

# How You Feel

## Statik Selektah

Alright, alright, alright, alright  
Alright, alright, alright, alright  
Alright, alright, alright, alright

Now you can put your glass to the sky  
If you got love for a nigga with the real  
Handy with the hand, see it ride till he die  
Quick to let a motherfucker know how you feel

Mama was working two jobs on dialysis  
Can't stop, won't stop  
All I've been thinking lately is can't flop, won't flop, don't flip  
But this shit is straight drop, it's gon' flip  
Coke in your nose, smell what I'm cooking  
Man there's fiends at the door cause there's dope in the flows  
I've been on that Santigold, shove your ho where it don't shine  
No .9 can save you  
You don't want the bovine, a co-sign can't make you  
Free-throw line, I'm going back for extras, need that  
And when I'm 6'5", of big boy, no 3 Stacks  
Tryna flip it 3 ways, 1 pack, 3 days  
I give you low key ways to get that off  
The henny got me talking crazy like I pissed that soft  
I never do it underhanded so it couldn't be that  
They'll call him overrated but it couldn't be stats  
That they was looking at, time I was putting in  
Told 'em bout The Water [s] with my wrist I was cooking crack  
Everything was crooked then, couldn't get straight life  
Rough around the edges, slicing bread with a steak knife  
Niggas was stressed, had to learn to finesse  
It was still a couple wrinkles that I needed to press  
It was still a cup of water that I needed to drink  
And it's still a couple burners that I need off my chest  
Never the less

Nigga you can put your hands to the sky  
If you got love for a nigga with the real  
Handy with the hand, see it ride till he die  
Quick to let a motherfucker now how you feel, nigga how you feel  
I ain't never really had to try  
Nigga I'm me, that's all I'm tryna be  
Never gave a fuck 'bout a nigga talking shit  
If he ain't about the action then that's all that's gon' be  
All it's gon' be

You can put your hands to the sky  
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Better know I mean what I say  
Gotta wash 'em off the medical, I dream when I'm wake  
Thoughts get lofty, all you niggas lines get costly

Can't nobody off me, I'm awfully  
Sick with this shit, got the sickle cell trait  
You hook fam, I'm gifted  
No need for me to check the ballistics  
Y'all niggas is missing  
How come everybody off with the aim?  
I guess over saturation's just a part of the game, I'm out