

# Feelin' Myself

will.i.am

Whoo, W-w-w-will power

I be everywhere, everybody know me  
Super, super fresh, what a dope styling  
Hunny on my wrist, couple karats on my neck  
Givenchy, keep the chickens in check  
All these car keys drive them chickens to my crib  
Dru Hill got somebody slipping in my bed  
She give me IQ, that mean she get a head  
I just give the beats, I don't give a bread

'Cause we be in the club  
Bottles on deck  
And God dammit, God dammit  
I'm feeling myself  
'Cause I'm a get it all  
And I'm a throw it up  
Like God dammit, God dammit  
I'm feeling myself

Look up in the mirror  
The mirror look at me  
The mirror be like baby you the shit  
God dammit you the shit  
You the shit, you the shit  
God dammit you the shit  
God dammit you the shit  
You the shit, you the shit

I be everywhere, everybody know me  
Catch me in the club hundred bottles on me  
I get busy like a one line  
In the drop getting head baby never mind  
We gettin' money why you playing with it  
Pool in the crib you could land a water plane in it  
Slick Rick looking at the mirror  
Big Daddy Kane bitch like Shakira  
1.5 custom made car  
Me and will table looking like the bar  
I love bad bitches that's my fuckin' problem  
And I don't give a fuck that's my fuckin' problem

And I don't give a fuck that's my whole M.O.  
I rock the whole globe with no problemo  
Been rocking coats since my first demo  
And now I'm banging hoes in the continental  
And I done seen me slidin' out my dope ride  
I open up the doors, suicide  
I came from the bottom, the sewer side  
I made it to the top cause I do it fly  
Feelin' fucker lucky like the fucker Irish  
I see the whole game from my third Iris  
I tour the whole world like a dirty pirate  
To give the whole club some Miley Cyrus

Now everybody trippin' like they poppin' molly  
Up in the club, is where you find me

I do it real big never do it tiny  
If you about that bullshit please don't remind me  
I step in this motherfucker just to make it work  
I get on the floor just to make that booty twerk  
Shake, shake that shit like a, like a expert  
Shake, shake that shit like a, like a expert

I'll be everywhere, everybody know me  
Super, super fresh, what a dope styling  
Hunny on my wrist, couple karats on my neck  
Givenchy, keep the chickens in check  
All these car keys drive them chickens to my crib  
Dru Hill, got somebody slipping in my bed  
She give me IQ, that mean she give me head  
I just give the beats, I don't give a bread

'Cause we be in the club  
Bottles on deck  
And God dammit, God dammit  
I'm feeling myself  
'Cause I'm a get it all  
And I'm a throw it up  
Like God dammit, God dammit  
I'm feeling myself

Look up in the mirror  
And the mirror look at me  
The mirror be like baby you the shit  
God dammit you the shit  
You the shit, you the shit  
God dammit you the shit  
God dammit you the shit  
You the shit, you the shit

Doobie in my hand, Rollie on my wrist  
Got a bottle of that thousand dollar champagne in my fist  
Women of your dreams sleep in my bed  
So I don't need your brains I need my ass kissed  
But all my homies like give me some head  
Smoke joints till our eyes turn Indian red  
Take shots till our chests burn  
We got papers, bottles, mollies, all this let's get it started  
The bigger the bill, the bigger you ball  
The bigger the watch, the bigger the car, the bigger the star  
The bigger the chain, the farther you go, you already know  
The bigger the bank that's more hoes, nigga  
And I done spent a quarter milli on clothes  
Coppin' them oldschoools and puttin' foreigners on the road  
Real talk and if my fuel get low  
I roll up another joint, take a shot and reload, pow

I'll be everywhere, everybody know me  
Super, super fresh, what a dope styling  
Hunny on my wrist, couple karats on my neck  
Givenchy, keep the chickens in check  
All these car keys drive them chickens to my crib  
Dru Hill, got somebody slipping in my bed  
She give me IQ, that mean she give me head  
I just give the beats, I don't give a bread

'Cause we be in the club  
Bottles on deck  
And God dammit, God dammit

I'm feeling myself  
'Cause I'm a get it all  
And I'm a throw it up  
Like God dammit, God dammit  
I'm feeling myself

Look up in the mirror  
And the mirror look at me  
The mirror be like baby you the shit  
God dammit you the shit  
You the shit, you the shit  
God dammit you the shit  
God dammit you the shit  
You the shit

Yes sir