

# 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