

Feel It

Charli Baltimore

Can you feel it?
Can you feel it?
Can you feel it?
It's makin' me hot, it's makin' me hot
It's makin' me hot, yo, yo

Can you feel it?
Can you feel it?
Can you feel it?
It's makin' me hot, it's makin' me hot
It's makin' me hot, yo, yo

Uh uh uh
Wanna test my waters? step in
Hot, no question, what? interested?
Chick blessed in drop
No less than sick flows
Tell me who the best in ill pitch, ill bitch, hit it
Cats know i deliver blows, kill hits
Kill the light switch, i'm barkin' in my cb
Tight chick with charts in mind
Hearts in my actress
Better address me with status
Ms. and misses, ya'll who's and what's
Came in viscious
Everything i touch, ya'll wanna get it
Cats wanna hit it, hide when i spit it
What ya'll do? did it. wanna get it?
Wanna get rich, i'mma show you money
Now you want a hot chick, gotta throw your money
Why you wanna hate me, i don't know you money
Ya'll cats got late fee's, i don't owe you money
Ya'll quick to wild out and just blow your money
Should it stash high, burnin' flashlight
Girls need to know if you're stuck for money
Cats get sheisty, i might duck for money
Let 'em know, you ain't gettin' buck for money
And tall slick, i bank ten and front for money, what

Yo, yo, yo, yo
Feel me come through hard so ya'll hear me
Turn back? never, rap vendetta
Each letter clever for that cheddar
Ball in cold weather, mink on the sweater
Don't speak to heather
Only fly lady certified indy, the rest gotta pay me
Chuck get shady, cats try to play me
Waggin' mercedes benz for the lady
Me that, so he that, where the keys at?
Ride through, slide through for feedback
Like damn, she ballin', damn she that chick
Damn, she tall and, damn she got hits
Damn, she mad cool, damn she been chillin'
Damn, mad jewels, damn she be spillin'
Trust, we gon' all ball love ya
Pop bubbly, i'mma make ya'll love me, uh

Yo, yo
Just warmin' up, chilled the whole song
Ya'll feel it yet? killed the whole song
Haters game raw, ain't nothin' pretty
Bank head strong so checkbook pretty
Reach the wrong city, crooked schemes
Counterfeit fifty's, crooked seams
Now i play scenes
Genuine dollars, genuine presents, genuine ballers
Stay real stack's back's you faces
Back to basics, flip rhyme basses
Chuck goin' lace it, ya'll gon' taste it
Fresh new face, did it mark my spot
Mark my "x", park my lex, watch be 'lex
Face forgets nigga, lay some sex
Flow dough from bitch to hoe, flip the do'
Flip the scripts, switch from hoe to bitch, nigga