

How Does It Feel?

Pharrell Williams

[Intro]

Yessir! Haha, lil' Skateboard P
Hey! Mr. Vener!
Uh-huh, yo, hola

[Verse 1]

Billionaire Club muchacho
Assorted flavors in these helados
Inspire young minds, and 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
Planning these things 'til I die
When the Holy Father hand me my wings, when I was young, yo
The teacher couldn't stand when we dreamed
Giving me music like drugs in the hand of a fiend—and shoot it up
See me on the TV, the cuties, they wanna fuck
Both residential that's plush and coupé it up
Got more hits than a zip, who want it nuh?
I can go back in time, you be Judge Ito
With my minute repeater, I know you're thinking "neat-o!"
It repeats the minutes, something like your TiVo
But it's three-hundred-thousand more with no remote
Jacob and Lorraine, I used to deal with Tito
But he clown'd 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
Yessir!

[Chorus]

My nigga, close your eyes
Just picture yourself just holdin' pies
Implement a plan and you surely rise
This promised by the man that controlled the skies
Don't you see? I know that shit so ill
Better yet, doggie, just tell me how ya feel
Haha, how you feel, dawg?
We just picture thinkin', dreamin', schemin'

Bleedin', readin', all in the late night
Shakin', boilin', lacin', bakin'
Shapin', shavin', gotta get this cake right
As I serve it, you just burn it
Breathe it, learn it, now watch you take flight
Nigga, how does it feel? Haha, yessir

[Verse 2]

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 Kennedy here
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 gettin' a stroke, and nothin' that Trapper
John could do; it's ironic but true
A man dies, baby born, it's 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"
Yessir!

[Chorus]

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Just picture yourself just holdin' pies
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[Outro]
Nigga, you don't know me

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