

Pharrell Williams, How Does It Feel?

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 roolly
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...