

Doing It To Death

James Brown

Hit it! How you feelin' brother? (Feelin' good!)
You're feelin' good
You play so much bone, brother
How you feelin', man? (I feel alright!)
I won't call your name
I don't want no people to know you're in here
How you feelin', fellas? (Alright!)
Now jam! Sure gettin' down
We're gonna have a funk good time...
We gotta take you higher
Huh! Alright!
We gotta take you higher, huh!
Brothers! Now I want everybody to blow
About two choruses
And then I'm gonna wave you in
I wanna get the fella
With the little horn over there
Fred's gonna take us higher, take us higher
Fred, Fred, Fred!
You know what, when I hear a groove
Like this groove, oh!
I say, I got to get higher
Yeah baby, yeah, yeah
Look a'here
When someone's got a groove like this
You know, you know, no!
I need to grit, gotta grit
Gonna eat, gotta eat
Need to grit, gotta grit, no breath
You know, brothers
I'm gettin' ready to wave y'all in
You know what
I feel so down, I need to get down
In order for me to get down
I got to get in D.
In order for me to get down, I got to get in D.
Need to get in D., dog for D.
Down D., funky D., shakin' D., down D.
Oh! Huh! Ha ha!
Get on down!
Look a'here, look at that
What we gotta do
Gotta have a funk good time...
Oh, yeah
I didn't know you were singin', Fred
Don't moan so much
Buddy, don't moan so much
We gotta take you higher
Wait a minute!
Know who you say that was over there
(Man, you're lookin' better)
(I know I've seen him somewhere)
Is that Maceo?