

Feelin Myself

Lil Gotit

Yeah, 360 boy, know what I'm sayin'?
The Pope livin', hehe, nah
60—yeah
Yeah, yeah
360, uh, hrrrt, whoo (Taurus)
Yeah, yeah, 360 boy, hrrrt
Yeah
360, ah, 360, hrrrt

60 carat my neck
Showin' my muscle, I can't wait to flex
My Glick got a button so you know the rest
I hit the trigger, know, "Hrrrt, hah"
I hit that "Hrrrt," yeah and he die
Losin' a brother like losin' yo' mind
Just to have him back, I'll give up my spine
Whips back-to-back, I'm on that Pope time
Yeah, don't sleep on this shit
Go flush out a Xan
I'm new to yo' city, I'm fresh out a plane
Yeah, you get lil' bro-ed, ain't snatchin' no chain
Stood at McDonald's begging for the fame
Wanted the money too, ain't no lame

Watches, ain't no Ricky, go insane
Stop it, ain't no rocking, we can't hang
Stop it, I see you tellin' on the gang
Stop it, 4, 5, 6, seen a pot, stock it
My ho got my blick in her wig, rocket
HoodBaby, he came from the trenches
They speak on me highly
If I speak on that bitch, she got mob sliders
She Maybach-ing bouncin'
I'm in and I'm out it
I come through rockin' more rings than a Audi
Do my own [?], I don't care for the signin'
I'm in Givenchy taking me a piss
Look like a rich nigga on a bitch
Heartbreaker kid, [?]
Heartstoppers in the clip on the blick
I ain't got a problem, turn up my bitch
She a bitch in the bitch and yo' bitch in that bi'h
I ain't got a problem, stay out the mix
I ain't never pressed the beef 'bout a chick

Huh, yeah, feelin' yo' bitch and I'm feelin' myself, I'm offic' with no ref'
(60—yeah)
Step on they necks and ain't leavin' no breath (Yeah, yeah)
Fuck a handout, we ain't needing no help (360, uh, hrrrt, whoo)
Ball number nine, she try'n' smell like a player (Yeah, yeah)
They drop a [?], them boys are for real (360 boy, hrrrt)
Pillow-talkin', pussy, can get you killed (Yeah)
Never take it off, I put on that drip (360, ah, 360, hrrrt)

Tell me what you livin' like? (Pope)
Tell me who you do it like? (Pope)
Tell me what you ridin' like? (Pope)

Tell me who you shoot it like? (Pope)
Hermès braces on my bitches, they gentle
Applying this D, yeah I fuck with her mental
They thought I was gon' fall but I'm Mr. December
But I'm a star, rockstar Jimi Hendrix
White tee, had to pipe up my image
And take care my blemishes
Bitch you ain't feelin' me?
As close as it touches, my words is infinity
Yeah, where I'm from, niggas talk to a enemy
I was raised up off of morals and premises
Big player if I wanna go get the bitch
Hood nigga, if she 'round me, no clingy shit
If she stay down, her wrist gon' be bling-y hit

Feelin' yo' bitch and I'm feelin' myself, I'm offic' with no ref'
Step on they necks and ain't leavin' no breath
Fuck a handout, we ain't needing no help
Ball number nine, she tryn' smell like a player
They drop a [?], them boys are for real
Pillow-talkin', pussy, can get you killed
Never take it off, I put on that drip

Pope
Pope
Pope
Pope
Pope
Pope
Pope
Pope