

Feel It

Kid Ink

(Chorus)

Can you feel it?

You can turn me up

Can you feel it?

You can turn me up

So you can feel it

You can turn me up

I got this bottle on me

Shots on three

Can you feel it?

(Verse 1- Kid Ink)

Yea I could feel it on the way, never fray

In the building like, this is where I stay

My estate, put your drink in the air if you relate

Plenty fish in the sea, we throwing money like bait, uuuh

Now let me see you shake your body off tempo

Your body so cold and I could see all of the symptoms

If you come into my section, aint even gotta mention

It's about a couple bitches, bragging switchers on my n-ggas and we

Getting it, you should come and feel this

Live the sweet/suite life, need a filling/feeling

Take a hit, inhale then release

Got a pocket full of trees, baby we aint gotta leave 'till u

(Chorus)

Yea-3-2-1, put your bottle in the air for the 321

Can you feel it?

Can you feel it?

(Verse 2 - Los)

Lets go baby

I told her, honey how it feel?

If I could I would marry you, But for now I just bury you

In 20 dollar bills, uhhhh

My watch be wnking at you, my link be blowing kisses

Yea bitch I'm blowing money, like Ink be blowing swishes

I'm swinging low on dishes, them guts all yellow

My paint sky blue, you could say my car mellow (CARMELO!)

I get your girl to get ghost bored, I go hard

If I post up on this, she'll be sending you post cards

She love how f-cking a celebrity feel
I Roberto Cavali her body, Giseppi the heel
I'm definitely chill, we drop top in them Beverly Hills
And we be rolling rolling blowing strong
Going going going, gone

(Chorus)

(Verse 3- Meek Mill)

Uh uh

Hoe you don't feel it when I guess you parapelegic
Should I son (sun) a n-gga, it feels like I'm playing with Phoenix
And I'm balling with my shot like I'm Gilbert Arenas
And I'm breaking birdies down, Serena and Venus
Go turn it up, set a nigga steady burn it up
Clothes stay hotter than furnish, they waiting on me like hurry up
Yea, I'm on the web like Charlie,

Don't panic, don't clutch, Glen Rice with the Hornets
She's like real city nigga, I need me a Bugatti
t-t-taliking bout the game, in a pocket like polly
and all my niggas that he ride with, chrome
put that metal to your side like an iphone 4
and that's when you

(Chorus)

Yea-3-2-1, put your bottle in the air for the 321
Can you feel it?

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