

Pharrell Williams "How Does It Feel?"

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Wooo wooo! *[in background]*

Yessur! aha

New Skateboard P

Hey!

Let's go get 'em

uh-huh

yo, hola

[Verse 1]

Mearle maire, club muchacho

Asorted flavours, in they solatos

Inspire young minds, stacked by Nato's

With the right determination of a patho

Running 'cross the water with bricks at his poncho

Face like a shoot when it's bussin' my glock hold

Vanity stings, 'til I die when the holy father hands me
my wings

When I was young yo the teacher gave me stanity
dreams

Giving me music like drugs and they handed me
things, they shoot it up

See me on the TV, the cuties they wanna fuck

Both presidential and plus, they hoop it up

Got more hits in his zip, who want enough

I can go back in time, you be Judge Eato

With my men and ?? I know you thinkin' Neato

Givin' peace to minutes, something like your T-Vo

But it's 3 hundred thousand more with no remote

Take it in the rain, I used to live with Tito

But he clowned me and told me that my money's free-
doughs

Now the Enzo doors go up like a Dilo

Reon, same song some from my man Nigo

SLR, when the doors go up it's like a fresh elle jar

Nigga we boss, he shall not get hot, he too frost

Yessur...

[Bridge]

My nigga close your eyes,

Just picture you're self just holdin' pies

Impliment a plan and and you'll surely rise

Just promised by the man that controls the skies

Don't you see, I know that shit's so ill
Better yet, dawg, just tell me how you feel
...How you feel dawg?

[Chorus]

We just picture thinking, dreaming, scheming,
breathing, reading, all in the late night
Shaking, boiling, lacing, bacon, shaking, shaping,
gotta get this cake right

As I serve it, you just burn it, breathe it, learn it, now
watch you take flight
...My nigga how does it feel?
Ha ha! Yessur!

[Verse 2]

Nigga you don't know me
I'm part Howard Hues, part horny, part holy
First trip on the ramp is the rock and roly
Keep one on my staff with a new pro-chromy
If they priest need the mention that I've been biten
But a force be the chocolate where critics are written
He dresses insane where his music admire
Ask anyone from Vouge and Esquire And Vanity Fair
you like can of the year
But you should guess who's in insanity chair
Now it ain't about what I want
Still thumbing through my life like a drug-star porn
It's one thing to say you did it
It's one thing to lie about your didgits
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 off of our nature
I drive a Casper, s'cuse me Cassper, wanted meet me
at my house, I got space like NASA
And it'll make me happy buy yourself a Sattle
Unlike my sister Stacy when she lost her papa
I been there, gettin stroke and nothing to trap-uh
John could do, when surrounded with true
A man dies, baby born, as far as Peru
It's a simple proof between us and imposters
We hop in the air, and don't care what it costs us
Now I'm with NERD with a pit full of Martians
I guess you could say that we fly like saucers
Zapping at niggas, with classing and figure
The cash and class whippers
The thrashing mag ripper
Go 'head and say it (you a rappin' ass nigga)
Yessur!

[Bridge]

[Chorus]

Nigga you don't know me...

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