

## Feel Good

Futuristic

Yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, hide yo kids, hide yo wife  
We raping everybody out here, you know what I'm saying?  
Shmang, shmang, pow, pow, ah, yo, yo

Back with the better flow, live the life you'll never know  
Got this model, bent one time, that's what I call a centrefold  
Bitches at my shows, I replays on them, my Pick-n-Rolls  
They love the show nigga that's got it popping  
Like sausage on a kitchen stove, whoa  
I'm doing everything they wish they did  
I'm bringing home the bacon like I skinned a pig  
Put my CD on your christmas list  
These niggas is trash, they should wear a bag like Missy did  
I ain't playing no more, I do everything that I say  
And I don't go to the club, 'less a nigga 'bout to get paid  
I'm pulling up in all black, with my shades on like I'm Blade  
There's a lot of fish in the sea, I keep all of mine in the tank, ah  
Twenty-three making more money than your mother  
Took some uppers  
Now I'm bouncing 'round the club, just like I'm Flubber  
And I travel like a trucker, all my shows is doing numbers  
I been good for 'bout four years, Oklahoma City Thunder, sheesh

And that shit make you feel good  
And that shit make you feel good  
And that shit make you feel good  
But if it don't, I got some other shit that still could

Back with the hottest sauce, looking like a fucking boss  
Making money, yours is slimming down, we call that Ricky Ross  
Lyrics stuck in everybody mouth, they need dental floss  
Wanna shake my hand, I'll leave you hanging like a fricking cross  
(On a chain of course)  
Ah, yeah, I got the game on pad lock  
Gummy bears all on my calves, they still black socks  
I got a drunk cartoon to be my mascot  
We been flipping bitches like a motherfucking laptop  
I ain't tripping no more, I got everything that I need  
I got bottles all in my room, I got beer pong and weed  
I got white twins in my phone, save them "thing 1" and "thing 2"  
They not tryna tie my down, them hoes don't even wear shoes  
Twenty-three making more money than your father  
Watch me prosper, get these girls a spanking like an angry toddler  
I got lipstick on my collar, dressed in black just like a robber  
Boy, I'm fly like Harry Potter, I make hits just like The Dotters, oh