Doing It To Death

James Brown

Hit it! How you feelin' brother? (Feelin' good!) You're feelin' good You play so much bone, brother How you feelin', man? (I feel alright!) I won't call your name I don't want no people to know you're in here How you feelin', fellas? (Alright!) Now jam! Sure gettin' down We're gonna have a funk good time... We gotta take you higher Huh! Alright! We gotta take you higher, huh! Brothers! Now I want everybody to blow About two choruses And then I'm gonna wave you in I wanna get the fella With the little horn over there Fred's gonna take us higher, take us higher Fred, Fred, Fred! You know what, when I hear a groove Like this groove, oh! I say, I got to get higher Yeah baby, yeah, yeah Look a'here When someone's got a groove like this You know, you know, no! I need to grit, gotta grit Gonna eat, gotta eat Need to grit, gotta grit, no breath You know, brothers I'm gettin' ready to wave y'all in You know what I feel so down, I need to get down In order for me to get down I got to get in D. In order for me to get down, I got to get in D. Need to get in D., dog for D. Down D., funky D., shakin' D., down D. Oh! Huh! Ha ha! Get on down! Look a'here, look at that What we gotta do Gotta have a funk good time ... Oh, yeah I didn't know you were singin', Fred Don't moan so much Buddy, don't moan so much We gotta take you higher Wait a minute! Know who you say that was over there (Man, you're lookin' better) (I know I've seen him somewhere) Is that Maceo?