

How I Feel

Jarren Benton

K-K-Kato on the track bitch

I have no feelings so bitch you should get outta yours (you should get outta yours)

I drown out my demons I'm too scared to go back on tour (I can't go back on tour)

I spend too much on material shit (on material shit)

Don't wanna die broke in this bitch not a penny to leave to my kids (uh uh)

Forgive me I'm sorry for hurtin your mother (I'm sorry)

My day when I got em you know they're still burning your brother (I gotchu my nigga)

Money and pussy they fuck up a nigga's life (fuck up a nigga's life)

These negative vibes just fucked up a nigga's night

Yeah, I came out from tour had to sleep in the whip

New lock on the door I couldn't sleep in the crib

I don't want to split your wig ya bitch

I just wanna see my kids ya bitch

Depression got me skipping gears and shit

Doctor gave me different scripts to get

I don't learn from, I just turn numb, pull up on one (yah)

Bad, that's just how I feel (go on)

I go hard as hell (ay)

They keep telling me to chill

But now I tell them how I

How you feel, how you feel

How you feel, how you feel

How you feel, how you feel

That's just how I feel

How you feel, how you feel

How you feel, how you feel

How you feel, how you feel

That's just how I feel

Yah, I feel a lot of these rappers are nothin but hype (they nothin but hype)

Ay you crossed the fam and my guys'll gon fuck up your life (they gon fuck up your life)

Yah, my niggas up here they might make you suffer for life (make em suffer for life)

I feed that big dick she did not have her supper tonight (hah)

Yah, more money more niggas with hands out (hands out)

I fall in that bitch that hoe fan out (fan out)

I'm different from niggas I stand out (stand out)

Uuh, I feel a lot of these niggas and bitches ain't loyal (they ain't)

I wish my nigga didn't die (damn)

I saw him drip in the soil (drip)

Uhh, I feel like chuckin the deuces at music (fuck it)

The industry shady shit even the priest is a Judas (the priest is a Judas)

You niggas ain't real (they fake)

We know chef bled on the field (chef bled on the field)

I own that house on the hill, blow a couple of mil, give a fuck how you feel (ha)

Bad, that's just how I feel (go on)

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They keep telling me to chill

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How you feel, how you feel
How you feel, how you feel
That's just how I feel

How I feel, I ain't really chasing dollar bills
I ain't really in there poppin pills
Hittin niggas I forever kill
See me on the TV lookin 3D I ain't got a deal
Shittin' on em with the CCs drinkin Fiji then I let it spill (yah)
Bring it back to the basics (woo)
I've been all up in the matrix (woo)
I been seeing new faces (yah)
Telling me that I made it (we did it)
But I got em turned into my idol born from the bottom of the basement
Beast mode that the cheat code nigga I might pull up in a spaceship (woo)
Ay, rap game doesn't change but I'm still the same do this on the leisure (o
n the leisure)
Trap king got flames all up in your brains probably have a seizure (seizure)
Tryna cut like a pizza (ha)
Little nigga I'm a caesar (caesar)
For the world got another girl but she like it better when I tease her

Bad, that's just how I feel (go on)
I go hard as hell (ay)
They keep telling me to chill
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