

Feelin' Myself

[will.i.am featuring Miley Cyrus, French Montana, W](#)

chorus
I gotta flock of fly women
 im feelin' myself
 feelin' myself
 feelin' myself
think a nigga lost his pistal
 how im feelin' myself
 feelin' myself
 feelin' myself
i make my own damn money
 im feelin' myself
 feelin myself
 feelin' myself
you aint gotta feel me homie
 im feelin' myself
 fellin' myself
 feelin' myself
 (end chorus)
well imma A-town resident,
 cocky and arrogant
feelin' myself like im off my own medicine
 nuts of an elephant
 dope boy stamina
i aint taken pictures
 im too cool for the camera
flossin' on you bitches like the boss
 you'z an amature
 blame it on your manager
 i run my city
i aint talkin marathons
 i am not P.Diddy
in a coupe lookin.....?
doo doo brown interior
 follow the leader
10 steps ahead of ya'
 diamonds on my neck
 sing the song to her
 jack me, yeah right
i stay strapped like yo pole

im feelin' myself
i tell them go and they go
(chorus)
hey get familiar with the style
get familiar with the swag

get familiar with the pizzazz
be showin' my ass
get familiar with the chain
flooded loaded in cash
every car got a stash in the dash
every chick thick with an ass
first one to blast
ask questions later
fo fo mag

how a nigga adressed the hater
no mask on the cape
i aint presses with paper
duck investigators
im cooler than a fridgerater
sweeter than a now-n-later
gang get it poppin'
make the haters fell the vapors
dolla the hood favorite
that weak shit shave it

feelin' myself i got the whole block achin
(chorus)

(girl)does he think he da sh**
does he think he da sh**
dose he think he da sh**
(dolla) hell yeah i do
(girl) he think he da sh**
he think he da sh**
he think he da sh**

(dolla) if you waz me you would too nigga
ay' whatcha know about goin out
down south ballin out
DVS all up in the f***in mouth
doors liftin up rooftop comin down
dolla goin up
why these hatin niggas comin down
settle down till the b****es calm down
the prince in tha buildin'
everybody gather round
i gotta story to tell

about how i feel
my swag, my style and my goddamn self
cuz im cool, cooler than a fan
and my shoes, my shoes cost a grand
and she choose cuz sh** im the man
better get wit'a b****
that can pop a rubberband
(chorus)

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