
Problem with ya'll  
I say it directly  
Went from hard to sweeps  
Started to eat  
From no hoes at shows  
To manaj in suites  
Now I be the cat  
That be hard to meet  
Gettin' head from girls  
That used to hardly speak  
Come on  
Chorus 5X

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