

Feeling Myself (feat. Beyoncé)

Nicki Minaj

Yo B, they ready
Let's go I'm feelin' myself, I'm feelin' myself
I'm feelin' my, feelin' myself
I'm feelin' myself, I'm feelin' my, feelin' my, feelin' myself
I'm feelin' myself, I'm feelin' my, feelin' myself
I'm feelin' myself, I'm feelin' my I'm with some hood girls lookin' back at it
And a good girl in my tax bracket
Got a black card that let Saks have it
These Chanel bags is a bad habit
I-I do balls, Dal Mavericks, my Maybach, black magnet
Bitch, never left but I'm back at it
And I'm feelin' myself, jack rabbit
Feelin' myself, back off, cause I'm feelin' myself, jack off
Heard he thinks about me when he whacks off
Whacks on? Wax off
National anthem hats off, then I curve that nigga, like a bad toss
Lemme get a number 2, with some Mac sauce
On The Run Tour, with my mask off I'm feelin' myself, I'm feelin' myself
I'm feelin' my, feelin' myself
I'm feelin' myself, I'm feelin' my, feelin' my, feelin' myself
I'm feelin' myself, I'm feelin' my, feelin' myself
I'm feelin' myself, I'm feelin' my Changed the game with that digital drop
Know where you was when that digital popped
I stopped the world
Male or female, it make no difference
I stop the world, world stop
Carry on Kitty on pink, pretty on fleek
Pretty gang, always keep them niggas on geek
Ridin' through Texas, fearin' for his breakfast
Everytime I whip it, I be talkin' so reckless
He said "Damn Nicki it's tight," I say "Yeah nigga you right"
He say "Damn, bae, you so little, but you be really takin' that pipe"
I say "Yes daddy I do, gimme brain like NYU"
I said "Teach me, nigga, teach me, all this learnin' here is by you" I'm whippin' that work, he diggin' that work
I got it, 36 of that real
Hank full of that bounce baby
Come get you some of that bounce baby I'm feelin' myself, I'm feelin' myself
I'm feelin' my, feelin' myself
I'm feelin' myself, I'm feelin' my, feelin' my, feelin' myself

I'm feelin' myself, I'm feelin' my, feelin' myself
I'm feelin' myself, I'm feelin' myCookin' up the base, lookin' like a kilo
He just wanna taste, buildin' up my ego
Ego, ego, ego, ego, ego, ego, ego, ego
Ridin' through Texas, smokin' all off
Talkin' bout that high-grade, baby hold up
I can heal your migraineBitches ain't got punchlines or flow
I have both and an empire also
He gettin' gifts from Santa Claus at the North Pole
Today I'm icy, but I'm prayin' for some more snow
Let that ho ho, let that ho know, he in love with that coco
Why these bitches don't never be learnin'
You bitches will never get what I be earnin'
I'm still gettin' plaques, from my records that's urban
Ain't gotta rely on top 40
I am a rap legend, just go ask the kings of rap
Who is the queen and things of that
Nature, look at my finger, that is a glacier, hits like a lazer
Trippin' on that work, trippin' off that purp
Flippin' up my skirt and I be whippin' all that work
Takin' trips with all them ki's, car keys got b's
Stingin' with the Queen B and we be whippin' all that D
Cause we dope girls we flawless, we the poster girls for all this
We run around with them ballers, only real niggas on my call list
I'm the big kahuna, go let them whores know
Just on this song alone, bitch is on her fourth flowYou like it don't you? Snitches!
Young money

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