

I Feel Like (feat. Kevin Gates)

2 Chainz

Some individuals look at the accomplishments of other individuals and allow themselves to become jealous. Everybody know what it take. Everybody don't do what it take, I don't get tired Sometimes you grind from the bottom, get your chips straight Sometimes you can make a million off a mixtape Sometimes you get to the top and then your family hate

Don't give a damn what them haters say
I feel like I'm 'posed to be ballin'
Supposed to be winnin', yeah
I feel like I'm 'posed to be ballin'
No one gave me shit, yeah
I feel like, I feel like I'm I did a song with Kevin
Way 'fore ya'll followed him on his Instagram
Did a song with Young Dolph
'Fore ya'll even know what Memphis had
I intend to smash, no pen and pad
Married to the game, no strings attached
Married to the game, got a season pass
You wasn't here, but don't even pass
From Decatur to Tifton, I make love with a mink on
I'm top floor, you need a key just to get off of
Need a key just to get off of
Need a key just to get off of
Hanging rappers on a chop board
Outline 'em in chalk Lord, thoughts so
Trap nigga on a pop tour
Break dancing on cardboard
Wrist workin' that Pyrex
In the bando with that Mossberg
50 shots with my nigga Jonny
Somebody stole the truck from Benihanas
Next day he bought a new one
Like you win some and you lose some

Sometimes you grind from the bottom, get your chips straight Sometimes you can make a million off a mixtape Sometimes you get to the top and then your family hate

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No one gave me shit, yeah
I feel like, I feel like I'm I'm supposed to be ballin', 'posed to be winnin'
I spent thousands on linens and this is just the beginnin'
I bought my momma a crib before I got my own place

Picked my pop up from prison and gave 'em places to stay
See I am handpicked by God, I defied all the odds
I need a sign that say foreigners only in my garage
You know I'm vicious and hungry, my
competition is phony
I'm on my way, cowabunga, to all my cousins, I love ya
I work hard for this shit, I got sleep deprivation
My momma tellin' me, boy you gotta take a vacation
I got one in the air, another one in rotation
And when they ask me where I'm at, I say the trap my location
Sometimes you grind from the
bottom, get your chips straight
Sometimes you can make a million off a mixtape
Sometimes you get to the top and then your family hate
Don't give a damn what them haters say
I feel like I'm 'posed to be ballin'
Supposed to be winnin', yeah
I feel like I'm 'posed to be ballin'
No one gave me shit, yeah
I feel like, I feel like I'm
When I dropped Trapaveli, I stayed in 3 star 'telis
With 2 time felons, one time I was bailin'
Every Tom, Dick, and Helen
They would act like they was reppin'
Who was real? Who was fake?
It was hard to keep it separate
And my bankroll big, this big, need Excedrin
And excessive marijuana in my motherfuckin' prison
We would wrap it like a present
We would act it like the preset
You was actin' like a peasant
I hold an eagle in the desert
With the Rollie and the bezel
I was fuckin' with the bastards
Yeah I am so slick, bitch you better hit your hazards
And I bought a Versace plate just to eat my salad
And I can count money til I get a fuckin' callous
Sometimes you grind from the bottom, get your
chips straight
Sometimes you can make a million off a mixtape
Sometimes you get to the top and then your family hate
Don't give a damn what them haters say
I feel like I'm 'posed to be ballin'
Supposed to be winnin', yeah
I feel like I'm 'posed to be ballin'
No one gave me shit, yeah
I feel like, I feel like I'm

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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