

Björk**"How Does it Feel to Ya"**

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*Koffee Brown - background vocals

**Midwikid

(?) - chorus

B-12: hook

***Coo Coo Cal - verses

[Koffee Brown]

Hey Hey

Heey-heeayy

[Verse 1: Coo Coo Cal]

Can you picture this?

It's bout that time we got the tunes

Hot on the block sippin' on 'yac like some damn fools

Consumin' liquor by the ounce

Ya guys is rollin' up to get their grub on,

wit the dubs on and the car that bounce

Help at the park, barbaques wit roasted pig

And can nobody eat until the meat is done and we feed
the kids

Nieces, nephews, uncles and aunties

Yea, you ride wit plenty of folks but ain't got nothin' up
on these

Seeds from the weed, up out the bangs of optimos

A bunch of pimps, playas, and hustlaz to fock the hoes

Pros comin' off, when the barbaques done

ain't really focus on that, but hell a playa bound to get
some

Kids runnin' back-and-fourth cryin' on who pushed
them now

We all fam, but I be damned if they push my seat down

That's how we kick it up in the Mil-town

It's real now, but can you feel how we kick-it-up-on
these steal grounds

[Chorus:1x] *background chorus vocals - Koffee Brown

How does it feel to ya

Roll up the Swisher baby if it's real to ya

Gangstas, where we from (?) to ya

Leg breakin', cake bakin', is it trill to ya

How does it feel to ya

That's how we do it
Hop in the heavy Chevy, corner bend to it
Shine up the candy and the twenty-twins to it
Get drunk, fill up your cup again to it
How does it feel to ya...feel me now

[Hook: B-12]

M-dub, three thugs sittin' on duece dueces
Hennessy and gin, need some orange and apple juices
barbaques and half-ounce, bounce wit the music
Wide-identical pipes (?) wit dukeys

[Verse 2: Coo Coo Cal]

Midwest is the timezone
When it gets hot,
We go block-to-block, open up shop, and get our grind
on
Now I ain't lyin' homes to whoever make a playa
change
To release the tension, mention basketball and play a
game
Wit dames on the sideline cheerin' you on
And haters that can't play on the side while,
cryin' foul, screwin' you on
That's how we kick it up in the Mil-town
It's real now, but can you feel how we kick-it-up-on
these steal grounds

[Chorus:1x] *background chorus vocals - Koffee Brown

How does it feel to ya
Roll up the Swisher baby if it's real to ya
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Leg breakin', cake bakin', is it trill to ya
How does it feel to ya
That's how we do it
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Get drunk, fill up your cup again to it
How does it feel to ya...feel me now

[Verse 3: Coo Coo Cal]

Can you picture this?
A bunch of bawlaz ride oldschoools
A lot of them cut the top, hookin' up decks and sounds
to roll to
It ain't the old two-hundred twenty twins
Mack-10, boss jackin' at the lakefront in the city I'm in
Bendin' corners in an orderly fashion
Twenty cars deep,
creepin' up the street, beatin' dawg so it be mashin'
Flashin' bread at them chickenhead

Yea they jumpin' in to sin dawg,
cuz-it's-about the only thing that'll get 'em fed
Hear what I just said
Pick 'em up in the presidential rento limo, TV's and (?)
Ghetto celeb is the gear we wear
Naw ya'll don't hear it there
But by the end of this year you gonna feel the player
Sippin' on Henn, and Cris is gettin' plenty drunk
Which switches from the candy-coupe dawg, an empty
front
That's how we kick it up in the Mil-town
It's real now, but can you feel how we kick-it-up-on
these steal grounds

[Chorus:1x] *background chorus vocals - Koffee Brown
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[Koffee Brown]
Ooooooooooh yeaaaa!
Ohhhhhhhhhhhhh!
Nan-na-na-na-na-na-na
Yea, hey, heeay hay hey yea yea
Hey, heaay

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