

Feeling Good

Derek Minor

I met the Father and the Son, he told me the summer's mine
He said mi casa es su casa, boy you gon' be just fine
I ain't ever get that Benz that I used to rap about
And my son going through pampers like they going outta style
I'm good, I'm gucci 'cause Tedashii hit me up
He said him and his family cool and I think that that's enough
I make a toast to the haters, why you wanna hate us
'Cause all I want to do is serve the Lord and make a banger
You sittin' on mils, I'm only sittin' on bills
And gas prices ain't going down in the 'ville
But hey, what can I say, it's a pretty day
I buy a honey bun and throw about ten in the tank
Bend some corners in the whip, wipe the crumbs off my lips
And I'm riding around town to see how far I can get
I ain't got everything, but that's ok with me
'Cause bro something in my heart say this is where I'm supposed to be

I ain't wearin' platinum yet, but my momma think I made it
Everything the Lord gave me I can share with my homies
So I'm feeling good feeling great
Yeah, I'm feeling good feeling great
I'll turn down a milli if you won't let me raise my babies
I don't think money is everything, you can call me crazy
But I'm feeling good feeling great
Yeah, I'm feeling good feeling great

I'm straight, I'm good
Ain't got no twenties but ridin' in my hood
I told my granny before she died I will survive
And I won't make all good decisions but at least I'm gon' try
She said just leave it in the hands of God
And times is hard, stack some paper, try to leave it to the side, I said alright
This for all y'all that ain't figured it out yet
But you cool with letting the Lord pilot life's jet
We going past the sky even if they pass us by
And the wise think we blind, can't see past the lie
Well, I'll be a fool till the Lord call
'Cause the know-it-alls, I don't think they know at all
I meet in town with Marco, he telling me his dreams
We both barely broke and wouldn't trade it for a thing
'Cause we know when it's over, there'll be much more
But the question is, what's your life for?

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"Hey how you doin', Jones?" Man, nothing to complain about
Just the average day where I can say that I made it out
A black man with a good job and a fine spouse
Couple genius kids, I'm fortunate to have a nice house

I didn't climb out the crab bucket
Where if they find out you grind out, they sit you down like timeout
I'm an anomaly, rare, and a sight to see
I'm passed jail to get to Tennessee, but no monopoly
Honestly no credit to me being one hundred
My goal was to play the feeling, surely I woulda blunt it
Surely I was a buster, I ain't exaggerating
You might think that I'm joshing but I wouldn't have gave you anything
Stingy and lazy, only God could have changed Chad
Feeling better now 'cause I ain't carrying the same tag
Earth is not my home, and God he made my day good
I was like used plastic spoons, I woulda stayed hood

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So good, yeahhhh...