

How Does It Feel

Rapsody

Speaking of love
Tell me how does it feel
(How does it feel, how does it feel)
Speaking of peace
Tell me how does it feel
(How does it feel, how does it feel)

I feel like the weight of the world here
I can't protect you from it like I used to do past years
So, I leave it all in God's hands and pray like the pastors
I know the world tough, wish I could hide it like cashmere
Wool over your eyes, though we hunger like fast here
For truth, in your youth your only problem was mad beer
Now the glass empty and you fill it mad tears
Cause peace don't come cheap when you paying like cab fare
Yea, and, war is a beast right?
Looking at the stars like we used to do all night
And, I'm wishing on 'em all hoping that you are alright
Thinking of the days we used to chill and drink tall Sprites
Life was simple, just work and pay bills off
Now you far away fighting, feeling like Bill Maher
These real times, tryna understand what you kill for
How it feel heavy like the weight of steel door
And, still I open up and share with you heavy hearts
Praying for my brother in Afghanistan fighting war
Against brothers that you'd probably mistake him for
It feel like we all need to love and pray more

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It touch like the saddest of sad songs
We all know somebody that remind us like Trayvon
My mind used to tell me "girls we gotta just pray for 'em
Cause hate ain't born in you, it's just something they raised on"
Shoot 'til the fade gone and practice decease
We gotta fight cause we can overcome and we don't compete
I got the gift of gab like Gab Douglas, just gotta reach out
The bars are in my hand, they can't stand like the beach house
The flow, I finally see now
The ones that hate the most just want to be where we be now
Another day running to makeup like the sad clown
Reverse roles they use to hold all of us all down
Yo, it came to me like Dan Brown
Da Vinci code, we all seeking truth they don't want us to know
Yo, like what we really all fighting fo'?
It you ask me ya'll we all need to just pray mo'
For friends, family, and our sanity mostly
I'm out here writing for my freedom like Stokely
Carmike - I write all day and all night
And it feel like love alright, well alright

Speaking of love

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