

Gucci Mane "Feelin Myself"

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Affiliates nigga, pay attention!

Time, power, man Gucci real man
Shawty red on the track know what I'm talkin bout- we
back at it! (shawty)
Shawt man (shawt), cut my swagg up and cut the beat
down man (comne on with it)

[Verse 1:]

I got juice like bishop, paint pretty like richard
I'm a shhhh (sound effect) like emit game I'm antoine
fisher
And I am legend jus like fresh prince
But dis no will smith I'm braveheart mel gibson
I'm samuel jackson cause I think it's time to kill em
The right wrist diddy but my left wrist fifty
I'm livin like pac but I'm spittin like biggie
And shoutout to aaliyah cause her voice was so pretty
I say what I feel like pimp c did it
Gucci tarentino or jus call me young quentin
I'm Gucci nicholas cage I take ya girl in sixty seconds
Or Gucci Mane travolta davin's doin' the slow dancin
Call me so icey ventura got ya laughing
Keep dough like homer and she suck it like maggie
I got donk beat in my trunk so the police start trippin
Sir I'm not drag racin I jus have a large engine
(vrrrrmmmm)

[Chorus:]

I don't think you feel me like I'm feelin myself
You suckas hatin on Gucci Mane dats bad for ya health
Jewlry, cars, clothes, women, and wealth
So ya hatin on the kid is like ya hatin on ya self

I don't think you feel me like I'm feelin myself
You suckas hatin on Gucci Mane dats bad for ya health
Jewlry, cars, clothes, women, and wealth
So ya hatin on the kid is like ya hatin on ya self

[Verse 2:]

Get a good ticket cause dat dude there spend it
Million dollars hid right in 15 minutes

Cash the def check cop 2 hard top bentlys
Quarter million gone jus 15 seconds (well damn)
2008 on my 15th necklace, got all of the accessories so
Gucci Mane flexin
Backstage ticket cause da kid here kick it
I'm Gucci Mane la flair my bezzle round house kick it
They think I'm drivin daisy but gucci ain't with it
Sex and the city way I handle my women
Ya think it's krush groove 09'so icey boys
Baby blast da radio like LL Coog
I'm crazy like da lil partner so pay me Gucci
J.o.c. me, salute me when ya see me
Kiss da ground beneath me
I eat beef, so I'm a eat ya food jus on da g.p. (it's
Gucci)

[Chorus]

[Verse 3:]

Call me Gucci big balla, east atlanta globetrotter
It's a blowout no problem, bricks I still slam dunk em
I make it 360 soon as I double pump it
Got a silver sniper rifle so I really shoot a jumper
Cross the game up dawg take it to the bucket
Say he like a tre so I pass it to da corner
I'm so hot I want it and I think I'm on it
Jus like kobe keep the white girl but not a woman
See my hummer hold a 100 bills, stash the 40
Acura bring a 1000 in the van 5300, on to drama with
da money
Bank accounts with money
Doin shows cross da country so they grade me on
performances
It's Gucci!

[Chorus]

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