Turn Up

Daz Dillinger

All my ladies in the club turn up, turn up
All my fellows in the club turn up
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All my fellows in the club turn up

Get off your a** and get up
You said that you're down
N***a you ain't with us
We got bad b*****s lookin' at us
N***a what's up?
What's up?
She throws up
And the way she shakes that a**
She can make a couple hundred
From a caterpillar to a butterfly
From a lady to a woman
Don't make me turn up
And start just to do it

I start throwin' bombs at the b***h
Street money, no filthy rich
Bouncin' on that p***y
You bouncin' on my d**k
Say God damn!
3 bad b*****s in the middle a** week
I say god damn
So turn it up
For the daz

All my ladies in the club turn up, turn up
All my fellows in the club turn up,
All my ladies in the club turn up, turn
All my fellows in the club turn up

All I do is turn up
Og cush we burn up
Hold that brochure, don't concern us
Me and daddy back in the kitchen
Get the move
Hold your b***h
In the club they lovin' me
Every girl come huggin' me
In the state, in the club
Got a couple girls that are lovin' me

Bad hoes they love a swag
The ugly hoe be so mad
When I come through and they drop
They talk with a black man

All my ni***z they're rich homies
Ain't about money
That s**t is phony
Stay turn and not broke
You stay hurt and not broke

All my ladies in the club turn up, turn up

All my fellows in the club turn up
All my ladies in the club turn up, turn up
All my fellows in the club turn up

Yeah we bad, we bad

From Cali down South you know we got that sack
N***a, n***a, n***a eeny-miny-mo
Got molly, coke or dro
Where the bombers drop
When you find it let me know
If that p***y rolls
6 a** moving on
To the beat with an empty freak
Up she got to do
And you know I'm a real n***a
Burn up, burn up
And I'm a real b***h
Turn up, turn up

All my ladies in the club turn up, turn up
All my fellows in the club turn up
All my ladies in the club turn up, turn up
All my fellows in the club turn up