

## Fes Taylor f/ Flip "Feeling Myself"

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[Fes Taylor] Yo, new Ferrari, red Lamborghini parked  
Neon lights, see it when it's dark Knight Rider whip,  
guaranteed a chick strip Get inside the whip, see if you  
can ride the stick Parking lot pimp, Cam Big Silk Put me  
on to the game, and I ain't been the same since You  
ain't getting no money, it makes no sense Picture me  
struggling, hustling to pay the rent No, record label  
budget, I just made a flip So I get as much money as  
music on the strip Look at my kicks, and extra  
diamonds on my wrist And I hit up Joe Finest on the hip  
We doing big things something like a pre-historic  
Bottles of Henny I down 'em like an alcoholic I'm the shit,  
yeah, straight outta the toilet I'm so fly, I can airport it  
[Chorus 2X: Flip (Fes Taylor)] Check how I ride (I'm just,  
I'm just, feeling myself) 26's on the tire (I got money,  
they feeling my wealth) I gotta stay fly (No help, I did it  
myself) To the second that I die (These in my pants, I'm  
just feeling myself) [Fes Taylor] I'm like, mami let's  
take a flight, and tell your man He can take a hike, I  
throw up peace signs at the break light My cake right, I  
stay laced right Nah, no dust on my clothes, I hit the  
stage like Glitter and glamour, what up Lounge Lo? I  
still, linger with the hammer that was down in Atlanta  
Co-sign me, plus I got 50 backing So haters real mad,  
my money really stacking In it like, chill, say I'm  
overreacting Regardless of my future, still know me  
from back then Nowadays, glide on 'em, G-5 on 'em  
They doing boy scout knots, cut ties on 'em Birthday  
cake, see I'm bout to rise on 'em True religion G's, HF  
designs on 'em Fly, fresh, fly, fresh, fly, fresh [Chorus  
2X]

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