

# Feel Good

Lil Debbie

You know you fuckin' with the real now  
Li'l bitches better chill down  
Fuck the fame, started out I didn't have a crumb to my name  
We eatin' five course meals now  
And I'm still down, couple bands in the paper bag  
Switchin' lanes with the paper tags  
Type of swag that can make 'em mad  
Tellin' bitches tryna take a jab  
I just fuckin' laugh, ha  
Bitch, you better get it right  
I don't need the love, can I get a light?  
Spotlight, fuck your oversight  
Bitches must've thought I got this overnight  
Silly hoes, really though  
Bitch, you better know the deal  
Hit 'em with some new shit  
So you bitches know it's real overkill  
You in the presence of the motherfuckin' ruler  
Just point me to the mission, I'm the driver and the shooter  
Bitch, I get it

What it look like? Bitch, I feel good  
Left the trap for this rap, but I'm still hood  
Bitches livin' shit but they ain't livin' this good  
Got this paper on my own, wish a bitch would  
What it look like? Bitch, I feel great  
Top down, buck 50 on the interstate  
Used to get it by the gram, now it's real way  
Turned the bitches that are hatin' and I'm still straight

Straight down so it's only looking up now  
And your city gettin' busy when I touch down  
My days one's the only bitches that I trust now  
All I need is weed and a swisha for me to buss down, on gawd  
Bitches always asking how I do this shit?  
Time again I remind them I ain't new to this  
Number one stunna always see me in the newest shit  
Couple bands, can't remember how I blew this shit, oh lawd  
Toast to the bitches who told me I'll never do this  
Laughing at them bitches who told me we never be up  
Now the same bitches is salty and lookin' foolish  
Now it's paparazzi, red carpets I know you bitches see us  
I know you see us, and you hate to see me winnin' ha  
Love me back when I was broke in the beginnin' ha  
Still the same, I just had to change a lane up  
Get my change up, bitch, but I ain't never change up

So pour a cup, roll a blunt it's a celebration  
To you sour ass hoes, it's a dedication  
Smilin' in my fuckin' face, they be hella hatin'  
Cause we eatin' over here, bitch, we hella cakin'  
Yeah we hella cakin'  
Yeah we hella cakin'  
In the kitchen whip it proper, yeah we hella bakin'  
Yeah we hella bakin'  
Yeah we hella bakin'  
Debbie back to killin' bitches only God can save

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