

# 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  
Lisin' 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 tryn' 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'  
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Pope  
Pope  
Pope  
Pope  
Pope  
Pope  
Pope  
Pope