

Feelin' Myself

Dolla

chorus

I gotta flock of fly women

im feelin' myself

feelin' myself

feelin' myself think a nigga lost his pistol

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 amateur

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 niggaay' 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)