

Tonya Mitchell

"How Does It Feel"

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Chorus: D' Wayne Wiggins

How does it feel when ya livin like that, and ya pockets
are fat?

'cause you're a playa, and you're pimpin hoes

So tell me how does it feel when ya money aint right,
and ya pockets are tight?

You're still a hustla, and you can't let go

Verse 1:

When I was broke, I used to feel the pain

Now I got money, aint nothin changed

Same hustla, tryin to hold on to what I got

And that's alot, players like me can't be stopped

I was starvin, couldn't afford a TV Dinner

But now I roll around in a DB-7

Throwin up the two, to the hoes and pimps

It's all about the money, you know what I'm gettin

How the fuck you think I felt when I was broke

All the rumors I got killed and I was smoked

I tell the truth, I don't care how you feel about me

I'm still in the game and you still gotta see

My face goin down the muthafuckin street

Top down, beat loud with a top-notch freak

You say it aint real life

'cause you don't know what it feels like, beyotch

Chorus

Verse 2:

I feel like I'm a million dollar bill

Still in the game, all about the real

Can't feel sorry for you, do your thang

Don't be mad at the world 'cause you can't hang

If you feel like doin somethin that aint productive

Look in the mirror, check yourself and say "fuck it"

It's the year two-thousand, I know you feel me

But I can't understand why you niggas wanna kill me

Went from broke to rich, I got your bitch kneelin

I told her "smoke this dick bitch, don't fight the feelin"

And when she did it, she started jockin me

I saw it in your eyes, you felt like sockin me

For every action there's a consequence
Playa-haters always tryna start some shit
But then you gotta fight these niggas here
It feels good to be a playa, bitches everywhere

Chorus

Verse 3:

I feel like eleven albums aint enough
And at the same time you feel like you can't come up
Sometimes real life don't feel right
You been fuckin her for years but it's still tight
Then I came through bammin, vagina started expandin
Used to be shallow, but now you landed in
Deep water drownin and that's some real game
It's been your pussy for years, but it don't feel the
same
I been creepin, feelin your bitch up on the weekend
Is it still good she calls me Dr. Feelgood
I'll be her last pimp, you just a has been
And when she talks about you it's all past tense
I said I don't give a fuck about history
I'll tell you bout my life then show you how this dick'll be
In you all night, go ask your bitch was she feelin me
Man, you niggas be killin me, haters

Chorus

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