

Various Artists "Feels 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 'cause 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

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 styling cars 'cause 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 y'all
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

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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 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
Come on

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Mase, Harlem World, Bad Boy
Goodfellaz, baby, yeah
And we won't stop 'cause we can't stop
Mason Betha, yeah, oww, come on

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