

# 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 b  
aby  
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 n  
o 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 champa  
gne 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 drippi  
n' 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  
l

Would you ever ever ever know how it feel?

Probably not

Would you ever ever ever know how it feel?

Probably not

Probably not