

Feel It (ft. TiË«sto)

Three 6 Mafia

DJ turn the music up
I wanna feel it, itThree 6 Mafia, Kingston, Hypnotize Minds!
Hey, TiË«sto, rock, let's go!I say DJ turn the music up (Up!)
And send another round over to my cup (Cup!)
I wanna feel it, oh, oh, oh-oh
I wanna feel it, oh, oh, oh-ohSay, I'm at the bar, gonna have a barre
Sippin Ketel One, stumblin' to the car
But I don't wanna leave 'cause it's too crunk
And these girls got a lotta junk in the trunk
Red bones (Red bones), black bones (Black bones)
White chocolates (Chocolates), big tones (Big tones)
Breakin' them backs, it's on
I'm a gigolo and it's gone
A freak of the week, tryna get a piece
She better know how the boom stay wit the beat
All on the floor, I gotta get this
Shakin' that ass and I'm all in her ear sayin'
I'm in the club, gettin' wasted
Drink so much, I cain't even taste it
Girls on the floor, I gotta get this
Shakin' that ass and I'm all in her ear sayin'I say DJ turn the music up (Up!)
And send another round over to my cup (Cup!)
I wanna feel it, oh, oh, oh-oh
I wanna feel it, oh, oh, oh-ohDJ let the music drop (Drop!)
We goin' all night, make the party rock (Rock!)
I wanna feel it, oh, oh, oh-oh
I wanna feel it, oh, oh, oh-ohShe went face down (Down!)
And she went ass up (Up!)
I seen her gettin' it for free, so I put my money up
But we hit that bar hard
The drinks keep flowin' and flowin'
She make that booty pop
It just keep growin' and growin'
You know I had to get 'er, gotta hit 'er up on where we on
'Cause ain't nothin' in the world
Better than a drunk and hot girl
That'll break it (Down down down down down down down)
To the (Ground ground ground ground ground ground ground)I say DJ turn the music up (Up!)
And send another round over to my cup (Cup!)

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I wanna feel it, oh, oh, oh-oh
I wanna feel it, oh, oh, oh-ohHey, I gotta stunt like it's the first of the month
In the projects, just got paid
DJ, keep it comin', keep on breakin' 'em off
And bring it back just for the hood sake
Still spendin' gwap for the women, they fly
Reppin' the bottom, ain't got it, no lie
Travel the world in the G4 a lot
Poe Boy the family and we get it hot
I got the beat where the music is live
Rock to the beat like my name can survive
Give me that heat 'til we all feel the fire
I'm in the streets, but the club get me high
Party, get shinin' to rock the body
The fellas on the dock, the shade's bacarri
We do it non-stop, get on Barcardi
151 and act retardedDJ turn the music up
And send another round over to my cup
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Songwriters

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