Mase, Feels So Good

You ready Mase? Party people In the place to be It's about that time For us to Yeah, uh-huh

First Verse:

Yo, what you know about goin out?

Head wet, red Lex

TV's all up in the headrest

Try and live it up

Ride into

Bigger truck

Peace all

Glittered up

Sticker kid

Nigga what? Jig with the cut

Sip Cris, spit it up

Hoes ride, get your nut

Till I can't get it up

I'm a big man, give this man room

I'ma hit everything, from Cancun to man's tomb

Why you standin' on the wall?

Hangin' on your balls

Lighting up drugs

Always fightin' in the club

I'm the reason they made the dress code

They figure I wouldn't wild when I'm in my French clothes

Dress as I suppose, from my neck to my toes

Neck full of gold, but gets in my Rolls

Reck shows, collect those, extra O's

Buy an E, get a key, to the Lex

To hold, East, West, every state

Come on, bury the hate

Millions the only thing

We in the area to make

Better friend or ex-friend

In a Lex or a Benz

Let's begin

Bring this BS to an end

Come on

Chorus:

Bad, bad, bad, bad boy You make me feel so good

You know you make me feel so good You know you make me feel so good

Bad, bad, bad, bad boy I wouldn't change you if i could I wouldn't change you if i could I wouldn't change you if i could

Verse Two:

You can't understand, we be Ride kinky, sippin' DP To the TV, look greedy Little kids see me, way out in DC With a Z3, chrome VB's They wanna be me Nigga's talkin' shit They ought to quit I'm fortunate

They don't see a fourth what I get And those be the same ones walkin' while I whip Just started seing cars Cause they alternate So while you daydream Mama's city gleam And I deal with hoes That pose In Maybeline One time you had it all I ain't mad at ya'll Now give me the catalog I'll show you how daddy ball Six cars in power The five big stars Phillip, C, O, Chaz smokin' on cigars Nigga It's like ya'll Be talkin' funny I don't understand language In people with short money Come on

Chorus

Verse Three:

Do Mase got the ladies? Yeah, yeah Do Puff drive Mercedes? Yeah, yeah Take hits from the 80's? Yeah, yeah But do it sound so crazy? Yeah, yeah Well me personally It's nuthin' personal I do what work for me You do what work for you And I dress with what I was blessed with Never been arrested For nuthin domestic And I chill They way you met me With a jet ski Attached to a SE Smoke my Nestle No mad rap Ask Cat Where my check be? Problem with ya'll I say it directly Went from hard to sweeps Started to eat From no hoes at shows To manaj in suites Now I be the cat That be hard to meet Gettin' head from girls That used to hardly speak Come on

Chorus 5X