

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

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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 oldschools 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

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Yes sir