

Mac Dre "Feelin' Myself"

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Hmm... what... hmm... what... hmm... what... hmmm...
what

I'm outta this world, notcha run o tha mill n'
My name is furl I'm the owner of buildin,
I, m a stoner and I'm chillin wit 2 bitches like jack
I pimps and I mack drive a benz or a 'lac
Man I been in the back with the groupies and tha stars
I been out front with the thugs in the cars,
I been on the yard with the mexican mafia
And I only run with niggas that'll kill and die for ya.
I'm popular, I'm a rap star but I live like a rock star
Runnin from the cop car
I drop bars on slaps that knock hard
And I charge for this dick extra large
I'm sicker than SARS higher than mars
And I treat my bitch like an ATM card

(CHORUS)

I'm in the buildin and I'm feelin myself
Man, I'm in the buildin and I'm feelin myself
Man, I'm in the buildin and I'm feelin myself
Man, I'm in the buildin and I'm feelin myself

She's in the buildin and she's feeling herself,
She's looking bad but I'm willing to help.
Stop it baby your killing yourself, C'mon baby,
I gotcha back we can chill in my delt.
I'm feelin myself too, man just imagine some of the
things we could do.
You under me, Me under you then we can catch the
liquor store before 2.
We can hit my nigga go get some shrooms
And if u still wanna kick it we can go getta room.
It won't cost you much I'm a good buy,
Dick on discount, Bitch Good bye.
Who do I look like Mr. Frank-Fuck-For-Free?
Ya no dough ho, you can't fuck wit me.
Get the fuck out bitch, you still in my delt? (Delta 88)
You full of shit and I'm feelin myself

(Chorus)

I'm in the buildin and I'm feelin myself
Man, I'm in the buildin and I'm feelin myself
Man, I'm in the buildin and I'm feelin myself
Man, I'm in the buildin and I'm feelin myself

I'm a west coast bad boy, I represent it
(Dre that's a bad toy, is it rented?)
Hardy-har-har, very funny
You don't hear my tummy, I gets my money
My stomach ain't growlin, I'm stylin and wildin
Drinkin vodka straight, fuck a long island
I want my own island, I want my own island
And bet ya I'ma get it
I switch hit and play with both mitts
Pack the 4-5th, I'm after your bitch
He ain't doin' it right, she's after your scritch
And I'm after hers, with these macking words, nerd
I thought squares stayed sharp
Your nuthin but a mark in a bucket skylark
I'm playing my part, I'm Mr. Furly...
Quit interruptin, I'm talkin to your girly

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