

## Meek Mill

### "Feel It"

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(Chorus)

Can you feel it?  
You can turn me up  
Can you feel it?  
You can turn me up  
So you can feel it  
You can turn me up  
I got this bottle on me  
Shots on three  
Can you feel it?

(Verse 1- Kid Ink)

Yea I could feel it on the way, never fray  
In the building like, this is where I stay  
My estate, put your drink in the air if you relate  
Plenty fish in the sea, we throwing money like bait,  
uuuh  
Now let me see you shake your body off tempo  
Your body so cold and I could see all of the symptoms  
If you come into my section, aint even gotta mention  
It's about a couple bitches, bragging switchers on my  
n-ggas and we  
Getting it, you should come and feel this  
Live the sweet/suite life, need a filling/feeling  
Take a hit, inhale then release  
Got a pocket full of trees, baby we aint gotta leave 'till u

(Chorus)

Yea-3-2-1, put your bottle in the air for the 321  
Can you feel it?  
Can you feel it?

(Verse 2 - Los)

Lets go baby  
I told her, honey how it feel?  
If I could I would marry you, But for now I just bury you

In 20 dollar bills, uhhhh  
My watch be wnking at you, my link be blowing kisses  
Yea bitch I'm blowing money, like Ink be blowing

swishes

I'm swinging low on dishes, them guts all yellow  
My paint sky blue, you could say my car mellow  
(CARMELO!)

I get your girl to get ghost bored, I go hard  
If I post up on this, she'll be sending you post cards  
She love how f-cking a celebrity feel  
I Roberto Cavali her body, Giseppi the heel  
I'm definitely chill, we drop top in them Beverly Hills  
And we be rolling rolling blowing strong  
Going going going, gone

(Chorus)

(Verse 3- Meek Mill)

Uh uh

Hoe you don't feel it when I guess you parapelegic  
Should I son (sun) a n-gga, it feels like I'm playing with  
Phoenix

And I'm balling with my shot like I'm Gilbert Arenas  
And I'm breaking birdies down, Serena and Venus  
Go turn it up, set a nigga steady burn it up  
Clothes stay hotter than furnish, they waiting on me like  
hurry up

Yea, I'm on the web like Charlie,  
Don't panic, don't clutch, Glen Rice with the Hornets  
She's like real city nigga, I need me a Bugatti  
t-t-taliking bout the game, in a pocket like polly  
and all my niggas that he ride with, chrome  
put that metal to your side like an iphone 4  
and that's when you

(Chorus)

Yea-3-2-1, put your bottle in the air for the 321  
Can you feel it?

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