

How Does It Feel

Summer Walker

Yeah, yeah
Oh

You say I'm preaching to choirs
But even the Bible had liars
All of my friends think I'm biased
To hide the bullshit don't smell like roses

You treat my love like an option (Love like)
Bet on these hoes like an auction (An option)
Loyalty just ain't that common
But karma's a bitch, the sweetest revenge

Riding shotgun
All through the streets with my options
Don't come for me when you got some
Hope it goes straight to your head
How does it feel in the end?

You think you're safe with your secrets
Clearing the names from your recents
Gaslight and swear you on defense
When I'm ten steps ahead, all your shit to the left

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