

# Therapy Pt. 2 - Robert Glasper Lyrics

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## “Therapy Pt. 2”

[Intro: Mac Miller]

Yeah

Yeah, yeah, yeah

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Yeah

Um, well

Yeah

[Verse 1: Mac Miller]

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

Here's 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' for my life, I probably ran a thousand miles now

**Had powwows with millionaires, a foul child and a style wild  
You found out that I'm killin' there  
Tell me how you feelin', how's it feel?**

[Chorus: Mac Miller]

**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?**

[Verse 2: Mac Miller]

**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, fuckin' 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 fuckin' on it, after that, don't fuckin' want it  
Bitch, I'm fuckin' awesome, come again? I said I'm fuckin' 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?**

[Chorus: Mac Miller]

**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)**

[Outro: Mac Miller & *Robert Glasper*]

**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 Rob Glasper***

***You know what it is, you know what it is***

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