

Nicki Minaj, Feeling Myself (feat. Beyoncé)

Yo B, they ready
Let's go

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

I'm with some hood girls lookin' back at it
And a good girl in my tax bracket
Got a black car that let sax have it
These Chanel bags is a bad habit
I do balls, Dal Mavericks
My Maybach, black magnet
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
Heard he thinks about me when he whacks off
Whacks off? Wax off
National anthem hats off
Then I curve that nigga 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 pink, pretty on fleek
Pretty gang always keep them niggas on geek
Ridin' through Texas, fearin' for his breakfast
Everytime I whip it I be talkin' so reckless
He said "damn Nicki its tight"
I say "yeah nigga you right"
He say "damn bae you so little but you been really takin' that pipe"
I say "yes daddy I do, gimme brain like NYU"
I said "teach me, nigga, teach me
All this learnin' here is by you"

I'm whippin' that work, he diggin' that work
I got it, tiny sips of that 36 of that real
Hank 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 the base, lookin' like a kilo
He just wanna taste, buildin' up my ego
Ego, ego, ego, ego, ego, ego, ego, ego

... through Texas, ...
Tuckin' up ..., baby hold up
I can heal your migraine

Bitches ain't got punchlines or flow
I have both and an empire or so
He gettin' gifts from Santa Claus at the North Pole
Today I'm icy but I'm prayin' for some more snow
Let that, let that nigga know
He in love with that coco
Why these bitches don't never be learnin'
You niggas will never get what I be earnin'
I'm still gettin' plaques from my records thats 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
Flippin' on that work, trippin' off that purp
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 D
Cause we dope girls we flawless
We the poster girls for all this
We run around with them ballers
Only real niggas on my call list
I'm the big kahuna, go let them hoes know
Just on this song alone, bitch is on her fourth flow

You like it don't you, snitches
Young money