Feelin' Myself

Music Junkie

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 faviorite
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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