

UGK**"Feelin' You"**

Visit "[Feelin' You](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Chorus: Pimp C singing]

I got the feelin that I
Got the feelin I (keep feelin you)
I got the feelin that I
Got the feelin I (keep feelin you)
I got the feelin that I
Got the feelin I (keep feelin you)
I got the feelin that I
Got the feelin for you

[Bun B:]

Well hold up, look how baby just rolled up
Coogi jeans on with the back sides twole{? } up
She make playa straight slow up
Say man this girl is a dime from head to toe and from
the flo' up
She make a drink, kid not even wanna po' up
Take his all money to the mall and buy the sto' up
Never a flaw when she show up
These other broads hatin on her, if they sick they need
to throw up
She got class and panache with precision
Picture perfect in my vision and I done made a decision
That I'm tired of wishin, get down with the Bun and
Pimp and
You could roll with the playas on the million dollar
mission, c'mon

[Chorus]

[Pimp C:]

Uhh, hey mama, I'm a tell you what the deal is
I like your style, I like how you handle your business
You ain't out here trippin chasin boys in showbiz
You're confident, you out here puttin it down for yo'
kids
I don't care 'bout no nigga, he don't concern me
He ain't teachin you nothin, you need to learn me
Check out my mind, I'm 24 on the grind
I got the key to the streets, I got a open line
And I don't get caught up in "he say, she say"

And I don't chase the cat, I keep the P play
I wouldn't holla if I ain't thought you was ready boo
I know you feelin me, cause girl I'm feelin you

[Chorus]

[singing: Pimp C]
Ooh baby (ooh baby)
Ooh baby (oh baby)
Give it up, give it up, give it up, give it up now

[Bun B:]
Yeah she a bad mamma-jamma, a brick, house
Still I fits, out, cause she thick, stout
With the feminine fat, in all the right places
She look me in my eyes and she make all the right
faces
Cause she's a real catch, we make a tough pair
A true dynamic duo and we up there
We sittin tall at the top
And if she ride or die for me playa I'm a give her all
that I got
I break her off and not, let her hold the keys
I don't take her out of town, man I take her overseas
It ain't trickin if you spend it on your lady
Bring the bacon home to baby and everything'll be
gravy
Just let me know if that's soundin like a plan
Cause all you really need to change your life is the man
And you appealin to the King of the Trill and
I just wanna know if you're feelin me like I'm feelin, you

[Chorus]

[singing: Pimp C]
Ooh baby (ooh baby)
Ooh baby (oh baby)
Give it up, give it up, give it up, give it up now

Visit [UGK](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.