

Therapy pt. 2

Robert Glasper

Yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah
Um, well
Yeah

You will find that we not very different, no, you and I
Although I usually, usually find a way out
Feelin' like I'm in the skies, my hands could separate clouds
My bitch go get me take-out
They used to hate, they love me, and they used to love, they hate now
The world I rearrange, I turned it to a bloody playground
This to the homies, stayin' down through anything
A cheers to baby girl, who I would've copped a wedding ring
See, money isn't everything, but it helps
We walk around with pride in our eyes to the skies, the lies that we tell
Pickin' up a seashell, listen to the ocean
Do the whole thing all me-self, I'm livin' in the moment
Pickin' up all of the ashes, I'm burnin' the house down
Runnin' from my life, I probably ran a thousand miles now
Had powwows with millionaires, a foul child and a style wild
That you found out that I'm killin' there
Tell me how you feelin', how's it feel?

How's it feel? (Yeah, said how's it feel?)
How's it feel? (Can you tell me how's it feel?)
How's it feel? (To be around somethin' real)
How's it feel? (Yeah, yeah, said how's it feel?)
How's it feel? Yeah, tell me how's it feel?
How's it feel? So can you tell me how's it feel?
How's it feel? (To be around something real)
How's it feel?

They yellin', "Danger, danger," when I hopped out of the manger
With a two-way pager, callin' all the homies, screamin', "Savior"
This world could not be stranger, you could beat the odd behavior

Give a inch, they take a mile, take a mile, I'll take a acre
I'm a, alien communicator, f*ckin' up the human nature
Projectile vomit on a song, the fluid nasty, uh
I just got the iPhone 6, it looks like Steve Jobs done ran out of tricks
Yeah, I come through stuntin' on 'em, in the park, buntin' on 'em
Somebody should pump you up, you best get Joe Budden on 'em
New couch, I'm f*ckin' on it, after that, don't f*ckin' want it
Bitch, I'm f*ckin' awesome, come again? I said I'm f*ckin' awesome
Press the pedal, wah-wah, hell nah, aw, nah
All I want is Lana and some head from Madonna
I gots to separate the weak from the obso-lete
Real life, this is not a dream
I'm a problem, just took a jet from Nicaragua
Copped me a vacation spot that came with an iguana, uh
The hot lava, sonta, a world with no ceilin'
Come again, tell me how you feelin', how's it feel?

How's it feel? (Said how's it feel?)
How's it feel? (Said how's it feel?)

How's it feel? (To be around somethin' real)
How's it feel? (So can you tell me how's it feel?)
How's it feel? (Said how's it feel?)
How's it feel? (Said how's it feel?)
How's it feel? (Can you tell me how's it feel?)
How's it feel? (Yeah)

Doo, doo-doo-doo-doo-doo
Doo-doo-doo-doo-doo-doo, doo-doo
Doo-doo-doo-doo-doo-doo-doo-doo-doo-doo
Doo-doo-doo-doo-doo-doo-doo-doo, dun-dun
Da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da, da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da
Haha, yeah
Mac Miller and Robert Glasper
You know what it is, you know what it is