

How Does It Feel

Kamaiyah

It was me, Joey B and Cocaine James on the O
Same clique, same friends, never change on my folks
You know hot boys here got them thangs for the low
Wise, pull up straight, swings, switchin' lanes on a hoe
All this money in the world, it's a shame to go broke
Everybody got dreams, some just aimin' too low
If fame is the goal, we can't get along
I aim to be paid, I aim to be great
Every day, all day, young and swangin' my braids
Aw shit, pop champagne 'til it break
Aw quit, ball all ways 'til we came
'Til the grave we'll be rich, we were made to be this
Black and praised with a gift, that just can't be dismissed
Aw shit, it's Kamaiyah
Aw shit, please retire
Hot girl set the city on fire

I've been broke all my life
Now wonder
How does it feel to be rich?
How does it feel to be rich?
I done worked all my life
Now wonder
How does it feel to just live?
How does it feel to just live?

Everybody want money, want the fame and the clothes
Everybody losin' friends, people change when they grow
To be known in the game, I've been waiting so long
Spit fire, spit flames and I came for the throne
Told 'em once, told 'em twice, this just ain't what they want
Their speak is excrete and they hate on the low
If hate's all you know, your face gotta go
I aim for a change, you stagnant, the same
Every day, all day, young and swangin' my chain
Aw shit, drink champagne 'til I can't
Aw quit, start the waves that you take
Steal our swag and our name, but you can't be the gang
Foreign whips when we swang, BMG do our thang
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