

Feeling Myself

Superfruit

Yo Scotty, they ready
Let's go

Feelin' myself, I'm feelin' myself
I'm feelin' my, feelin' myself
I'm feelin' myself, I'm feelin' my, feelin' my, feelin' myself
I'm feelin' myself, I'm feelin' my, feelin' myself
I'm feelin' myself, I'm feelin' my

I'm with some hood girls lookin' back at it
And a good girl in my tax bracket
Got a black card that let Saks have it
These Chanel bags is a bad habit
I-I do balls, Dal Mavericks, my Maybach, black matted
Mitch, never left but I'm back at it
And I'm feelin' myself, jack rabbit
Feelin' myself, back off,
Cause I'm feelin' myself, back off
He be thinking about me when he slacks off
Whacks on? Wax off
National anthem hats off, then I curve that daddy, like a bad toss
Lemme get a number 2, with some Mac sauce
On The Run Tour, with my mask off

I'm feelin' myself, I'm feelin' myself
I'm feelin' my, feelin' myself
I'm feelin' myself, I'm feelin' my, feelin' my, feelin' myself
I'm feelin' myself, I'm feelin' my, feelin' myself
I'm feelin' myself, I'm feelin' my

Changed the game with that digital drop
Know where you was when that digital popped
I stopped the world
Male or female, it make no difference
I stop the world, world stop...
Carry on

Kitty on peak, pretty on fleek
Pretty gang, always keep them daddies on geek
Ridin' through Texas, feed 'em for his breakfast
Every time I whip it, I be talkin' so reckless
He said, "Damn, Mitchy, you tight, " I say, "Yeah, daddy, you right."
He say, "Damn, bae, you so little, but you be really usin' them pipes."
I say, "Yes, daddy, I do, but I got brain like NYU."
I said, "Teach me, daddy, teach me. All this learnin' here is by you."

Cookin' up the base, lookin' like a kilo
He just wanna taste, buildin' up my ego
Ego, ego, ego, ego, ego, ego, ego, ego

Bitches ain't got punchlines or flow
I have both and an empire also
Let that ho ho, let that, let that ho know, he in love with that coco
Why these bitches don't never be learnin'
You bitches will never get what I be earnin'
I'm still gettin' plaques, from my records that's urban
Ain't gotta rely on top 40

I am a rap legend, just go ask the kings of rap
Who is the queen and things of that
Nature, look at my finger, that is a glacier, hits like a lazer

Trippin' on that work, trippin' off that purp
I be flippin' up my skirt and I be whippin' all that work
Takin' trips with all them ki's, car keys got b's
Stingin' with the Queen B and we be whippin' all that

Cause we dope girls we flawless, we the poster girls for all this
We run around with them ballers, only real daddies on my call list
I'm the big kahuna, go let them whores know
Just on this song alone, Mitch is on her fourth flow

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