

## Berurier Noir

### "Feel It"

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1 - Can you feel it?

Can you feel it?

Can you feel it?

[Teddy Riley]

It's makin' me hot, it's makin' me hot

It's makin' me hot, yo, yo

Can you feel it?

Can you feel it?

Can you feel it?

[Teddy Riley]

It's makin' me hot, it's makin' me hot

It's makin' me hot, yo, yo

[Charlie]

Uh uh uh

Wanna test my waters? Step in

Hot, no question, what? Interested?

Chick blessed in drop

No less than sick flows

Tell me who the best in ill pitch, ill bitch, hit it

Cats know I deliver blows, kill hits

Kill the light switch, I'm barkin' in my CB

Tight chick with charts in mind

Hearts in my actress

Better address me with status

Ms. and Misses, ya'll who's and what's

Came in viscious

Everything I touch, ya'll wanna get it

Cats wanna hit it, hide when I spit it

What ya'll do? Did it. Wanna get it?

Wanna get rich, I'mma show you money

Now you want a hot chick, gotta throw your money

Why you wanna hate me, I don't know you money

Ya'll cats got late fee's, I don't owe you money

Ya'll quick to wild out and just blow your money

Should it stash high, burnin' flashlight

Girls need to know if you're stuck for money

Cats get sheisty, I might duck for money

Let 'em know, you ain't gettin' buck for money

And tall slick, I bank ten and front for money, what

Repeat 1

Yo, yo, yo, yo

Feel me come through hard so ya'll hear me

Turn back? Never, rap vendetta

Each letter clever for that cheddar

Ball in cold weather, mink on the sweater

Don't speak to Heather

Only fly lady certified Indy, the rest gotta pay me

Chuck get shady, cats try to play me

Waggin' Mercedes Benz for the lady

Me that, so he that, where the keys at?

Ride through, slide through for feedback

Like damn, she ballin', damn she that chick

Damn, she tall and, damn she got hits

Damn, she mad cool, damn she been chillin'

Damn, mad jewels, damn she be spillin'

Trust, we gon' all ball love ya

Pop bubbly, I'mma make ya'll love me, uh

Repeat 1

Yo, yo

Just warmin' up, chilled the whole song

Ya'll feel it yet? Killed the whole song

Haters game raw, ain't nothin' pretty

Bank head strong so checkbook pretty

Reach the wrong city, crooked schemes

Counterfeit fifty's, crooked seams

Now I play scenes

Genuine dollars, genuine presents, genuine ballers

Stay real stack's back's you faces

Back to basics, flip rhyme basses

Chuck goin' lace it, ya'll gon' taste it

Fresh new face, did it mark my spot

Mark my "X", park my Lex, watch be 'Lex

Face forgets nigga, lay some sex

Flow dough from bitch to hoe, flip the do'

Flip the scripts, switch from hoe to bitch, nigga

Repeat 1 until fade

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