

## Still Feels So Good

Twista

This goes out to all sides worldwide  
Let that playa ass nigga Twista be yo guide, as we go on a ride  
Hood to hood, chrome, leather, and wood  
And it feels so good..

One mornin' I..  
Woke up next to a peanut butter and a caramel chick  
Feelin fucked up, flicked out, freaked on  
Thinkin' about my new truck with tha' deep dish  
Meanin' deep chrome, deep chrome, in the deep dome  
After a massage and a ménage, we got in the shower  
Let water trickle down the crack of the back of they booty  
Got out the tub and went back to the master bedroom  
One put on prada, one put on Ludi, I put on gucci  
Duty calls, I'm bout to hit the scene and ball  
But before I leave I spray on some Itsimiaki  
Take my truck up to the wash, put the sparkle back on  
Wax on, wax off like Mr. Miyagi  
Go to the liquor store so I can get blunts, get Yak  
So I can sip some while I split one  
Chronicle enter ever pholical of my body  
Calmin' down every molecule, makin' sure I don't trip none  
Hit one..  
Hop in tha' ride, come and kick it wit me  
So I can take you through tha' so-and-so hundred block  
And show you how my people be kickin' it in the windy city  
I wanna show you where I hang out at, where we make our scratch  
While we sit on leather grippin' wood  
Where tha' hustla's got packs and the G's got stacks  
And tha' pimps got lacks, rollin' through the hood  
And it feels so good..

And it feels so good  
Turnin' corners with my pinky man  
Through my hood  
Chokin' on a B and switchin' lanes is understood (understood...)  
I'm a baller livin' pimpish  
Man, leather and wood  
Said it feels so good (feels so good...)

Now I done seen plenty niggaz flip twenty's, flip twenty one's  
Flip twenty two's, flip Jordans, flip two-fours  
Mega ballin', new clothes  
Momma got a new store, tv screens, hundred-forty spokes  
And we fittina' roll, right off madison to the manor in a drop-top Lexus  
Sippin' henny rollin' reckless  
Feelin' so motherfuckin' good I could roll my vehicle to Texas  
And spit it like, this is for the syrup sipper's..  
Gotta slow it down so you feel it, plus it make the words figure  
And spit some screwed shit and do shit so that you understand  
When it come to spittin' rapid-  
fire lyric adrenaline then I be the motherfuckin' man..  
Get the love, when I hit the club gotta freak in  
It's the weekend and the DJ bumpin' "Tattoo"  
Track move like some southern, black blues, or like the Cooper, got cruise  
And they got shoes it's packet-proof instead I be the hottest rap..  
Dude...Ride to this while you peel, yo, hood

You could go around the block or travel the whole world  
When you come back it's still yo hood  
And it feels so good..

I spit some game wit the intellect  
To the media, like I'm in the Encyclopedia Brittanica  
Come and take over the world wit' me girl  
If you good I might can see if I can be yo manager  
Get yo career on track and yo life on point  
And I'll show you how yo taxes go..  
Tactics flow quicker than a hat-trick go, smokin on some fire, galactic dro  
I know it's good when you smoke that fire  
Puff that herb, get that dirt, hit that lick  
Cop yourself a motherfuckin' Bentley car  
Cop yourself a motherfuckin' Bentley crib  
Pop that ass, throw that dick, twerk that thing, bust that nut  
Drop that top, turn the base up, put you a chameleon paint on the truck  
Get iced up, bumpin' Twista grooves  
as I cruise new shoes rollin' smooth up in K-Town  
In my city come and feel it ghetto blues  
if you snooze you lose don't pay dues for the tre-pound  
Take the time to kick wit' yo home girls... And feel yo nugz..  
Keep on hatin' on the L, big family we gon' steady come up  
And I'ma still smoke good, and it feels so good..

Roll one, light one, smoke one, sip some..  
Roll one, light one, smoke one, sip some..  
Roll one, light one, smoke one, sip some..  
Roll one, light one, smoke one, sip some..