

Feel It

Young Thug

Wheezy I want that pussy in a Wraith
I'ma make sure lil' mama feel it
Every eyeball that look at me, she wanna kill it (on Slime)
We make love, and it hot just like a skillet (woo, woo)
I don't wanna buy your love, I wanna feel it
Build that bitch up from the ground, never won't tear that bitch down
Yeah, you know that this dick ain't no clown
You know this dick make you make sounds (swear, yeah)
I fuck that bitch good, I don't tease her
Nigga, that why she not leavin' (what?)
And you know that I smoke on that kush, no Khalifa
And I do it for my people (I swear)
Yeah, I never ever met a girl like you (what?)
I'm lovin' every single curve about you
Ooh, you know I would smoke the whole world, 'bout ya
Put on my suit, go get my boots, I'll go to jail 'bout ya (let's go)
You know who you with
Lil' baby stop playin', darlin', you know who you with
You know who you with
Man I'm so for real
I copped you a coupe baby, you're my chauffeur real (skrrt, skrrt)
Man I am so for real these niggas be talkin', we bust it so for real (for real)
I'm so geeked up on your lovin' I don't need no mollies, so for real (for real)
Behind closed doors it gets drastic
Pussy wet, I done worked magic
Yeah, I am the truth so don't ask it
Yeah, I shoot our kids in the plastic
Yeah, I only call lil' mama baby when she say daddy (and what?)
If that's your man, you better hold him down
Murder she wrote
She held my little pack, she was wit' it
And she was popular way before me
Now that I'm popular, I'ma still be the old me
Yeah, I swear to God she wanna feel it
Yeah, when I do wrong, bae, make me feel it
Yeah, I wanna hit it when I feel it
Yeah, yeah Make me feel it, make me feel it
Make me feel it, make me feel it
Oh, I wan' feel it, I wan' feel it
I wan' feel it, I wan' feel it
Baby, I'll give you head, give me ceilings
Come here bae, I'm appealin'

I'm locked down, all metal
Horsehoe, True Religion
I'm dabbin', I'm dabbin'
I'll hop in your car, and I'll smash it, I'll smash it
I'm buyin' gold Rollies, yeah I'm Trinidadian
They look like they don't wanna fuck, but they actin'
I'm pourin' up purple, that purple, yeah, Actavis (lean, lean, lean)
Aaaaand I think I'm tough, you look tough, so let's clash it (slat, let's clash)
War ready, I'm goin' steady
I fuck with Keisha, not the one from Belly
I wanna fuck and not talk and I said it
I want that cat like a leopard
Let's go to Germany, no Shepard
She don't need no hand, I'ma help her
She barely keep it so I kept her
Watch me tell her
If that's your man, you better hold him down
Murder she wrote
She held my little pack, she was wit' it
And she was popular way before me
Now that I'm popular, I'ma still be the old me
Yeah, I swear to God she wanna feel it
Yeah, when I do wrong, bae, make me feel it
Yeah, I wanna hit it when I feel it
Yeah, yeah
Yeah, I swear to God she wanna feel it
Yeah, when I do wrong, bae, make me feel it
Yeah, I wanna hit it when I feel it
Yeah, yeah

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

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