

Feel That

Chris Brown

Ha! look!
Ok now usually I don't do this
But your ass, got me turnt up
Popping all that pussy, booty bouncing
I got a ounce, roll up
Wanna see you get loose
Take my credit card, thats my account
Lamborghini's on me, just so I can see that bitch ride around
Everything I do, all the ace in the air, better hide these hoes
I do it like a show
About an hour forty five and I'm out the door
I'm fly as hell with my clientele, my pockets swole
Got girls on them niggas, running from them bitches
Make a nigga rock n roll
I'ma hold my set up
Elevate like nigga do better
But if one night, I gotta take a life
You gon see the residue from my biretta
I got way too many bitches on me
For me to be lonely
To worry about a bitch that might be fucking a homie
Low key, never that
I pull up with 40
Back up mothafucka, don't act like you know me
I be in that trap
When a nigga was 13, I did that
Saw them jordan 13's
Sold an ounce nigga I'm gon get that
Got that hunger for that pussy
I'm up here, that cloud nine
Smoking all of my shit
Now she feeling like she a mile high

Feel that, won't you feel that
Murder, murder
Girl I'm gon kill that
Throw it in the air
Where you live at
If I get it tonight
You bringing that shit back

Never gon get it like this
Never gon, never gon get it like this
I got the bud, You fucked up
Playing that Future, Lightyears
In VIP put your purse right here
Ass and your glass up, lets cheer
And this party never stops until I fuck every girl in here
Okay I'm 23 tryna get billions
V.A nigga on a stage and a nigga paid
Niggas better pay me millions
Every time that I hit it
And I blaze on a winter day
What you mean I'm hoggin
I'm ballin hard
While you other niggas in the lane
Tryna violate

3 seconds in the paint
23 I'm MJ
Too much
I got
Fuck nigga that's your problem
Open her mouth up, open her mouth up
Give me the bottle
Oh shit, Your bitch, she about to swallow
You smoking weed while I'm boo'ed up
Taking two L's Apollo
Nigga try to call her tomorrow
That number change
That's my bitch
You crying about it, unfollow
Direct message to my dick
Cause you never gon do it like this
Never gon, never gon do it like this
I was singing as a kid
But now I'm 23 with a Clip
DJ better play my shit

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Okay now this is for my homies
Them niggas that never really had shit
Now everything I'm owning
You pay me in songs, that's a bad bitch
Red chucks and that Cali life
My niggas riding for me
Rata tatata tatata tatat
All them hoes singing Jeep Cherokee
And your bitch about to roll out
Visit her house, fuck on the couch
Touching my dick, girl it's a pull out
Popping a molly, fucking with bitches that fool around
Smoking that good, we start fuckin, I put it down
So baby what's the hold up
Ima turn you over
But lets turn it like that
I know you feel that, feel that, feel that, feel that shit right now

Feel that, won't you feel that
Murder, murder
Girl I'm gon kill that
Throw it in the air
Where you live at
If I get it tonight
You bringing that shit back