

Twista, Still Feels So Good

(feat. Jazze Pha)

[Intro: Girl]

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...

[Twista]

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 tha deep dome,
After a massage and a mnage, we got in tha shower,
Let water trickle down tha crack of tha back of they booty,
Got out tha tub and went back to tha master bedroom,
One put on prada, one put on Ludi, I put on gucci,
Duty calls, I'm bout to hit tha scene and ball,
But before I leave I spray on some Itsimiaki,
Take my truck up to tha wash, put tha sparkle back on,
Wax on, wax off like Mr. Miagi,
Go to tha 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 dont 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 tha 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 tha G's got stacks,
And tha' pimps got lacks, rollin' through tha hood,
And it feels so good...

[Chorus: Jazze Pha]

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...),

[Twista]

Now I done seen plenty niggas 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 tha 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 tha syrup sipper's...
Gotta slow it down so you feel it, plus it make tha 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 tha love, when I hit tha club gotta freak in, it's the weekend and the dj bumpin' tatoo,
Track move like some southern, black blues, or like tha Cooper, got cruise,
And they got shoes it's packet-proof instead I be tha hottest rap...
Dude...Ride to this while you peel, yo, hood,
You could go around tha block or travel tha whole world, when you come back it's still yo
hood,

And it feels so good...

[Chorus]

[Twista]

I spit some game wit tha intellect, to tha media, like I'm in tha Encyclopedia Brittanica,
Come and take over tha 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' Bently car, cop yourself a motherfuckin' Bently crib,
Pop that ass, throw that dick, twork that thing, bust that nut,
Drop that top, turn tha base up, put you a chameleon paint on tha 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 tha
tre-pound,
Take tha time to kick wit' yo home girls... And feel yo nugz...
Keep on hatin' on tha L, big family we gon' steady come up and Im'a still smoke good,
And it feels so good...

[Chorus 2X]

[Outro]

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...