

How It Feel

Big Sean

finally famous
Ok, I get lost in the night
Faded off of that brown
We can take shots of that white
Realest niggas around
Tell me would you like it would you like it if I let you call me big
Take it to the D, I can show you where I live
Take it to the penthouse and show you how to live
And treat it like it ain't shit
Now ask me how it feel
How it feel, how it feel
How it feel, how it feel
Yea tell me how it feel, how it feel, how it feel
Man to be around a nigga this real
You know I came up, came down
Turn every dream I had real
So tell me how it feel
How it feel, how it feel
Man to be around a nigga this real
You know I need everything in plural
That's benji's and euro's
I just came back from that Paris
My life is moving in turbo
My pinky ring just dinging
Look how I'm sipping my merlot
Look how I'm hittin' my
herbal
Praise God, church ho
What the fuck is you saying?
B.I.G I'm the mayor in the bitch
Ol' fur coat looking like a bear in this bitch
OH! fuck is you wearing? that's embarrassin shit
Man and to my new girls that's hearing this shit
You fucking with an OG, you should cherish this shit
Man they tell me that they love me, I ain't hearing that shit
They tryna get up in my will and inherit that shit
That's why I'm faded, I'm wasted
I'm living life like it's no jail
House bigger than a hotel

But these hoes tell
So I still take their ass to the hotel
In my hotel
I got a bad bitch with that body
And a badder bitch in that lobby
Boy that's just how I got it
Bad bitches that came through
I'm hitting all that I aim to
So stoned I can't move
So stoned I can't move
She go either way like it's game two
She look at her phone praying it ain't you
Living out all the rumors
Then afterwards, say it ain't true
Man I'm daydreaming while sexing
Her screams remind me I'm in it
And all this champagne that I'm popping
Reminded me that I'm winning
I know we shouldn't get so high
Yea, remind me that when I'm finished
But this the life we chose
It's the only life that we know
Reminiscing when I had no job
Back when I woulda robbed yo job
Me and my niggas on the streets dog
Throwing signs up like we roadside
Now the suits and pasta both bowtie
My Greek girls say "opa"
My Spanish girls scream "no mas"
And all the Black girls scream "don't, stop"

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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