

# How Does It Feel?

## Pharrell Williams

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 roll  
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...

Songwriters

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