

# 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]