

The Game "Feels Good"

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(feat. Mya)

[Verse 1:]

Straight outta the motherfuckin pissy hallways in the projects
To park in a four door Bentley on my set.
Same hood, same motherfuckin steps
I sat on and took the plastic off of "Life After Death"
Bangin, boning Biggie Biggie i did a 360
The Aftermath for that is the nigga 50 aint wit me.
No hard feelings, we both made millions
You can hate me or love me but nigga I spit real shit,
like I'm comatose, tell the Doc I'm sick
Before "Detox", let me take my last chronic hit.
Now I am gangsta rap inhale the weed smoke
And coughed up five platinum plaques
So Ima let the nigga Dr. Dre hit
Next time I have dreams of fuckin an R&B bitch
(dreams of fuckin an R&B bitch)
I don't make love, I make hits.
I put a condom on and stuff my dick in this Hip Hop
shit.

[Chorus: x2]

Feels Good
Gangsta

[Verse 2:]

Im that six figure nigga
Who got the word from KRS-ONE
and stole the Blueprint from Jigga
Niggas yellin Game did this, Game did that
Game aint do shit but bring the motherfuckin West
Coast back
I hear the whisperin goin on in the hood.
I sent a motherfuckin Hallmark card to Suge
That nigga know that we all good
So you can catch a cab to Hell wit them death threats
I'm already dead
I put the .38 revolver to my own fuckin head
before I let the shit eat my conscience.
Aint a nigga in the world could tell me I can't come thru

Compton.

Before I retire my Converse, I'll ride the train thru NYC
with the terrorist bombers.

Somebody tell my mama I'm crazy.

Pop was a Rolling Stone so that makes me a crack baby.

I'm in rehab three times a week

because I'm a motherfuckin feen for a Dr. Dre beat.

[Chorus x2]

[Chorus x2]

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