

It Feels So Good

[K.Prater](#)

[Intro]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 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 'cause 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

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 'cause
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
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 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
Chorus 3X

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