

Too \$hort "How Does It Feel"

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How does it feel when ya livin' like that
And ya pockets are fat?
'Cuz you're a playa and you're pimpin' hoes

So tell me how does it feel when ya money ain't right
And ya pockets are tight?
You're still a hustla and you can't let go

When I was broke, I used to feel the pain
Now I got money, ain't 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 ain't real life
'Cuz you don't know what it feels like, beyotch

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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 'cuz you can't hang

If you feel like doin' somethin' that ain't 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 theres 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

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I feel like eleven albums ain't 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 its 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

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