

# 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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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'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.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>