

I'm Feelin (ft. Problem, J.R. Donato and Juicy J)

Wiz Khalifa

Damn, I just spent a hundred grand
Them fuck niggas don't understand
You ain't gettin' money, what's your plan
I'm feelin' like the fuckin' man Damn, I just spent a hundred grand
Them fuck niggas don't understand
You ain't gettin' money, what's your plan
I'm feelin' like the fuckin' man Knew I'd be the man one day
Knew I'd be the, knew I'd be the man one day (booya)
VIP with a flock of Kelly Bundys
All callin' me daddy like my son say
Wizzy, what the tweak be
All mamas that KK got me sleepy
NWA, I'm easy
Got these bitches sayin' "Yeah" like Jeezy
My clique is heavy, my weed is smelly
Big crib don't need a telly
I ride with them real goons with machine guns, don't need a Kelly
Talkin' shit but we turnt up too
Drunk as hell, that's what turnt up do
Talkin' pounds we done smoked them too
Talkin' millions we earned a few
Talkin' champagne they brought it through
Hundred million they rep my gang Goin' fast when I'm in my lane
Diamond, Taylor, that be my gang
Smoked it up, you don't smoke enough
Boy you sweet, you so coconut
Weed is loud, get close enough
Shit get sticky on purple stuff
Damn, I just spent a hundred grand
Them fuck niggas don't understand
You ain't gettin' money, what's your plan
I'm feelin' like the fuckin' man Damn, I just spent a hundred grand
Them fuck niggas don't understand
You ain't gettin' money, what's your plan
I'm feelin' like the fuckin' man Met a lil' chick on Melrose
Hopped out in them shell-toes
Need more room for my elbows
I dropped the bomb and then hell rose
These hoes be actin' up

These niggas be lettin' 'em
Shawty rollin' them veggies up
That's RAW's at the courtyard
Take it to the Marriott
Watch a nigga paint, Basquiat
(Bought my own crib, so I'm growin' pot
Got my own water, so I bought a yacht)
Y'all niggas complacent
From ??? to that basement
To the top floor that's so spacious
At the Westin, just restin' Me, J.R., and Wiz go back like rentals
Gettin' money watchin' for the ???
Chains got to write like pencils
Got magazines for them issues
We on one, you damn right
Pants small but them bands right
She ain't gay but she playin' dyke
I'm no plumb' but I'm layin' pipe
Like Whaaaat (Whaaat) Nigga bout to take this shot
Nigga really gettin' this bread
Niggas say they ballin' but they not
Smokin weed, livin' in the air
I grind so I'm getting what I got, ooh
I go hard and these fuck niggas, man they ain't got a clue, ooh Damn, I just spent a hundred grand
Them fuck niggas don't understand
You ain't gettin' money, what's your plan
I'm feelin' like the fuckin' man So much chiefin' and sippin' that mud
Niggas think I am the plug
Crank in the club while you makin' it rain, Juicy J he be makin' it flood
Fuck it man I threw it all
She assed out never no drawers
That shit be good I would pass her the sack, bitch I'm like Santa Claus
Flippin' money and smokin' weight
Make a mess I'm holdin' cake
Nigga I take yo bitch nigga
That's the reason why you love to hate
I buy Louis just to meditate
Kush bags just to medicate
I'm just tryna levitate
Hit the mall and blow a whip
Hundred k I double dip
Turn around and double it
Nigga I supply the hood
Got plastics filled with benjamins
Juicy J I'm gettin' that purp, work

Pockets never hurt

If I fall off (never), the trap where I revert
Damn I just spent a hundred grand
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>