

# Feel Right (feat. Mystikal)

Mark Ronson

Ladies and gentleman, give it up for Mystikal! Calling all cars in here for the Prince of the South  
Kill all that yabba-dabba-doo shit, I just got out!  
Still rapping, slapping kittens and grabbing my crotch  
I'm the Artist, the Godfather still hard as a rock! You gon' mess around and make me knock  
your fruit juice loose  
Ya banana, ya watermelon and pomegranate too  
Rhyming kung-fu that split bamboo  
Crowd rocking ain't no stopping that rapping ass fool  
I been bad, bruh, whatcha getting mad for?  
I'ma have to light you up, I eat flames up and crap fire out!  
Don't make me light my butt!  
Excuse me, who me?!  
I got a lot of groupies  
I ought to have a freaking doghouse like Snoopy!  
Curtains go up! It's going down!  
Tear that thing out the frame like my my band! Ow!  
C'mon! C'mon! Uhh!  
Feel right in this motherfucker (Right)  
Feel good in this motherfucker (Right)  
My whole hood in this motherfucker (Right)  
And we gon' rock this mother for ya (All night) Feel right in this motherfucker (Right)  
Feel good in this motherfucker (Right)  
My whole hood in this motherfucker (Right)  
And we gon' rock this mother for ya (All night) And we gon' rock this mother for ya! (All night)  
And we gon' rock this mother for ya! (All night) Wooooo, get down!  
Mystikal, don't hurt 'em now  
Grabbing on my pants, she trying to pull it out my pocket  
Don't yank on it so hard, you going to pull out the sockit!  
It's exercise with thighs and hip muscles  
Next exercise we gon' burn some lip muscles  
Let the music work ya ear muscles  
And if you skinny then use your lil muscles,  
Bag back or tea bag with these duffles!  
Pow pow, get smash when we hustle  
When the last time you had a knuckle sandwich?  
When the last time somebody had they foot so far up your ass  
You couldn't handle it? You can't stand it!  
To make matters worse I gotta go to the studio with Bruno Mars  
On another planet! Don't get mad, I'm just saying  
Don't believe it 'cause I'm saying it,  
Believe it 'cause I'm telling ya!  
I'm doing the rapping and bussing, Ronson on the scratching & cutting!

C'mon! C'mon! Uhh! Feel right in this motherfucker (Right)  
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And we gon' rock this mother for ya (All night) Feel right in this motherfucker (Right)  
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My whole hood in this motherfucker (Right)  
And we gon' rock this mother for ya (All night) And we gon' rock this mother for ya! (All night)  
And we gon' rock this mother for ya! (All night)  
Yeah we gon' rock this mother for ya! (All night) Wooooooh! Get down!  
C'mon! Wait a minute now,  
Give it to 'em on the one! This the intermission  
I'll break it down so the people listen  
Take a second to wipe my sweat  
Might be the only chance you get to catch your breath  
Don't get too comfortable in here  
Better believe I'm bringing back the rumble in here  
Just when you thought you could cool down and sip some of that water  
Shit! I'm back!  
Say it again! Feel right in this motherfucker (Right)  
Feel good in this motherfucker (Right)  
My whole hood in this motherfucker (Right)  
And we gon' rock this mother for ya (All night) Feel right in this motherfucker (Right)  
Feel good in this motherfucker (Right)  
My whole hood in this motherfucker (Right)  
And we gon' rock this mother for ya (All night) And we gon' rock this mother for ya! (All night)  
And we gon' rock this mother for ya! (All night)  
Yeah we gon' rock this mother for ya! (All night) Ladies and gentlemen, one more time  
Put your hands together for Mystikal  
Don't it feel good?  
Ain't he making us feel good tonight?  
Thank you Mr. Ronson for bringing us together this evening  
We gon' go ahead and head over to the after party  
We'll see y'all uptown! C'mon!  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songlyrics.band/>