

Still Feels So Good

Twista

This goes out to all sides worldwide
Let that playa ass nigga Twista be yo guide, as we go on a ride
Hood to hood, chrome, leather, and wood
And it feels so good..

One mornin' I..
Woke up next to a peanut butter and a caramel chick
Feelin fucked up, flicked out, freaked on
Thinkin' about my new truck with tha' deep dish
Meanin' deep chrome, deep chrome, in the deep dome
After a massage and a ménage, we got in the shower
Let water trickle down the crack of the back of they booty
Got out the tub and went back to the master bedroom
One put on prada, one put on Ludi, I put on gucci
Duty calls, I'm bout to hit the scene and ball
But before I leave I spray on some Itsimiaki
Take my truck up to the wash, put the sparkle back on
Wax on, wax off like Mr. Miyagi
Go to the liquor store so I can get blunts, get Yak
So I can sip some while I split one
Chronicle enter ever pholical of my body
Calmin' down every molecule, makin' sure I don't trip none
Hit one..
Hop in tha' ride, come and kick it wit me
So I can take you through tha' so-and-so hundred block
And show you how my people be kickin' it in the windy city
I wanna show you where I hang out at, where we make our scratch
While we sit on leather grippin' wood
Where tha' hustla's got packs and the G's got stacks
And tha' pimps got lacks, rollin' through the hood
And it feels so good..

And it feels so good
Turnin' corners with my pinky man
Through my hood
Chokin' on a B and switchin' lanes is understood (understood...)
I'm a baller livin' pimpish
Man, leather and wood
Said it feels so good (feels so good...)

Now I done seen plenty niggaz flip twenty's, flip twenty one's
Flip twenty two's, flip Jordans, flip two-fours
Mega ballin', new clothes
Momma got a new store, tv screens, hundred-forty spokes
And we fittina' roll, right off madison to the manor in a drop-top Lexus
Sippin' henny rollin' reckless
Feelin' so motherfuckin' good I could roll my vehicle to Texas
And spit it like, this is for the syrup sipper's..
Gotta slow it down so you feel it, plus it make the words figure
And spit some screwed shit and do shit so that you understand
When it come to spittin' rapid-
fire lyric adrenaline then I be the motherfuckin' man..
Get the love, when I hit the club gotta freak in
It's the weekend and the DJ bumpin' "Tattoo"
Track move like some southern, black blues, or like the Cooper, got cruise
And they got shoes it's packet-proof instead I be the hottest rap..
Dude...Ride to this while you peel, yo, hood

You could go around the block or travel the whole world
When you come back it's still yo hood
And it feels so good..

I spit some game wit the intellect
To the media, like I'm in the Encyclopedia Brittanica
Come and take over the world wit' me girl
If you good I might can see if I can be yo manager
Get yo career on track and yo life on point
And I'll show you how yo taxes go..
Tactics flow quicker than a hat-trick go, smokin on some fire, galactic dro
I know it's good when you smoke that fire
Puff that herb, get that dirt, hit that lick
Cop yourself a motherfuckin' Bentley car
Cop yourself a motherfuckin' Bentley crib
Pop that ass, throw that dick, twork that thing, bust that nut
Drop that top, turn the base up, put you a chameleon paint on the truck
Get iced up, bumpin' Twista grooves
as I cruise new shoes rollin' smooth up in K-Town
In my city come and feel it ghetto blues
if you snooze you lose don't pay dues for the tre-pound
Take the time to kick wit' yo home girls... And feel yo nugz..
Keep on hatin' on the L, big family we gon' steady come up
And I'ma still smoke good, and it feels so good..

Roll one, light one, smoke one, sip some..
Roll one, light one, smoke one, sip some..
Roll one, light one, smoke one, sip some..
Roll one, light one, smoke one, sip some..