

Too Short, How Does It Feel

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 thats 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 f**k 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 muthaf**kin 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 "f**k 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

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 f**kin her for years but its still tight
Then I came through bammin, vagina started expandin
Used to be shallow, but now you landed in
Deep water drownin and thats 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 f**k 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