

I Feel Good

Jay Electronica

I feel good when I wake up in the morning
Yawning, crack of dawn
And I say my prayers
Thank God for making me a super MC slayer
Brush my teeth, hit the shower, then I comb my hair
Step out the crib lookin dappa dappa
Hit the cypher on the corner then I smack a rapper
With a sweet sixteen
I'm so mean with this mic machine
You wanna battle me I'll battle you and shatter your dreams
I said what up, he said what up
I took you girl so what up
The crowd screamed, he threw the towel man enough is enough
Now I'm on my way, it's a beautiful day
Sun shining on my back man what more can I pray
Rims shinin on the lak man what more can I say
Can't nobody make me angry cause I'm happy today
My little sister doin good, my mama doin good, and my grandmother just turned seventy-three
I feel good

Can't nobody ruin my day (I feel good, I feel good)
And I ain't lettin no negativity come my way (I feel good, I feel good)
The first thing I do when I open up my eyes is pray (I feel good, I feel good)
And I don't really care about the dumb shit that people say (I feel good, I feel good)

You know me well I'm gettin busy on the regular
I'm spittin flames on these lame ass competitors
Live on the road my home phone is a cellular
E-mail, two-way, man, et cetera
Uh huh
I got people to meet, I got, places to go
I got stages to blow, I got faces to take of the motherfuckin map, man
I'll drop a bomb on yo ass like the gap band
I'm eatin pellets, chasin ghosts like I'm Pac-man
Straight outta hell, full speed like a bat man
Pirellis spinnin deuce quads on the lak man
With two fingers out the window holla back man
Ya hwaidd me?
You can catch me in the carpool lane with Mr. Jane
Swinging and banging that wood grain
Sittin on things
Stuntin with a A-town chain from pete game
Reppin that third ward I'm a uptown man
It's all good

They said down south was wack when it came to rap
That our thoughts was too slow and we couldn't adapt
When in fact
We taught ya'll how to build a label from scratch
While you was whining bout the points in your contract black, yup
We slip when we talk
And we dip when we walk
When we came to the game
Niggas stole our slang

Uh huh, we hit the game with a brand new funk
And plus we taught ya how to sling a record out of your trunk
It's dirty south til I die homie
We in the ville where they trill spittin fire homie
You wanna burn in the fire come and try homie
Man look we re-day to ride homie
Down here we fear no man god only
We got the boxin gloves on out here and we rumble and rap
We in the game talkin big shit they mumblin back
And now that I got that off my chest... listen
I feel good