

Natalia Kills**"Feel Myself"**

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(Chorus)

I just wanna feel myself, ah
I just wanna feel myself
I just wanna feel myself
I just
I just wanna feel myself, yeah (x2)

(Verse)

Rich boy manners
Champagne glasses
8 ball habits
18 karats
Check book, cash it
Puddles, lavish
Broken bitches
I just wanna feel myself for a minute
I want a guy I can climb like Everest
God etiquette, real therapy
He don't gotta be to cleverest
Hips and lips , intelligent

(Pre-Chorus)

You telling me I dress too loud
Got too many shoes too count
Saying we should split the check
If you ain't got diamonds then it's time to jet
'Cause

(Chorus)

I just wanna feel myself, ah
I just wanna feel myself
I just wanna feel myself
I just
I just wanna feel myself, yeah (x2)

(Verse)

First class, fancy
Monogram, matching
Suit up, got a crew cup
Like the room up, gets me
I want a guy with a rich boy standards
Handsome, has it, want it , have it
Pick me up at 8 with 18 flowers
Bulgari box back home at the manor
Love you more than your 8 ball habit
Foreclose the pussy when you close that bar
Penthouse pavement poor girl panic
-screaming- (what do you mean there are no more diamonds?)
Love you more than your 8 ball habit

(Pre-Chorus)

You telling me I dress too loud
Got too many shoes too count
Saying we should split the check
If you ain't got diamonds then it's time to jet
'Cause

(Chorus)

I just wanna feel myself, ah
I just wanna feel myself
I just wanna feel myself
I just
I just wanna feel myself, yeah (x2)

(Talking)

Ok this is the part where I talk about myself right?
So after my daddy got uhmm you know ..lost everything
Got locked up for a while
I was 14 and I decided you know.. I was gonna leave home
And be a .. a somebody or whatever
And uhm.. like numerous failed attempts
Bad TV shows , bad record deal , bad everything
And I have moved to Hollywood to be a big star
And ended up living in these motels
On sunset boulevard you know 30 dollars a night really run down
And I would go to these clothing stores at the weekends
To try out these beautiful clothes things I could never afford
Practicing for when I was gonna be rich
You know bad boyfriend , no money , no life

And suddenly it hit me
What the fuck am I doing with my life?

(Chorus)

I just wanna feel myself, ah

I just wanna feel myself

I just wanna feel myself

I just

I just wanna feel myself, yeah (x2)

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