

## Feels Good

Dave East

Raised with the sharks, you lookin' for heart, you a scarecrow  
East Side  
Y.O  
Harlem

Pablo and Peniro, the black version of Pesci and De Niro  
Rare breed, this era a buncha fuckin' weirdos  
Glock nine extender on it come with the air holes  
Raised with the sharks, you lookin' for heart, you a scarecrow  
Yeah, be the villain or die the hero  
To keep it a buck, all my niggas started at zero  
Your face on a t-shirt, maybe up on a mural  
'Cause niggas gettin' money or steady duckin' the bureau  
Now Givenchy and Louie V my apparel  
Catch 'em at the light and we do that nigga like Harold  
Menace to Society, hard time with sobriety  
Got my notoriety from talkin' like it's [?] to me  
Soul ain't for sale, ain't none of these niggas buyin' me  
Hammer on the side, ain't none of these niggas tryin' me  
Peaceful but I hit 'em with the iron, that's the irony  
Three-piece Dior tux on, they admire me

Payin' my dues, not one for losses  
Gets to new levels, I'm just here [?] bossin'  
My life expensive, don't care what it's costin'  
Remember this, I'm forever flossin'  
Yeah, I got what I got 'cause I earned that shit  
It cost a lot when you live like this  
Been through a lot just to get like this and feels like this  
Yeah, it feels like (this)

Know that I plan to do it if I ain't did it yet  
If I ain't weighin' money on trucks, then I ain't get it yet  
You don't want the hammer to burn like a cigarette  
I'mma need a couple of feet, you ain't my nigga yet  
You a big homie, you turn Crip on the internet  
Comin' out your face in traffic and bullets gon' intercept  
Play the eight [?] hot in the projects as I begin to sweat  
Black chicks servin' back and forth with no tennis net  
Fly like we in a jet, let the iron fly like we interjects  
Ignorant niggas full of that intellect  
Niggas is food and my niggas didn't get dinner yet  
Hit 'em in the [?] with the four 'cause we in the 'Vet  
Been a threat, watch what you sayin' like you can't die today  
Catch him while his family around him like it's a holiday  
Two Ninas, three-hundred bullets, just me and Holiday  
Sellin' green, I used to dream of makin' the powder play

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I know I said it feels like this  
And it feels like this