

# That's How Ya Feel

## Young Jeezy

Yeah, ay, yeah, ay nigga  
If you at the light right now, nigga  
And the nigga sweating you, my nigga  
Looking at you 'cause you got  
The big boy shoes on ya shit, my nigga  
Ay, roll down ya motherfucking window, nigga  
Blow out that dro smoke, nigga  
Tell that nigga that's how the fuck ya feel, nigga  
Ya feel like ya look nigga, ya feel good nigga  
What's happening nigga? Let's get it, ay, let's go  
Red paint, inside's peanut butter  
They seeing me, but I don't see them suckers  
I ain't gon lie, man my shit tight  
Hoes jocking, got 'em stopping like a red light  
Wake me up, this a sick dream  
Got the Alpine with the flat screen  
These niggaz ain't aware, mayne  
12's in the trunk sounding like an airplane  
A 757 jet  
He ain't know? You dealing with a fucking vet  
Niggaz cold like banana splits  
That's why I cop the AR with banana clips  
Sitting 24 inches off the ground  
(That's how ya feel)  
A young nigga sellin' fruity by the pound  
(That's how ya feel)  
And I got the best white in the town  
(That's how ya feel)  
45 on my lap, it's going down  
(That's how ya feel)  
Sitting 24 inches off the ground  
(That's how ya feel)  
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I got a project chick with a lot of kids

She say, she like my flow but love my ad libs  
I was saying, "Yeah" before Usher  
Never scared like T I and Bone Crusher  
Any problem, Jeezy take care of it  
Them ugly hoes say a nigga arrogant  
Real slow is how I drive past  
Got everybody looking, sweating like a gym class  
I see you funny niggaz got jokes

Disrespect the Chevy, still riding on spokes  
You fucking with a player  
We don't just say, "No", we too busy saying, "Yeah"  
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I'm a motherfucking problem, who wanna solve me, dog?  
Got six cell phones, who gon' call me dog?  
This ain't a movie, we are not actors  
Still use a duck ass nigga for target practice  
Infrared beam on the Mausberg pump  
Hit his ass with it twice, make him A-Town Stomp  
In gats we trust  
Niggaz play a lot of games dog, but not with us  
Call me, 'Jack In The Box', hop out with two clips  
Cook ya faster than a T-bone at Ruth Chris  
You still hating, looking stupid  
I'm in the SL, looking real Coupe-ish  
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