

# Twista, It Feels So Good

[Intro]

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

[Verse 1]

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 zest after slippin on my slick fit  
The high discover me, hit the front porch  
Two women butterly 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 y'all goin y'all thick as hell  
What's your name I wanna get up with y'all 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 'caine to maintain to mob's the same thing  
Or we can chill at the crib and play spades or kick some ass a bit  
Speedpass 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

[Chorus]

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

[Verse 2]

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 terrain  
and try to hang tight getting fucked up on gang night  
Used to be gang fights now we gotta try to relax with the scrap  
Even we sent Deebo back to back to back  
We still be holdin' stacks of packs  
Rollin through wit black blacks, blunt reds, ash trays, and crack sacks  
Hustlin and chillin's what I'm focusin on  
Fiendin through bitch's cribs hopin it's on  
If ain't no strokin we strollin along  
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 their hair done tight  
Booty 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 y'all my muhfuckers  
So put the Black Magic on the tires and get the wax off the chrome  
We gon' to blaze on till my brain's blown  
Hopin to get my thang on  
Not matter what block you stay on kick it  
Round the world it's 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 meso we can ride the sky  
But only if you let me play with you while we ridin' high  
cause it feels so good

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

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 Phillie 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 ridin 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 nowhere to go  
and it feels so good

[Chorus 3X]