

# Feelin' Myself

will.i.am, French Montana, Wiz Khalifa, DJ Mustard

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

feelin' 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)

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlyrics.com/>