

# Feels So Good

## The Pels Syndicate

Well, everybody's got an opinion  
That's loud and unbendin'  
I spend my time healin' and mendin', together  
It's a question of whether live positive well I give  
P-Nut joins our back, must be arthritic  
Tim is from the '70's and so we live it  
SA has the wisdom of a Nobel Laureate  
I'm down for our days of glory  
It's easy to do when you're up with Sexton  
A rhythmic genius, turnin' up the next one  
Would you know, you're a bro  
I flow in that circumstance  
You'll get your chance  
Because payback is a motherfuckin' mission  
To the sharp-ass rocks slippin' on us but we rock  
It comes to writin' on us derision  
Sendin' you a voice now we're sendin' you a vision  
And those who fought me  
They say they taught me everythin' I know  
I go aww, when I hear that, that chit and that chat, bullshit  
So sick of me knowin' everything, saying  
In your face, that's right  
And it feels so good  
In your face, yeah  
It feels so good  
Take it to 'em bro, throw down, now say  
Settin' forth a course I'm really wiggin' out  
In my dome I roam, no time to doubt  
Fucked up you right there while I was rhymin'  
Now you're sulkin' in the corner, a baby cryin'  
Hittin' up now we feelin' to rock Mars  
Fuckin' up the shit, now their heads bob  
We ain't new to Jack Swing, the groove and that  
We got crazy factiffs and we all that  
I don't often rock and I'm a laureate  
I don't pull the punch you know I'm throwin' it  
Freestyles my style on the mic and flex  
You're stalkin' the mind of a punk that's next  
I get restarted now that I started you know

A condition which I keep close together  
Like the kind buds you know my scene  
My team thinks I sin supreme  
But you, the weasel,  
Try to bring us down but in reality  
It make you look like a clown  
Too bad cause we'll be sittin' in the sun  
And choose a rocky ass fast ball  
In your face, that's right  
And it feels so good  
Choose a lock y'all  
In your face, yeah  
It feels so good  
Yo, P-Nut, beat that thing  
Won't you warm the mic Nicholas  
Can't get with this my stream  
Of conscience is a sea  
Much like Bukowski with a rage  
Speakin' to page  
Beasts in the cage  
Jumpin' off the stage  
Divin', thrivin'  
Strivin' for a better day or say  
Beat back by flesh  
Shattered doors braggin' fists  
To the sky we're feelin' high  
Has to live and die  
Just take a moment  
To have a bit once in a while  
You know, you know  
I do it daily and like it  
But that's my style, yeah, here I go  
In your face and down your throat  
And it feels so good, 'fraid so  
Fuck it up y'all  
In you face and down your throat  
It feels so good, that's all

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>