

# 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

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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