

The Turnup is Real

Problem

The turnup was real
Oh, red cup, fucked up, red cup, fucked up
Yeah, the turnup was real
All I can say is that the turnup was real
Bagging dust, yeah, got them bagging dust, fucked up

Every bitch looking good to me
Feeling like they watching me like a good movie
Baby thicker than a kush smoothly
Got a pretty ass face with a big booty
Oh, so I'm with it, heard about me from me girl
You should fuck with me
Guarantee I put it in, you be stuck with it
Knock it down like a motherfucker truck hit it
What? It's my time, tick tock
Molly and me and some rap, hop hip hop
Panties pull them to the side like a pit stop
You get wet I lick every damn drip drop
What?

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Let's go riding now, fuck away
Them niggas over there fin to start to fade
Looking dub niggas know what the deal
Boom bop, the turnup is real, damn
Hell yeah, young nigga I straight gushing
His little homie looking like he ready to start busting
Oh shit, he pull it out, he ain't coking
Ain't no doors but he fins to start knocking
2 shots, no bartender
Busting in the air like jocking off
He ain't hitting her like a virgin
Nah, cause the shit should never ever let it off
now I'm back on
Shit, the funk shit ain't going back up
Hm, like a car going in reverse
A nigga tripping, just know a nigga backed up

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Eyes all over, hands can't stop moving
Think it was over but the way a nigga grooving
When the beat start dropping I'm on one
Bout to give her all like I own some
But I don't know her, nah, nope
I'm just hella turnt Nigga where the [?], I'm tryina smoke
No facebook but I'm tryina poke
Her and friend, at the same damn time