

#### Feelin' Myself f. Miley Cyrus, French Montana & Wiz Khalifa by Will.i.am

| The everywhere, (1) know me                       |
|---|
| Super, super fresh, what a dope styling           |
| Hunny on my wrist, couple (2) on my neck          |
| Givenchy, keep the chickens in check              |
| All these car keys drive them chickens to my crib |
| Jewel heel, got somebody slipping in my bed       |
| She give me IQ, (3) mean she get a head           |
| I (4) (5) 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                             |
| The (6) look at me                                |
| The mirror be like baby you the shit              |
| God (7) you the shit                              |
| You the shit, you the shit                        |
| God dammit you the shit                           |
| God dammit you the shit                           |
| You the shit, you the shit                        |
| I be everywhere, everybody know me                |
| Catch me in the (8) bottles on me                 |
| I get busy like a one line                        |
| In the drop getting head (10) never mind          |
| We gettin' money why you playing with it          |

# SUB inglés

### Fill in the gaps

| inglés  |
|---|
| Pool in the (11) you could land a water plane in it |
| Slick Rick looking at the mirror                    |
| Big Daddy Kane bitch like Shakira                   |
| 1.5 custom made car                                 |
| Me and will table looking like the bar              |
| I love bad bitches that's my fuckin' problem        |
| And I don't give a fuck that's my fuckin' problem   |
| And I don't give a (12) that's my whole M.O.        |
| I rock the whole globe with no problemo             |
| Been rocking coats since my first demo              |
| And now I'm banging hoes in the continental         |
| And I done seen me slidin' out my dope ride         |
| I open up the doors, suicide                        |
| I came from the bottom, the (13) side               |
| I made it to the top (14) I do it fly               |
| Feelin' fuckin' lucky like the fuckin' Irish        |
| I see the (15) game from my third Iris              |
| I (16) the whole word (17) a dirty pirate           |
| To give the whole club some Miley Cyrus             |
| Now everybody trippin' like they poppin' molly      |
| Up in the club, is where you can find me            |
| I do it real big never do it tiny                   |
| If you (18) that bullshit please don't remind me    |
| I step in this motherfucker just to make it work    |
| I get on the (19) just to make that booty twerk     |
| Shake, shake that ass like a, like an expert        |
| Shake, shake that ass like a, like an expert        |
| I'll be everywhere, everybody know me               |

Super, super fresh, what a dope styling

Hunny on my wrist, couple karats on my neck



Givenchy, (20)\_ the chickens in check All these car keys (21)\_\_\_\_\_ them chickens to my crib Jewel heel, got somebody slipping in my bed She give me IQ, that mean she get a 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 look at me The mirror be like baby 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, you the shit 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 Take shots till our chests burn We got papers, bottles, mollies, all (22)\_\_\_\_\_ let's get it started

The bigger the bill, the bigger you ball



The bigger the chain, the farther you go, you already know The bigger the (23)\_\_\_\_\_ that's more hoes, nigga And I done spent a quarter milli on clothes Coppin' them oldschools and puttin' foreigns 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 Hunny on my wrist, couple karats on my neck Givenchy, keep the chickens in check All these car keys drive them chickens to my crib Jewel heel, got somebody slipping in my bed She give me IQ, (24)\_\_\_\_\_ mean she get a 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 (25)\_\_\_\_\_ it up Like god dammit, god dammit I'm (26)\_\_\_\_ Look up in the mirror And the mirror look at me The mirror be like baby you the shit God dammit you the shit You the shit, you the shit God dammit you the shit

God dammit you the shit





- 1. everybody
- 2. karats
- 3. that
- 4. just
- 5. give
- 6. mirror
- 7. dammit
- 8. club
- 9. hundred
- 10. baby
- 11. crib
- 12. fuck
- 13. sewer
- 14. cause
- 15. whole
- 16. tour
- 17. like
- 18. about
- 19. floor
- 20. keep
- 21. drive
- 22. this
- 23. bank
- 24. that
- 25. throw
- 26. feeling