

Feeling Myself by Will.i.am & Miley Cyrus & French Montana & Wiz Khalifa

| (Hey) |
|---|
| (Will-will-will power, power, power, power) |
| I'll be everywhere (1) know me |
| Super-super fresh with a dope styling |
| Honey on my wrist, couple (2) on my neck |
| Givenchy keep the chickens in check |
| All (3) car keys drive them chickens to my crib |
| Dru Hill got somebody sleeping on my bed |
| She give me IQ |
| That (4) she get ahead |
| I just give her beats |
| I don't give her bread |
| 'Cause we be in the club |
| Bottles on deck and god dammit, god dammit |
| I'm feeling myself |
| 'Cause I'm (going to) get it all |
| And I'm a (5) it up (6) god dammit, god dammit |
| (I'm feeling myself) |
| Look up in the mirror and the mirror (7) at me |
| The mirror be like baby you the shit god dammit |
| You the shit, you the shit god dammit |
| You the shit god dammit, you the shit, you the shit |
| (Yes sir) |
| I'll be everywhere, everybody know me |
| Catch me in the club hundred bottles on me |
| I'll get busy (8) a one liner |
| In the (9) getting head baby never mind |
| We're getting money why you playing (10) it |
| |

Pool in the crib

SUB ingles

I'll be everywhere, everybody know me

Fill in the gaps

| You land a water plane in it |
|--|
| Slick Rick looking at the mirror |
| • |
| Big Daddy Kane (***) like Shakira |
| One point five custom made car |
| Me and will table looking like the bar |
| Love bad (bad) that's my (***) problem |
| And I don't give a (****) that's my (f) problem |
| And I don't give a (****) that's my whole M.O |
| I rock the whole globe with no problemo |
| Been (11) (12) since my first (13) (yeah) |
| And now I'm (14) hoes in the continental (yeah) |
| And I done seen me sliding out my dope ride (yeah) |
| I (15) up the doors |
| Suicide (yeah) |
| I came from the bottom |
| The sewer side (yeah) |
| I made it to the top 'cause I do it fly (yeah) |
| Feeling fucking lucky like the fucking 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 (16) tripping like they popping molly |
| Up in the club, is where you find me |
| I do it real big never do it tiny |
| If you about that (*****) please don't remind me |
| I (17) in this mother-mother just to make it work |
| I get on the floor just to make that booty twerk |
| Shake, shake that (****) like a, like an expert |
| Shake, shake that (****) like a, like an expert |



| Honey on my wrist, couple (18) on my neck |
|---|
| Givenchy, keep the chickens in check (hey) |
| All these car keys, drive them chickens to my crib (hey) |
| Jewel heel, got somebody slipping in my bed (hey) |
| She give me IQ |
| That mean she get me 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 feeling myself |
| 'Cause I'mma get it all |
| And I'mma throw it up |
| Like god dammit, god dammit |
| (I'm feeling myself) |
| Look up in the mirror and the (19) look at me |
| The mirror be like (20) 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) |
| Doobie in my hand, Rollie on my wrist |
| Got a bottle of that thousand dollar champagne in my fist |
| Women of 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 (21)_____ let's get it started

| The bigger the bill, the (22) you ball |
|--|
| The bigger the watch, the bigger the car |
| The 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 (23) a quarter million clothes |
| Copping them oldschools |
| And putting foriegns on the road |
| Real talk and if my fuel get low |
| I roll up another joint take a shot and reload (pow) |
| I'll be everywhere, everybody know me |
| Super, super fresh, what a dope styling |
| Honey on my wrist, couple karats on my neck |
| Givenchy, keep the chickens in check (hey) |
| All these car keys, drive (24) chickens to my crib (hey) |
| Jewel heel, got somebody slipping in my bed (hey) |
| She give me IQ |
| That mean she get me 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 feeling myself |
| 'Cause I'mma get it all |
| And I'mma throw it up |
| Like god dammit, god dammit |
| (I'm feeling myself) |
| Look up in the mirror and the mirror (25) at me |
| The mirror be like baby you the shit god dammit |



You the shit, you the shit, you the (26)_

god dammit

You the shit god dammit, you the shit, you the shit

(yes sir, yes sir, yes sir)



- 1. everybody
- 2. karats
- 3. these
- 4. mean
- 5. throw
- 6. like
- 7. look
- 8. like
- 9. drop
- 10. with
- 11. rocking
- 12. coats
- 13. demo
- 14. banging
- 15. open
- 16. everybod
- 17. step
- 18. karats
- 19. mirror
- 20. baby
- 21. this
- 22. bigger
- 23. spent
- 24. them
- 25. look
- 26. shit