

# HOW DOES IT FEEL

Caskey

Aye my mommma tried to get me in church  
Dawg but it never could stay cuz I love when I sin  
Plus I been to hell and back  
So many times that I don't gotta pretend  
Calling the plays  
Feel like the quarterback  
Inside the huddle with friends  
You ever went and made you 100  
Just to spend the money and go get it again

I feel like the number 13  
12 behind me it's 11:11  
I keep all the gas on me  
Might drop me a song at the 7 eleven  
I'm never gone rap for free  
Plus all of this ice I never could sweat em  
They said it was bad for me to take a lil break  
But I'm better than ever

They keep on asking me  
When the new album coming  
They keep on asking me  
How you get these piles of money  
They keep on asking me  
Wasn't you down and bummy  
And came from nothing  
I know you been up to something  
Of corse I been up to something

How does it feel  
How does it feel  
How does it feel  
How does it feel to know you the hardest one working I feel like the man or  
the year

How does it feel to know I been swtching the cars  
I look you still in the same  
How does it feel to know they been treating you foul  
I'm balling I'm still in the game  
How does it feel to drive in the rain in a lambo truck when you hydroplane  
How does it feel to be in the city you from  
And you still gotta hide yo chain  
Man your homie let you hold the bag  
Just so you could flex it on the gram  
How you being something that you not  
And you still gone call yourself a man  
I put \$20,000 in a knot  
And I treat that shit like a ten  
Then I flew my baby to an island so that she could lay up get herself a tan  
Feeling like the man  
Had the money coming in so fast  
Thought it was a scam  
Then I made it rain so hard  
Stay inside of the boat Lieutenant Dan  
Feeling like the goat but I'm in the lamb  
Put him under oath like he on the stand  
How is it he float when he on the land

Well they all know it's something that he planned

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All of the work that I put in this music bitch, you think ima throw it away  
It's kill or be killed, I feel like the apex predator all of these rappers i  
s pray  
Ima keep winning and getting this money, it dont even matter at the end of t  
he day  
Lock me up, take my voice box I'm still gonna go out and find me a way  
Nigga be hatin on me (woah)  
Better go play with they bitch  
If I heard he told then I'm cutting him off, knuckles never gonna hang with  
a snitch  
Luckily I know how to swim cause I never cared about breaking a bridge  
Only thing I care about is feeding my children put food in the fridge  
And I know you're a coward, you dont be standing on nothing you've said  
The girl of your dreams she slid in my inbox betchu I left her on read  
And if I do think about replying, promise you I'm only getting the head  
I remember my first kill like it was yesterday, outside at the back of the s  
hed  
Feel like Odell just throw me the pussy, know that I'm getting the catch  
Mr. Rosen he called me a bum, said I won't be shit I'll never forget  
So I'm smoking these beats like nicotine, blowing the smoke of my cigarette  
Better be ready to die or lay in a grave thinking you sending a threat