

Royce Da 59, Feels Good

(Intro - Royce) + (Pharrell)
Feel good don't it (Neptunes)
Royce 5'9" baby (Royce da 5'9!")
What, what, my girl she's putting it down baby
My nigga Tre' Little (Yeah, where you at)

(Verse 1 - Royce da 5'9") + (Girl) + (Pharrell *Ad-libs*)
It's looking like, it's another summertime, everybody wanna rhyme
Long day, short night, ain't nobody done in time
I know what you wanna find (Ladies) with a underline
Knock ya self out playa, long as it ain't none of mine
(Ladies) I know what you want, fellas wit they whips out
Don't walk, don't get caught, jealous, wit ya dick out
No wonder you in the fog, trying see who come through
You only got a mont' or two, to do what you wanna do
(Ladies) wear tight shit, I'm tellin' y'all I like this
Backyard barbeques, (Ladies) looking eighteen
I got about thirty thugs, to get in the hype wit
Too cute to eat meat, plate full of baked beans
Fellas, we the opposite, gotta give me lots of it
Suck the chicken bone, from the bottom to the top of it
We don't want the day to end, knowin' we gon' play again
And again, and again, and again (Come on, come on, yeah)

Doesn't it feel good, to see us make money
(Chorus - Kelis) + (*Ad-libs* in background)
Feel good, like everything sunny
Feel good, to see us taking off
If they can take it from us at all
Doesn't it feel good to see us war
And if you breathing (we transform?)
Say la-da-de-da-la-de-da-de-da-de-daa

(Verse 2 - Tre' Little)
Paper stacks, where they at, come on, enjoy this life
Slow down y'all relax, enjoy this life
I know it's hard when you ballin' from, obstacles
Police, women, haters, it's like impossible
Gettin' here for my life, this for all of y'all
I came along way dog, this shit is hard to ball
Drop ya top, I'm saying, this one's for the hood

Put yo guns in yo stash, you don't need 'em today
Back to the block, and everything good in the hood
Put the ice grills up, you don't need 'em today
All you need is icy rims, the games we play
Attract women, it feels good, just the games we play
They love it dog, thugs still havin' fun y'all
Too hot, summertime, why you tryna brawl
Feels good dog, roll 'til the wheels fall off

Hot Detroit, I'm pretty sure it's hot by y'all
(Chorus - Kelis) + (*Ad-libs* in background)

(Bridge - Kelis) + (Tre') + (Pharrell)
In style, (Without a doubt) (Yo, 5'9")
In style, (Without a doubt) (Yeah, come on)
In style, (Without a doubt) (Ha, ha, ha, yo, yeah)
In style, (Without a doubt) (Neptunes, 5'9")

(Verse 3 - Royce da 5'9") + (*Ad-libs* in background)
(La-da-de-da-la-de-da-de-da-de-daa)
I say my crew won't stop, we won't stop

We shake it in the park, right in front of the Rover
Piece stay on the lot, thing don't drop
We gon' do it everyday, 'til the summer is over
Yeah not my type, winter or fall
So tell all ya friends let's do it again
It's the summertime, so I'ma give you a call
And again, and again, and again

(Chorus x2 - Kelis) + (*Ad-libs* in background)
(Bridge - Tre' Little) + (Pharrell)
... Without a doubt (Nine, elevens)
... Without a doubt (Yo, the hottest it ever get, huh)
... Without a doubt (Can't stop, ice cubes on our wrists)
... Without a doubt (Huh, yeah, come on)
La-da-de-da-la-de-da-de-da-de-daa

(Royce + Pharrell + Tre' *Ad-lib* until fade)