

Feeling Myself

Key Glock

I got, I got these double G's, Gucci Gucci on me
And I smoke so many trees my eyes looking Chinese
Yeah my clothes from overseas but a nigga still street
All this ice up on me so I gotta keep the heat
Nah I don't fuck with squares but wear a lot of Louis V
Got more chains than Mr. T (ice), sip more lean than Pimp C (mud)
I'm that young nigga, turn your main bitch to a freak (thot)
They like Glock you off the leash, got 'em jumpin' off they seat

I ball too hard bitch, I'm the MVP (yeah, yeah)
I'm killin' shit bitch, you know RIP (yeah, yeah, RIP bitch)
Let my chopper sing bitch, RNB (RNB)
And I sip Hi-Tech bitch, not no MGP (I drink mud)
I'm feelin' myself, I asked the mirror on the wall
Please tell me who the flyest young nigga of 'em all (Glock)
You know I ball too hard, Lonzo Ball, John Wall (ball)
I got a short attention span but like my money tall
I got more stripes than a referee
I might pierce you with the TEC, you play with me, and
Throw you out the game just for a fee
I'ma throw you out the game just for a fee

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You can't be with gang, it ain't no sign up (you can't hang with us)
We got big clips on us, run up, you get lined up (bap bap)
Let my youngins take your watch, they like your time up (gimme that bitch)
Got a dark chocolate bitch, call her Godiva (bad bitch)
And her head fire, ghost writer (ghost writer)
I'm a Peter Piper, I'm a one nighter (ah yeah)
Stabbin' in the gut, I feel like Michael Myers (in her gut)
I pull up burning rubber, nigga bet your title (I'm gone)
Skrtrt, hit the dash (I'm gone), you know I'm going fast (I'm gone)
Goddamn I feel like Flash, I'm racing to that bag
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