# Feel Good (feat. Kevin Gates)

## [Stitches](#)

[Intro]
It don't make me feel good, don't make me feel good
I wasn't made to love
I wasn't made to love
I wasn't made to love
What the fuck I look like loving a bitch
When I know that my daughter love me
What the fuck I look like loving a bitch
When I know that my daughter love me
I know that my daughter love me
I know that my daughter love me[Chorus: Kevin Gates]
Gotta a bad bitch she at home
It don't make me feel good
These niggas loving these hoes
Yeah I'm sure it make you feel good
Got money got a lot of clothes
That shit don't make me feel good
Say you do a lot of drugs
Yeah I'm sure it make you feel goodI wasn't made to love
I wanna be somebody else
Really hate waking up
I wanna be somebody else
Breakin' up makin' up
I wanna be somebody else
Know I don't lie moving narcotics
She don't wanna see nobody else[Verse 1: Kevin Gates]
I be walking round in the mall
In the mall
I got everything outta every store
Ain't to many items I ain't bought
Problem coming when you ball
Haters wanna see you fall
Lie and saying that they love you
You go to jail they get lost
Launching pad we done hit the stars and back
Big dick lotta women vouch for that
Swag daily tell me why you stalking that
Leave the bitch she gon' have a heart attack
[?]

Versace gold plates so I brought the flap
Mansions I got that ain't even all I have
Shawty thick can't believe I'm talking back
Ready for love this the lick of a lifetime
If we get caught go away for a lifetime
Say you love me I know I'm not the only one
Killed that nigga for my dawg and now he owe me one[Chorus: Kevin Gates]
Gotta a bad bitch she at home
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She don't wanna see nobody else[Verse 2: Stitches]
I can't trust nobody
Cause everybody fake
They say they got yo back
They'll shoot you in your face
I was a drug dealer
Mothafuckas in these streets actin' like thug niggas
You pull that bullshit card out and they gon' say shit
You talking shit behind my back you getting sprayed bitch
This rap game brought me problems but it brought that brick
And if it wasn't for this game I'd prolly be dead
I don't trust no nigga I don't trust a hoe
And if you gon' do a crime do it solo
These mothafuckas telling on me took her time off
Working with feds and they writing them statements
That's how you gon' get killed lil boy
To be dope boy gotta keep it real boy[Chorus: Kevin Gates]
Gotta a bad bitch she at home
It don't make me feel good
These niggas loving these hoes
Yeah I'm sure you feel good
Got money got a lot of clothes
That shit don't make me feel good
Say you do a lot of drugs

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