

# Feel It (ft. TiĀ«sto, Sean Kingston & Flo Rida)

## Three 6 Mafia

DJ turn the music up  
I wanna feel it, itThree 6 Mafia, Kingston, Hypnotize Minds!  
Hey, TiĀ«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  
I wanna feel (Hey)  
Feel, feel itI say DJ turn the music up (Up!)  
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DJ, oh, oh, oh-oh  
DJ, oh, oh, oh-oh  
DJ, oh, oh, oh-oh

Songwriters

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