

## Rich Mullins

### "Feel So Good"

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You ready Mase?

Party people  
In the place to be (Uh huh)  
It's about that time  
For us to (Yeah, uh huh)

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  
Come on

1 - 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

Ah ah

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 stylising 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 ya'll be talkin' funny  
I don't understand language of people with short  
money  
Come on

Repeat 1

Ah ah

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

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 ya'll 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  
Come on

Repeat 1 until fade

Mase

Harlem World

Bad Boy  
Goodfellaz baby  
Yeah  
And we won't stop  
Cuz we can't stop  
Mason Betha  
Yeah  
Owwwww, come on

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