

## Pras "How It Feels"

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When I grow up, I'ma be a superstar  
Ah, ha, alright, baby

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 feels  
(When the world's on your shoulder)  
(And your baby, gotta be a soldier)

Yo, I was born in the projects, 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

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 feels  
(To be in the ghetto)  
(And your life be in slow a mo')

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

They don't know how it feels  
(To hear our babies cry)  
(And watch our mothers die)  
They don't know, what it feels  
(To see our brothers in prison)  
(While they losin' their religion)

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  
There won't be no peace in the belly of the beast,  
c'mon

But we gonna make it through baby  
Even though the world is so crazy  
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

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 feels  
(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 feels  
(To be down to your last buck)  
(And no one really gives a mother, ha)

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