Feel Good

Dance Trauma

Slide me a tip boyeee, yeah. Chip the rip. Mmhmm.
Bitch I feel good, don't I look stupendous?
My shine is so endless, aint shit you can do to end this. Even when I'm dead, nigg*s still gon' bump that Chip shit. Coat white, escalade on six's for you dipshits so you wont forget this midwest nigga be the coldest. People when you see me: where it's hustle or you hopeless. And my clouds are like a snow bitch, only difference is you aint find us in no slow bitch. I'm fresher than your whole click, g-shock over dc grinding every time you see me that louie vuitton completely, now R.I.P. the et while I'm out here stuntin with Kiki, I'll be ridin super tint, I'm a ghost you never see me. Cuz i'm up above, I'm in the clouds, I'm rollin up, I'm lookin down. Chip in the house yall stop your breathing, I'm a super hero like Hancock to cleveland nigga.
(Chorus)

Hell yeah that nigga shine all the time, well look at him you can tell him from the hood. Bitch I feel good. Hold up, roll up, we just smoked four blunts and I'm feelin like I should. Bitch I feel good. Nigga where the liquor where the cups where the ladies where the sluts I'm drunk what? Bitch I feel good. Now Imma stay a fresh,fly nigga doin everything you would if you could. Bitch I feel good.
Don't I look tremendous, damn I feel so splendid. I walk up in your shindig, higher than the o-zone. Damn I can flow holmes, just call me when you want some, I'm all here by my lonesome. Get that big jacket for the winter, polo v neck for the summer, I'm a young, clear boss, I do what I wanna. If you tryna fuck with me, then you better have some condoms. I be with some O.G.'s with me, I'm probably stuntin with your father. Problems you don't wanna nut 'em, my niggas got hella choppers, you gonna need hella doctors. And I rep my city proper, probably catch me rockin Prada, hoppin off a helicopter.
In the skizzigh, Cudi hand me the shizzit, nigga we gettin hizzigh, uh lookin for izz-I. Yeah here I go the nigga who get your income tax say yo.
(Chorus)
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