

# 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 coup'd 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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[Outro]  
Nigga, you don't know me

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>