

## Feels so good

Twista

This goes out to all riders worldwide  
Let that playa ass nigga Twista be your guide as we go on a ride  
where playa hatin' killers and the hood niggas thrive  
And lame motherfuckers can barely survive

One morning I woke up next to a thick bitch took a shower dried off  
brushed the gold teeth like slick rick  
Tapped on Obsession colonge like Doug E. Fresh in the flesh think  
I'm blessed with the cest after slippin on my slick fit  
The high discover me, hit the front porch two women butterfly lovely  
in front of me got my head gone  
I sent the bitch in the bed home cuz one of them got chocolate big  
thighs and the other one was a redbone  
Where ya'll goin' ya'll thick as hell, what's your name I wanna get up  
with ya'll tonight shit  
I got some homies that lonely never phony we on some hype shit  
call up the buddies you be tight with  
We ain't really gon be doin too much though we just ridin around bumpin'  
sounds trippin out while we flame janes  
tappin the horn at the homies that gangbang and slang cane to maintain  
to mob's the same thing  
Or we can chill at the crib and play spades or kick some ass a bit Speed  
pass the clit and get passionate  
grab the buckle and unfasten it and we can get into some ol nasty shit  
Live if I could decide to try, don't play me bogus this ain't no spin  
move and I ain't got no time to lie  
Tell your girls we gonna be sliding by but hit the weed tip first  
cause my clique got to be riding high 'cause it feels so good

It feels so good how we kick it in the hood like so good  
(When we ridin high)  
Rollin through the hood with phillies and hoes  
straight pimpin' with nowhere to go  
And it feels so good the way we kick it in the hood like so good  
(When we ridin high)  
Rollin through the hood with phillies and hoes  
straight pimpin' with nowhere to go

Me and my homies hooked up some cowards took up when niggas we lust  
smokin' some but the flame tight  
Trippin' off how we survivin' the rugged terrian and try to hang tight  
getting fucked up on gang night  
Used to be gang fights now we gotta try to relax with the srap even we  
sent deebo back to back to back  
We still be buildin' stacks and packs rollin through the blacks  
black ashtrays with blunt reds and crack sacs  
We sittin' and chillin' what we're feenin' on been in bitches' cribs  
hopin its on the fenal strokin were strollin alone  
Rollin the chrome out really trippin because we take the smoke to the  
dome  
Bumpin the tunes while bigger roles and herringbones glisten from all  
the sunlight  
Peepin the fe's with thier hair done tight boody hung right  
and every night we see at least one fight, hookin up with  
my fellow Westside cliques  
Now together we mush but when are we strapped through and rug cutters  
Just like the envy and jealousy throughout the other is love brothers

ridin' every one of ya'll my muhfuckers  
So put the Black Magic on the tires and get the wax off the chrome  
we gone to blaze on till my brain's blown  
Hope to get my thing on no matter what block or or street you kick it  
throughout the world its the same song (so the Mobsters just flame on)  
For scratch we was willin' to squirt some blood now we got up on hittin'  
the cuz  
From stealin' tips where they're swum the doves mo' we got up on some  
bud, straight hittin' up the block searching for love  
Reach up and hit the deep lung then we gone smokin delight the body  
right what the party like are you as live as I  
Come roll with me so we can ride the sky but only if you let me play  
with you while we ridin' high 'cause it feels so good

Sittin back cruising through the slow breeze thinkin how can I get mo'  
cheese  
Bumpin' a system costin' 4 G's I stay on my P's for the po p's  
split the philly with my door keys  
scoop a female to the crib good get my boy to bring a blessin' through  
sit on the floor playin' Tekken 2  
Lesson two I'm adressin' you turn out the lights like the World Class  
Wreckin' Crew bring out the best in you  
Confessin true lies about your inner thighs and where they been  
hopin maybe you be my lady  
What's the potatoes without the gravy what you feelin on maybe soft with  
the silicone baby, but can you pay me  
Cause daily we be riding in the dope stroll while rockin dope flows I'll  
lose the spot if I choose to stop  
We can cruise some blocks and talkin' about how later on you comin' out  
your clothes, shoes and socks now is that news or not  
come I step on the gas slow and smoke on this last ''O'' get a ''B'' and  
split it now watch me kill it  
Tinted windows took a sealin' off in the Astro on billets take a choke  
on so I can really feel it  
Thinkin' about not having the rich life but the hood life was still a  
good life and that we know  
always and forever though, for ever more rollin in the ghetto with no  
where to go and it feels so good