

The Feelin'

Tyga

Niggas want interviews, wanna ask me how I feel, how this feel, how I feel
Nigga I ain't D'Angelo, I'm droppin' new shit all the time, play my shit
Yeah, all that shit right there bruh bruh

Ahh, don't ask me how I feel to hear these clowns hating
Ask me how I feel to count a hundred thou in a day
Ask me how I feel to hop in a wraith and skate, and now I'm leaving State
Don't ask me how I feel to know these clowns fake
Ask me how I feel to count a hundred thou in a day
I ain't spend a twenty in a minute, I been breaking hundreds in
Keep the change, cause I will fuck your change baby

Since I jumped in the game ain't fun I been the same don't jump in my lane baby

Told you I was bussin' out the bag, finna fuck up some change baby
Spent a lump on the gang we all stunt we the same this my muh-fuckin' name baby

It's T-Raww so you know I'm going raw, I'm finna fuck up the game baby
My momma told me stop buying jewelry cause it's too much bling but there's no such thing

I got a lil bitch on the west, all she do is suck me, she's my lil suck ting
I got a lil bitch on the east, all she do is fuck me, she's my lil fuck ting
When we hook up on the southside put 'em both together they my lil slut ting
All my bitches undefeated, all my niggas run the city, all my enemies tell 'em come and get me

Don't ask me how I feel to hear a nigga speak my name, ask me how I let the fuel in the Bentley

Don't ask me how I feel to know these niggas resent me
Ask me how I feel to know all these hoes can't resist me, ooh
And fuck your interview I'm too busy getting busy

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Out in Saint Tropez nigga ask me how I feel, is the wind warm, is the champagne chill?

Shit I just wanna chill, on a yacht making bills
I could've been a Chef, I know how to make a meal
I'm eating with my gang think my last name Gates cause I always pay the Bill
And I put my niggas on nigga ask me how it feel
They rollies ain't tickin' all my niggas getting splinters cause they drippin' wood will

Niggas talkin' beef I got a few OG's that'll throw you on the grill
Give me that mouth, I'll give you them shoes, she head over heels
Niggas in them interviews been the truth, never get the truth tho
You know how I do, get all my shit new, that's why I'm always in the news yo
Here's a question, where the fuck was you when I was sleepin' on a futon
So fuck a interview cause you fuckin' up my view dawg

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Would you rather know how it feel, to cop your mom a house on the hills
Fish tanks with the sharks and the eels, just enough cash, that all your pains heal

Would you ever ever ever know how it feels, [?] champagne and let it spill
Ever heard Bun B tell you you trill, it's a [?] 'bout to tell you how it feel

Would you ever ever ever know how it feel?

Probably not

Would you ever ever ever know how it feel?

Probably not

Probably not