

# Get Buck In Here

DJ Felli Fel

Chyeah!  
It's that incredible shh...  
Talk to 'em  
It's to many beautiful lady's in the house tonight Felli  
Hey!  
I think you need to hit 'em of some..  
OK!  
Woow!

They call me Diddy  
DJ Felli Fel  
Testing 1,23 (testing 1,2,3)  
Check this out  
Listen to me (Listen)

It's tricky I'm picky baby, but I just spotted you  
Doin' your thing, g-string, shoe string point of view, hey  
Lend me ya body, you got me in a zone  
Bet a million in a half past, I can make you explode  
You don't wanna brave the cold, you wanna Diddy Combs  
I can take you on outer-limits away from home  
(Where ya bills at, prolly wollin fo sho)  
In the middle of the club doin' a rodeo show (Hey!)  
The hoes seem schemey, wet dreamy, emphasis obsessed gleemy  
(Incredible sex) you need me  
Ease me, please me baby, I maybe am little crazy but in a way that.....

Don't make me get buck in here  
Shorty drop 'em to the ground like she ain't got manners  
Too much booty for one man to handle  
When all i need is a one night scandal  
And don't make me get buck in here  
Damn lil' momma you know you fit my standards  
You the type to make me grip that handle  
Lick shots in the air, bustin' that grandam  
While you make it clap clap clap clap clap  
You gotta shake that thang, shake that thang  
While you make it clap clap clap clap clap  
Just shake that thang, shake that thang

She can make it clap like a standin' ovation  
Spin like my record at the radio station  
Feel the sensation, I put it right there  
They be like LUDA, I be like yeaaaaaaa,  
You like it like that dont cha baby  
The flow's insane, and the stroke is crazy  
I stroke so good, like Tiger Woods  
And I ROWR like a tiger would  
My livelihood, is not hollywood  
I'm still southside atlanta, thats a lively hood  
A circus, big top, like ringling brothers  
If you wanna learn something, bring your mothers  
Sit back and observe, invite some friends  
We can mix it all up, like juice and gin  
Felli on the celly with a couple of twins  
Cuz tonight, damn right, we gonna do it again

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Listen, women lace 'em G4 jets, flyin'  
Twisted, crooked, cell phone numbers, private  
Flip 'em change 'em, prissy and boogy the hood  
Game of taste 'em, prissy's I'm runnin' 'em good  
Leather or silk, I'm melt them all  
Love 'em, leave 'em, give 'em hell for sure  
Tell them words they minds and souls deserve  
Or give them things they might prefer  
Sandrio pan, mandarin sweet massage oil  
Pimp, gamein', grants, and benz' i tried 'em  
Used to style 'em, now just virgin island  
Kamasutra freaky ...

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Hold up, hold up  
Yo, yo, yo  
It's your boy Lil' Jon right? (yeah!)  
They try to take this thing to another level!  
Let's go  
Let me see ya get your hands up  
Let me see ya get your hands up  
Let me see ya put yo drinks up  
Let me see ya put yo drinks up  
Now git buck in this..  
Buck in this..  
Buck in this  
Buck in this  
Crunk in this  
Crunk in this  
Crunk in this  
Crunk in this  
Hey!!!