

Get Buck in Here - DJ Felli Fel Lyrics

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"Get Buck in Here"

Chyeah!

It's that incredible sh-- (Talk to 'em)

There's too many beautiful ladies in this house tonight, Felli

I think we need to hit em off something proper, son {Okay... whoo!}

(They call me Diddy, DJ Felli Fel!)

Testing, one, two, three (Testing, one, two, three

Hey, listen to me, listen, hey)

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

Doing your thing, G-string, shoe string point of view

Lend me your body, you got me in a zone

Bet a million in a half cash i can make you explode

You don't wanna brave the cold, you wanna Diddy Combs

I can take you on outer limits away from home

(?) (?)

In the middle of the club doin' a rodeo show

The hoes seem skeemy, wet dreamy

Emphasisism obsessed gleemy
(Incredible sex) You need me
You can ease me, please me baby
I maybe am little crazy but in a way...

Don't make me get buck in here!
Shawty drop it to the ground like she ain't got manners
Too much booty for one man to handle
But all I need is a one night scandal
And I'ma get buck in here!

Damn, lil mama, know you fit my standards
You the type to make me grip that handle
Lick shots in the air, bustin' that grandam
(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)

She can make it clap like a standing OVATION
Spin like my record at your radio STATION
Feel the SENSATION, I put it right there
They be like "Luda!", I be like "Y-yeah!",
You like it like that, don't ya baby

The flow's insane, and the stroke is crazy
I stroke so good, like Tiger Woods
And i RAWR, 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 something, bring your mothers
Sit back and observe, invite some friends
We can mix it all up, like juice and gin
Felli on the cell-y with a couple of twins
Cause tonight, damn right, we gonna do it again

Aiiyo, Felli let me one more time

Listen, women, lace them, G-force jets, fly 'em
Twisted, crooked, cell phone numbers, probably
Flip em change em, prissy and bouji, the hood (?)
Game of taste em, trissy's I'm runnin' em good (?)

Leather or silk, I melt them all
Love em, leave em, give em hell for sure
Tell them words they minds and souls deserve
Or give them things they might prefer
Sandrio pan, mandarin sweet massage oil

Pimp, gamein', grants, and benz' i tried em
Used to style em, now just virgin island
Kamasutra freaky...

Hold up, fuck that shit, fuck that shit! (yoyoyoyoyoyo...)

It's your boy, Lil Jon! (YEAH!)

Time to take this mothafucker to another level! (Let's go!)

Get your mothafucking hands up!

Get your mothafucking hands up!

Throw your mothafucking drinks up!

Throw your mothafucking drinks up!

Now get buck in this bitch!

Get 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!

YEAH!

Aiyyo, Felli, you a fool for that one. HA

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