

Twista "Feels So Good"

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(Intro)

This goes out to all riders worldwide
Let that playa ass nigga Twista be your guide as we go
on a ride
where playa hatin' killers and the hood niggas thrive
And lame motherfuckers can barely survive

(Verse 1)

One morning I woke up next to a thick bitch took a
shower dried off
brushed the gold teeth like slick rick
Tapped on Obsession colonge like Doug E. Fresh in the
flesh think
I'm blessed with the cest after slippin on my slick fit
The high discover me, hit the front porch two women
butterly lovely
in front of me got my head gone
I sent the bitch in the bed home 'cause one of them got
chocolate big
thighs and the other one was a redbone
Where ya'll goin' ya'll thick as hell, what's your name I
wanna get up
with ya'll tonight shit
I got some homies that lonely never phony we on some
hype shit
call up the buddies you be tight with
We ain't really gon be doin too much though we just
ridin around bumpin'
sounds trippin out while we flame janes
tappin the horn at the homies that gangbang and slang
cane to maintain
to mob's the same thing
Or we can chill at the crib and play spades or kick some
ass a bit Speed
pass the clit and get passionate
grab the buckle and unfasten it and we can get into
some ol nasty shit
Live if I could decide to try, don't play me bogus this
ain't no spin
move and I ain't got no time to lie
Tell your girls we gonna be sliding by but hit the weed
tip first

cause my clique got to be ridin high 'cause it feels so good

(Chorus)

It feels so good how we kick it in the hood like so good

(When we ridin high)

Rollin through the hood with phillies and hoes

straight pimpin' with nowhere to go

And it feels so good the way we kick it in the hood like so good

(When we ridin high)

Rollin through the hood with phillies and hoes

straight pimpin' with nowhere to go

(Verse 2)

Me and my homies hooked up some cowards took up when niggas we lust

smokin' some but the flame tight

Trippin' off how we survivin' the rugged terrian and try to hang tight

getting fucked up on gang night

Used to be gang fights now we gotta try to relax with the srap even we

sent deebo back to back to back

We still be buildin' stacks and packs rollin through the blacks

black ashtrays with blunt reds and crack sacs

We sittin' and chillin' what we're feenin' on been in bitches' cribs

hopin its on the fenal strokin were strollin alone

Rollin the chrome out really trippin because we take the smoke to the

dome

Bumpin the tunes while bigger roles and herringbones glisten from all

the sunlight

Peepin the fe's with thier hair done tight boody hung right

and every night we see at least one fight, hookin up with

my fellow Westside cliques

Now together we mush but when are we strapped through and rug cutters

Just like the envy and jealousy throughout the other is love brothers

ridin' every one of ya'll my muhfuckers

So put the Black Magic on the tires and get the wax off the chrome

we gone to blaze on till my brain's blown

Hope to get my thing on no matter what block or or

street you kick it
throughout the world its the same song (so the
Mobsters just flame on)
For scratch we was willin' to squirt some blood now we
got up on hittin'
the 'cause
From stealin' tips where they're swum the doves mo'
we got up on some
bud, straight hittin' up the block searching for love
Reach up and hit the deep lung then we gone smokin
delight the body
right what the party like are you as live as I
Come roll with me so we can ride the sky but only if you
let me play
with you while we ridin' high 'cause it feels so good

Chorus

(Verse 3)

Sittin back cruising through the slow breeze thinkin how
can I get mo'
cheese
Bumpin' a system costin' 4 G's I stay on my P's for the
po p's
split the philly with my door keys
scoop a female to the crib good get my boy to bring a
blessin' through
sit on the floor playin' Tekken 2
Lesson two I'm adressin' you turn out the lights like the
World Class
Wreckin' Crew bring out the best in you
Confessin true lies about your inner thighs and where
they been
hopin maybe you be my lady
What's the potatoes without the gravy what you feelin
on maybe soft with
the silicone baby, but can you pay me
Cause daily we be riding in the dope stroll while rockin
dope flows I'll
lose the spot if I choose to stop
We can cruise some blocks and talkin' about how later
on you comin' out
your clothes, shoes and socks now is that news or not
come I step on the gas slow and smoke on this last "O"
get a "B" and
split it now watch me kill it
Tinted windows took a sealin' off in the Astro on billets
take a choke
on so I can really feel it
Thinkin' about not having the rich life but the hood life
was still a

good life and that we know
always and forever though, for ever more rollin in the
ghetto with no
where to go and it feels so good

Chorus 3X

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