

Barbra Streisand F/ Vince Gill

"Chanel No. Fever"

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Chorus:

It's in the back y'all
It's on the wall y'all
It's in your head, but it's not the fever

Now with the B-I double L bill
We bill the par territories placing flags on terrains
Now I said it was yours so snatch the world back from
Wayne
We did, universally sparked the lid
Now these ladies love how we live
Got'em caught, shit you already know looking so fly
That the dog that played spiderweb your up aliasing
here
Sucker cats don't try to steer
Near this, wish you could bring it this way
Compliments of Wonder Y and my nigga David J
So the do, re, mi, fa, sol, la
Many reach to devour the stage, put the guts out the
venue
Ah, shut up in your face no need to continue
I've been there, done that
Received it, won that
Yo stunned that, that's how you like To Sun frozed
Keep my shit in harvest like Farmer John grows crops
Hops, you'll need the whole ceiling to tops
I saw the empire, set your liquid to fire
Bim Blam set a flame to your fanny
Davis the surname like Davis the Sammy
A grammy, my concern is to earn for a little age
Next time, next rhyme, next phase

Chorus 2x

Now put your hand on your hip
Now put your hand on your hip
And let your backbone slip
And let your backbone slide
Now put your hand up on your hip
Now put your hand up on your hip

And let your backbone slip for the fever

Hey, ladies and gents reintroducing to you
Shootin' shit like hot asses at the sip of bean stew
Super fat come the visitor zoo
Peace to my homewood niggas and my man Tofu
I'm through evil that man do
Get some ass on the side so my love can shine through
Pull a cigar with crew, lean back and let it soak
Your holdin' on to my twelve dollar smoke
Man, it was Mase who laced the beat from up out the
Earth
Leaving brothers hypnotized like Ootney Fonsworth
But I'm hip but no tized than that, clap to the break of
dawn
Dada, wonder why it's hotter than hot
Why not knee, my Steve got niggas on the dick
They want to join the click
I hope that ass get a record deal
So they can feel what I feel
To overstand that ring ring, how you do is real
You must be from Italy 'cause all you do is roam
Microphone to microphone, lookin' for home
I write a poem to make the publicists flock the prone
cop
China on stage so I don't need a spotlight
Should be tight like tupperwear supperwear, drawers of
socks
Sippin' on gray pot yo scratch the pork chops
Cause nothin' here drops
We're goin' up, up, up, up, up, up, up, up

Chorus 3x

Huh (11x)
It's the fever

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