

Feels Good

Wax

[Verse 1:]

I'm addicted to these beats, a slave to the rhythm
Sometimes my home studio becomes my own prison
I'm thankful I've been given this crazy life I'm living
But the walls get closer when you constantly within them
I get driven insane, my brain gets a little blurry
Groundhog Day I start to feel like Bill Murray
I still worry about my own mental health
But when I'm on tour man I check myself
I did a show last week in a town called Houston
Met a young fan who told me that my songs moved him
Said that when he listens to them that they talk to him
Cause the same problems that he's going through I've
Gone through them
I guess we're all human, and not that different
And compared to myself my music is more significant
So when he asked me how I feel
I kept it real when I told him the deal
I said it feels good

[Hook: Breezy Lovejoy]

Yeah that's that right there
And it feels so good to be around
You know the high when you walking in the sky both feet on a cloud
It just feels so good, feels so good
Feels so good, can't be mad about it

[Verse 2:]

This rat race'll make you move at such a hurried pace
You'll forget to stop and appreciate you current place
Man I'm trying to look around more
Treasure the sound more when I hear the crowd roar
I know talented musicians on the ground floor
Looking up at me like what the fuck you feeling down for
How come compared to smiling you always frown more
Pussy I'm at UPS working wearing these brown shorts
So now I take it to heart
And come from a different angle when I'm making my art
My shit might never make it to a chart
But of this rap game that ain't never been my favorite part
So every new day that I start off by bitchin'
I think of all the dishes in the restaurant kitchen
That I used to wash to get a meal
And re-evaluate how I feel and it feels good

[Hook:]

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[Verse 3:]

I count my blessings like a salad chef counts his dressings
And always find the smallest are the best things
A song that takes away the shit that stress brings
With my man E, greatest on the boards like chess kings

Tell the dudes from the label I'll have food on my table
Regardless, thick skin you can't scar this
You harmless, you ain't the reason that I started this
You ask me how I feel I say I'm motherfucking marvelous
Everything that I build, all home grown
IKEA we assembling our own thrones
Glass jaws gonna fall when they throw stones
We crush rocks with titanium nose bones
You ain't gonna fuckin take out Mike Jones homes
And when they put in the old folks home
And ask me how I feel there
I pop a wheelie on my wheelchair and tell them that it feels good

[Hook:]

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[Outro Speech]