

## Pras Michel "How It Feels"

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When I grow up, I'ma be a superstar  
[Pras] Ah-ha, alright baby

[Chorus: children] + (Pras)  
They, don't, know, how it feels  
(When you're out on your own, yeah)  
(And you're lookin for that home)  
They, don't, know, what it is  
(When the world's on your shoulder)  
(And your baby gotta be a soldier)

[Pras Michel]  
Yo I was born in the pro-jects, with roaches and rats  
And our credentials were our, nines and gats  
Stay the hell out the hood read the welcomin mats  
I remember them days, it was hard bein black  
Welfare checks and government cheese  
Take your family in portrait, everybody smile say  
cheese  
And it's a wonder how I kept my head from goin under  
Sun don't shine where there's, lightning and thunder  
Some got ways, some got means  
But still, we all just got hopes and dreams  
The two blend together like dope and fiends  
Cope with teens has that new gangster lean  
Everybody just wanna be a ghetto star  
Fly cribs and drivin them big cars  
That's all Mr. President, hear the voice of the youth  
I don't lie, I speak the truth

[Chorus: children] + (Pras)  
They, don't, know, how it feels  
(When you a single mother)  
(And don't have that significant other)  
They, don't, know, what it is  
(To be in the ghetto)  
(And your life be in slow mo')

[Pras Michel]  
Uhh, yeah  
Been around the world a couple times with the  
ReFugees

From the boot of Italy, to the land of Pawnee{?}  
Fell in love a couple times on the London Bridge  
Fast cars, fast life, that's how I wanted to live  
What a crusade, one of my great escapades  
Cut many hearts, like the game of spades  
But nuttin was as fatal when they blew the World Trade  
Now we at war momma, tradin lives for grenades  
Send in the troops, here comes the brigades  
American resolve and our hearts'll never fade  
I know you somewhere out there chillin in the shades  
But I hate to be the one, to rain on your parade  
See God is merciful and God bless his children  
That's how we gonna reconstruct them buildings  
So stop the killings, we runnin out of graves  
In the land of the free, and the home of the brave

[Chorus: children] + (Pras)  
They, don't, know, how it feels  
(To hear our babies cry)  
(And watch our mothers die)  
They, don't, know, what it is  
(To see our brothers in prison)  
(While they losin their religion)

[Pras Michel]  
These, eyes of mines are like, camera lens  
Loved by many but stabbed by my friends  
Is this the end? Some may cry out loud  
But I won't worry we gonna, make it now  
The ghetto fed up but they won't break us down  
It's an eye for an eye what goes around comes around  
Do dis for my peeps who couldn't speak  
Survival of the fittest, what happens to the weak?  
They either in between, above or beneath  
Tryin to play me like a scrub in a passenger seat  
Racial profile to say the least (okay)  
There won't be no peace in the belly of the beast,  
c'mon

[Pras + children]  
But we gonna make it through baby  
Even though the world is so crazy

[Pras Michel]  
And if they ask you, tell 'em it's pain times three  
Cause it's a million of them kids stressin just like me  
BABY!

[Chorus: children] + (Pras)  
They, don't, know, how it feels  
(To see us go to war)

(And see the people free for no more)  
They, don't, know, what it is  
(To be a black man in America)  
(And feel like they're comin to get'cha)  
They, don't, know, how it feels  
(To work for minimum wage)  
(As your life starts to fade)  
They, don't, know, what it is  
(To be down to your last buck)  
(And no one really gives a mother-HA)

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