

How Does It Feel?

Pharrell Williams

Yessur!..haha..Lil'Skateboard P
Hey! Mr.Vener!
Ah-huh... Yo... Ola
Billionaire Club muchacho. Assorted flavors. And they zillatos
Inspire young minds. I stack my nachos with the raw determination of a vato
Run across the border with bricks in his poncho
Face like a shot when it's bussin' by glocko
Planted these things. Still I died when the Holy Father hand me my wings
When I was young, yo, the teacher couldn't stand when we dreamed
Givin' me music like drugs and to hand to a fiend
They shoot it up
See me on the TV the cuties - they wanna fuck
Both residential that's plush and cooped it up
Got more hits than a zip. Who want it nuh?
I can go back in time you be Judge Ito. With my mini-torpedo
I know you're thinking "neat-o!"
It would peace the men. It's something like Antigo
But it's three hundred thousand more with no re-mo
Jacob and Lorraine, I used to deal with Tito
But he clowned me and told me that my money's fritos
Now the Enzo doors go up like a D-Lo....
Ree-on... same song sung by my man Nigo. SLR
When the doors go up it's like a fresh L jar
Nigga we boss
He shall not get hot he too frost. Yessur!
My nigga close your eyes. Just picture yourself just holdin' pies
Implement a plan and you surely rise. This promised by the man that controls the skies
Don't you see I know that shit so ill. Better yet, doggie, just tell me how ya feel
Ha-ha.. How you feel dawg?!
We just picture, thinkin', dreamin', scheming, bleedin', readin', all in the late night
Shake it, boilin', lacin', bakin', shapin', shavin', gotta get this cake right
As I serve it, you just burn it, breathe it, learn it, now watch it take flight...
Nigga how does it feel? Ha-ha..Yessur!)
Nigga you don't know me
I'm part Howard Hughes, part horny, part holy
First trick on the ramp is the rockin' rollie
Keep one on my staff with a new pro chromey
It bequeaths me to mention that I've been bitten
But affords me to chuckle at what critics have written
He dresses insane - but his music admire
Ask Anna Wintour from Vogue and Esquire
And Vanity Fair. You like, kid of the year

But you should guess who's in the insanity chair
Now it ain't about what I want
Still thumbin' through my life like it's drugstore porn
It's one thing to say that you did it
It's one thing to lie about your digits
It's one thing to say that you live it
It's another for you fuckers to admit it
But I admit I got all this paper plus the prettiest faces that's offered by nature
I drive a cas'per, 'scuse me, Casper
Wanna meet 'em in my house I got space like NASA
But it don't make me happier, by itself, or sadder
Or like my sister Stace when she lost her pappa
Or Ben dad, getting' a stroke, and nothin' the Trapper John could do
It's ironic but true - a man dies, baby born its fair as Peru
It's a simple clue between us and imposters
We hop in the air and don't care what it costs us
Now I'm with N.E.R.D. with a pit full of moshers
I guess you could say that we fly like saucers
Zappin' at niggas, we're classin' at vigor
The cash and crash whippers, the Thrasher mag gripper
Go 'head and say it "You a rappin' ass nigga."
Yessur!
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Nigga how does it feel? Ha-ha..Yessur!)
Yessur! Nigga you don't know me...

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>