

U Feel Good

Mike Jones

Magno

Mike Jones, Who?

You feel good don't ya?

Real good don't ya?

You don't want this dick up in nobody else goods don't ya?

Mike Jones

You need a dick? That feel like a prisoner out on parole

When it's hard on swoll it's 24K gold

I'm Mike Jones (Who?) Mike Jones, Jones

That'll beat you back up whenever you act up

I'm lookin for a sex pet to break me off

And work on this hard dick until my shit get soft

I need a girl that think she bad, love to talk trash

But whine when I'm fuckin her fast

I never claim the pussy mine cause it ain't mine to claim

But for some reason when I'm in it, they be screamin my name

See your pussy, I'll please that

Believe me, I'll please that

Them orgasms that you need, you'll recieve that

Fuckin with Mike Jones, just pick up your home phone

I'll fuck you so good that you can't even walk, can't even talk

Mike Jones, just call and I'll come over

Dickin ya down, holdin ya back, grippin ya shoulders, it's over

Magno

I know you feel good the way I'm diggin you out

Run my fingers through your hair and put my dick in ya mouth

I'm the reason why you thickenin out

Niggas still can't believe I fuck, Still tryin to figure it out

Magno is still the baby faced thug that you love

Plus since you ain't my gal, we don't cuddle and hug

All I'm tryin to do is fuck up ya glove, ??? scuffin em up

Bust a nut or two, then I'm snug as a bug

Magno brings heat to the deck, seek with a tech

I'll dig so deep that it'll reach to your neck

Rough when I'm able, so I bring much to the table

All I need is ten strokes, then Ima bust on ya navel

Can't wait till the lights go off, I stay hard

My name ain't Bill Gates, I'm never Microsoft

I gots paper, floss Jags, floss Gators

And girls I chop up like Watts with a cross fader

I say what I mean and I mean what I say

When it comes to fuckin hoes, Mike Jones don't play

See I dick a hoe down from mornin, noon, to night

And when I don't give it to her, she be ready to fight

Cause I am Mike Jones (Who?) Mike Jones

That'll dick a hoe down and make her moan and groan

I know you feel good don't ya? Real good don't ya?

This dick of mine, you just for you don't ya?

She can be a freak, but I'm a after broad

If I can still slide through like a Master card

Put ya ankles behind ya neck, the spine I wreck

We fuck at ya job, behind ya desk

Face down with ya ass up

I ain't tryin to go naked head, so I'm buyin rubbers with my last buck
Magnificent be cuttin
You feel good don't ya? They don't call me Magnificent for nothin