

Feeling Myself (feat. Beyoncé)

Nicki Minaj

Yo, B
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'll let Saks have it
These Chanel bags is a bad habit I-I do balls, Dal Mavericks
My Maybach, black matted
Bitch, never left but I'm back at it
And I'm feelin' myself, jack rabbit
Feelin' myself, back off
'Cause I'm feelin' myself, jack off
He be thinking about me when he whacks off
Wax on? (Wax off) National anthem, hats off
Then I curve that nigga, like a bad toss
Lemme get a number two, 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 fleek, pretty on fleek
Pretty gang always keep them niggas on geek
Ridin' through Texas (Texas), feed him for his breakfast
Everytime I whip it, I be talkin' so reckless He said, "Damn Nicki it's tight"
I say, "Yeah nigga you right"
He said, "Damn, bae, you so little but you be really takin' that pipe" I said, "Yes daddy I do
Gimme brain like NYU"
I said, "Teach me, nigga, teach me
All this learnin' here is by you" (Uhn!) I'm whippin' that work
He diggin' that work
I got it, 36 of that real
Panky full of that bounce, baby
Come get you some of that bounce, baby 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
Cookin' up that base, lookin' like a kilo
He just wanna taste, biggin' up my ego...(Ridin' through Texas...) Ridin'-ridin' through
TexasSmoke it all off, talkin' bout that high-grade
Baby, hold up, I can kill your migraine...
(Ridin' through Texas...) Ridin'-ridin' through TexasBitches ain't got punchlines or flow
I have both and an empire also
Keep gettin' gifts from Santa Claus at the North Pole
Today I'm icy, but I'm prayin' for some more snowLet that ho-ho, let that ho know (he in love...)
He in love with that cocoWhy 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 legendJust 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 laser...Drippin' on that work, trippin' off that perc
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 Bey and we be whippin' all of that D'Cause we dope girls we flawless
We the poster girls for all this
We run around with them ballers
Only real niggas in my call listI'm the big kahuna, go let them whores know
Just on this song alone, bitch is on her fourth flowRrrr!
You like it don't you? Snitches!
Young Money
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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