

# Feelin' Myself

[will.i.am feat Miley Cyrus & Wi](#)

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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