

# Feels Good

Wax

[Verse 1:]

I'm addicted to these beats, a slave to the rhythm  
Sometimes my home studio becomes my own prison  
I'm thankful I've been given this crazy life I'm living  
But the walls get closer when you constantly within them  
I get driven insane, my brain gets a little blurry  
Groundhog Day I start to feel like Bill Murray  
I still worry about my own mental health  
But when I'm on tour man I check myself  
I did a show last week in a town called Houston  
Met a young fan who told me that my songs moved him  
Said that when he listens to them that they talk to him  
Cause the same problems that he's going through I've  
Gone through them  
I guess we're all human, and not that different  
And compared to myself my music is more significant  
So when he asked me how I feel  
I kept it real when I told him the deal  
I said it feels good

[Hook: Breezy Lovejoy]

Yeah that's that right there  
And it feels so good to be around  
You know the high when you walking in the sky both feet on a cloud  
It just feels so good, feels so good  
Feels so good, can't be mad about it

[Verse 2:]

This rat race'll make you move at such a hurried pace  
You'll forget to stop and appreciate you current place  
Man I'm trying to look around more  
Treasure the sound more when I hear the crowd roar  
I know talented musicians on the ground floor  
Looking up at me like what the fuck you feeling down for  
How come compared to smiling you always frown more  
Pussy I'm at UPS working wearing these brown shorts  
So now I take it to heart  
And come from a different angle when I'm making my art  
My shit might never make it to a chart  
But of this rap game that ain't never been my favorite part  
So every new day that I start off by bitchin'  
I think of all the dishes in the restaurant kitchen  
That I used to wash to get a meal  
And re-evaluate how I feel and it feels good

[Hook:]

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[Verse 3:]

I count my blessings like a salad chef counts his dressings  
And always find the smallest are the best things  
A song that takes away the shit that stress brings  
With my man E, greatest on the boards like chess kings

Tell the dudes from the label I'll have food on my table  
Regardless, thick skin you can't scar this  
You harmless, you ain't the reason that I started this  
You ask me how I feel I say I'm motherfucking marvelous  
Everything that I build, all home grown  
IKEA we assembling our own thrones  
Glass jaws gonna fall when they throw stones  
We crush rocks with titanium nose bones  
You ain't gonna fuckin take out Mike Jones homes  
And when they put in the old folks home  
And ask me how I feel there  
I pop a wheelie on my wheelchair and tell them that it feels good

[Hook:]

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[Outro Speech]