

Feel Good Don't It

Lil' Keke

That light green, got boys head twisted back
We steady rolling up, we getting full of that shit fellas
Studio time, 12 to 12 dropping this hot shit
This for y'all niggaz out there holding and rolling
Shop to shop, do your thang go on shine

I got to move swiftly, laws wanna get me
Donuts in the parking lot, Ferrari 3-60
I crank it up, I'm bout to flash the whip
23's-24's, when it's time to dip
When it's time to flip, Call Manny Shetill
45's infrareds, with them extra clips
Hit the highway turning, Yokohamas burning
Seat pushed back, as I hold the wood sturning
We holding, we bout to shatter the mix
I got two cars behind me, that's the 5 and 6
And we smoking and drinking, what y'all niggaz thinking
Hit the lot quick, with them park lights blinking
Slow your roll, cause my game's so cold
Ain't no need to trip, mayn we out of control
Plus we sitting on swoll, that's just how we roll
Ship a half a mill quick, cause the game is sold

Gon rock it gon drop it, till you reach the top
Off the showroom flo', baby straight to the shop
It feel good don't it, and your chick want it
In the whip looking good, 22's on it
Now you crawling, shot calling
Me and my click acting up, man we balling
We do show after show, drop hit for hit
CMG on the rise, and I love that shit

Ok it's picture perfect, so won't you paint a perfect picture
Four 15's knocking, I'ma let the bang hit you
I'ma touch a mill ticket, when I drop
Hit the stage grab the mic, let the crowd rock
Tell them fake niggaz, that they got to roll out
Walk up in Reliant, and the place sold out
Everytime we do it mayn, you know that's how it go
Boppers going crazy, all in the front row
I gotta let her know, how she work her shit
Lock up on the mic, like a new born pit
I wouldn't give a damn, I'ma hold up my spot
Boys running high, when I'm coming out the shop
Let the top drop, like that nigga Pat
Snitches getting killed, drop the bomb on a rat
We do it like that, keep a nigga rolling
Chumps get out of line, Southside still holding, holding

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Gon pop what you got, gon drop what you got
These thugs be getting hot, wanna touch that spot
Gon work it how it go, gon twerk it how it go
These gangstas up in the place, wanna see you get low
Time to start wrecking, niggaz get to stepping
Never roll your slab, without your automatic weapon
Highway flossing, 23's tossing
Watch yourself, I'm in the back lane crossing
Increase my speed, fire up my weed
Trying to find another corner, and a block to bleed
Drop some salt on the Don, man I wish you would
From the mic to the hood, and it's still all good

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