

# Feels So Good

## Brand Nubian

Yes, yes, yes it's a test test test now Rule is the town  
Where we rest rest rest if you were wondering  
Were the ballistics finally in once again, Brand Nubian!  
You and your girl came to see the three rock Now she stays kick the funky lyrics, throw her down  
To her PJ'S lay her on the floor and do work  
In three ways after the party, guess what?  
Aiiyyo she's still payin'! Feels so good! I got this girl a mink sable, in return I got a cable  
Her name was Fat Mabel and she brought my kid to table  
Ate pasta with this rasta, went out with her sister  
Her hands on her chin, thought she was a mister  
Went out disco dancing and my feet I made blister  
Smacked in the face until I finally I dissed her Encounter with a stunt, and I'm out for spot fronts  
And stunts was on the wiggy, I thought her name was Ziggy  
But her name was Lucy and I met her on the deucey  
Put me on hold to go in a store to get loosey  
(Come on) Aiiyyo mack she need to stop it  
Now let me kick some flavor since we're building on the topic  
'Cause yo, I knew this girl and her name was Tina  
She rested in Medina, never saw eyes greener than hers  
But yo there was just one little flaw, the green eyes I had to penalize, cause they was bought in a store  
A synthetic cosmetic, it was pathetic  
If they was real, then yo she got the credit  
But they wasn't so she doesn't  
I like the natural look, so I kicked it to her cousin Feels so good, feels so good C'mere let me put it to you like  
this sugar  
Don't go changing, to try to please me  
Don't change the color of your hair!  
Your hair, your hair, your hair! I said no no no I just want  
Someone that I can talk to!  
I'll take you just the way you are!  
Word is bond! yeah right! Too hot to handle when I was young I used to vandal  
Giving girls the comfort like a foot and a sandle  
Always help another brother, never running scandals  
And if I hit the skids, well I'll just panhandle Now I'm gettin' papes, but stunts gets the vapes  
I see it as a joke cause they break when you're broke  
I can give a roar like an ancient dinosaur  
Swing a microphone like the great mighty Thor Puba Maxwell is the mack that's hyphenated  
Girls seem to love the way my things are situated  
Hump on a bump 'til them bumps is feelin sore

Take a quick breather then I'm goin back for more! Feels so good, feels so good  
 Brother, Derek X, kick flavor I do my thing like B.B. King my microphone is named Lucille  
 Throw a dip in my hip so they call me extra ill  
 Making big hits from tidbits, how I make my bread  
 Do some situps, and squat thrusts, to keep a level head 'Cause I'm well bred, and mannered, I create in my  
 workshop  
 Stay up late at night until my brain says to stop  
 Then I quit, wake up in the morning and continue it  
 I find the same line, and add some more that's hype  
 (Shit) But my stripes, marks me by champ  
 Check out the bass coming from the power amp  
 I'm the controller and like Ayatollah  
 I used to live in Saudi Arabia I never come out straight out with an answer  
 Just a yes, or a no, or a maybe I do  
 But with my crew sometimes I get blazed  
 Jump on the floor and kick a new dance craze  
 I can read and I've red since the days of? If rhymin' is fundamental, then light up a spliff  
 and grab, and not an ounce of flab, is on my body  
 My mother's part spanish, my father's part yardie  
 I'm not a junior, try to see me catch a?  
 I got yeast to rise straight through the moon Feels so good  
 Feels so good  
 Feels so good  
 Lord Jamar, God Allah step to it! Girls scope this, like in astrology they knowledge me  
 That's cause I'm God, but don't look too hard in the sun  
 'cause you might get done  
 My number's seven, that's six plus one  
 Now any way you count Lord Jamar will amount to be A tower, so yo, knowledge my power  
 As I conclude, to girls I won't be rude  
 Just verbally feedin' em my mental food  
 I embellish with lyrics, that can't be contested Serve 'em straight from my mouth and in your ears they're  
 digested  
 The rhyme I say, is out of the ordinary  
 Some say unique I prefer the term extraordinary  
 MC's rhymes are ancient like a dinosaur fossil  
 They're weak and outdated while my rhymes are colossal Like a Lamborghini, I look good, and I'm expensive  
 Plus the power I'm unleashing is just, too intensive  
 Discombublatin MC's with thin mind percentage  
 Guys like my rhymes, girls like my masculinity When I'm on the mic I say what I feel  
 I'll never perpetrate cause the God's for real  
 It's like that and at my jams you know you'll never be bored  
 (That)  
 So just dance and scream, praise the Lord Alright now this is how we gonna do it  
 Before we get out like shout We used to be some soloists but now we form tri-pack  
 And if you try to step to this you just might catch an eye jack

And if you were intelligent, you really wouldn't try that  
This is just one black, we'll be back! To my man Alamo and to the man Sincere  
To my man Mark the Spark and to my brother Melachon  
And Skeff Anslem on the board aiyyo check this out  
We got some shoutouts for my man Grand Puba  
You know what I'm sayin' since he doin' the la la lah'  
He wanna say peace to his man C T W O  
To my man Zee I'll see you real soon!

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