

DJ Felli Fel f/ Akon, Diddy, Ludacris & Lil Jon

"Get Buck In Here"

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[Akon - Intro] (DJ Felli Fel) {Lil Jon}

CHEA!

It's that incredible shit

(Talk to 'em)

There's too many beautiful ladies in the house tonight,

Felli...

{HEY!!}

I think we need to hit 'em off with somethin proper

somethin...

(Okay...WHOO!)

[Diddy]

They call me Diddy!

(DJ Felli Fel)

[Akon]

Testing one, two, three!

[Diddy]

Testin one, two, three

Check this out, listen to me

Listen...

It's tricky, I'm picky baby, but I just spotted you

Doin your thang, G-string, shoe-string point of view

HEY - lend me ya body, you got me in a zone (c'mon)

Bet a million and a half cash, I can make you explode

(OWW!!)

You don't wanna brave the cold, you want a day of

Combs

I can take you on outer limits away from home

(Where your bills pile?) I'm whylin fo' sho

in a middle of the club doin a rodeo show (hey)

The hoes seem steamy, wet dreamy

Invisible sets gleamy; (incredible sex) you need me

Ease me, please me baby

I may be am a little crazy, but in a way that they play-

pay me

[Chorus: Akon] (DJ Felli Fel)

Don't make me get BUCK IN HERE!!!!
Shorty drop it to the ground like she ain't got manners
Too much booty for one man to handle
When all I need is a one-night scandal
And I'ma get BUCK IN HERE!!!!
DAMN, lil' mama, know you fit my standards
You're the type that make me grip that handle
Lick shots in the air, bustin that random
While you make it clap-clap-clap-clap-clap
(You gotta shake that thang, shake that thang)
While you make it clap-clap-clap-clap-clap
(Just shake that thang, shake that thang)

[Ludacris]

Okay...LUDA..let's go!
She can make it clap like a standin ovation!
Spin like my record at your radio station
Feel the sen-sation, I put it right there
They be like, "LUDA!!", I be like "He-yeaaaaah!!"
You like it like that, (WOO!) don't cha baby? (yeah)
The flow's insane, and the stroke is crazy (okay)
I stroke so good like Tiger Woods
Then I, ROWRR!~, like a tiger would
My livelihood is not Hollywood
I'm still Southside Atlanta, that's a lively hood
A circus, +Big Top+ like Ringling Brothers
If you wanna learn somethin, (what?) bring your
mother! (hey!)
Sit back and observe, invite your friends
We can mix it all up, like juice and gin
Felli on the celly with a couple of twins
Cause tonight, damn RIGHT! We gon' do it again

[Chorus]

[Diddy]

Aiyyo...aiyyo Felli, brotha let me hit this one more time
Listen, women lace 'em, G4 jet flyin
Twist 'em crooked, cell phone number's private (c'mon)
Flip 'em, change 'em, prissy I'm bougie, the hood
Game 'em, taste 'em, trizzies I run 'em, I'm good
(OW!!)
Leather or, silk, I melt them all (talk to e'm)
Love 'em, leave 'em, give 'em hell fo' sure (don't stop)
Tell 'em words they mind and soul deserve (don't stop)
Or, give 'em, things the might prefer (keep it goin)
San Tropez or Mandarin sweet massage 'em (keep it
goin)
Pimp, game 'em, grants and Benz I charge 'em
Used to style 'em, now I just Virgin Isle 'em (talk to 'em)
Karma Sutra, freaky and leavin 'em smilin

[Chorus]

[Lil' Jon - as music stops]

Hold up, bust that shit! Fuck that shit! (Yo-yo-yo-yo)

It's yo' boy Lil' Jon! (YEAH!)

Time to TAKE THIS MOTHERFUCKER TO ANOTHER
LEVELLLLLLLL!!!

(Let's GO!!) Hahaha! Y'all ain't ready...

[beat change to crunk-style]

Get yo' motherfuckin hands up! - HEY! (Put 'em up! Put
'em up!)

A-get yo' motherfuckin hands up! - HEY! (Put 'em up!
Put 'em up!)

A-throw yo' motherfuckin drinks up! - HEY! (Put 'em up!
Put 'em up!)

A-throw yo' motherfuckin drinks up! - HEY! (Put 'em up!
Put 'em up!)

NOW GET BUCK IN THIS BITCH! BUCK IN THIS BITCH!
(GET) BUCK IN THIS BITCH! (GET) BUCK IN THIS BITCH!
(GET) CRUNK IN THIS BITCH! (GET) CRUNK IN THIS
BITCH!

(GET) CRUNK IN THIS BITCH! (GET) CRUNK IN THIS
BITCH!

HEEEEEEEY!!! (Heeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeey)

[Diddy]

Aiyyo Felli, you a fool for that one, man

A-HA!!

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