

Kid Ink "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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