

Will.I.Am, Feelin' Myself (ft. Miley Cyrus, French M

Ooh! Ay!
W-W-W-Will Power.
(power, power, power, power, power, power)

I be everywhere, everybody know me,
Super, super fresh, what a dope stylin'.
Hunny on my wrist, couple karats on my neck,
Givenchy, keep the chickens in check.
All these car keys drive them chickens to my crib,
Jewel heel, got somebody slippin' on my bed.
She give me IQ, that mean she get a head,
I just give the beats, I don't give a bread.

'Cause we be in the club,
Bottles on deck and god dammit,
God dammit, I'm feelin' myself.
'Cause I'mma get it all
And I'mma throw it up like god dammit,
God dammit, I'm feelin' myself.

Look up in the mirror,
The mirror look at me.
The mirror be like baby,
You the shit, god dammit,
You the shit, you the shit,
You the shit, god dammit,
You the shit, god dammit,
You the shit, you the shit.
Yes sir.

I be everywhere, everybody know me,
Catch me in the club, hundred bottles on me.
I get busy like a one line
In the drop gettin' head, baby never mind.
We gettin' money why you playin' with it,
Pool in the crib, you could land a water plane in it.
Slick Rick lookin' at the mirror (mirror),
Big Daddy Kane, like Shakira.
1.5 custom made car,
Me and Will table lookin' like the bar.
I love bad bitches, that's my fuckin' problem,
And I don't give a fuck, that's my fuckin' problem.

And I don't give a fuck, that's my whole M-O,
I rock the whole globe with no problemo.
Been rockin' coats since my first demo,
And now I'm bangin' hoes in the continental.
And I done seen me slidin' out my dope ride,
I open up the doors, suicide.
I came from the bottom, the sewer side,
I made it to the top 'cuz I do it fly.
Feelin' fuckin' lucky like the fuckin' Irish,
I see the whole game from my third Iris.
I tour the whole word like a dirty pirate
To give the whole club some Miley Cyrus.

Now everybody trippin' like they poppin' molly.
Up in the club is where you find me.
I do it real big, never do it tiny.
If you 'bout that bullshit, please don't remind me.
I step in this motherfucker just to make it work.
I get on the floor just to make that booty twerk.
Shake, shake that shit like a, like an expert,
Shake, shake that shit like a, like an expert.

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Yes sir.

Doobie in my hand, rollie on my wrist,
Got a bottle of that 1000 dollar champagne in my fist.
Women in your dreams sleep in my bed,
So I don't need your brains, I need my ass kissed.
But all my homies like give me some head,
Smoke joints 'till our eyes turn Indian red.
Takes shots 'till our chests burn,
We got papers, bottles, mollies,
All this let's get it started.
The bigger the bill,
The bigger you ball,
The bigger the watch,
The bigger the car,
He bigger the star.
The bigger the chain,
The farther you go,
You already know,
The bigger the bank,
That's more hoes, nigga.
And I done spent a quarter milli on clothes.
Coppin' them oldschools and puttin' foriegns on the road.
Real talk and if my fuel get low, I roll up another joint,
Take a shot and reload.
Pow!

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