

Turn Down

Rittz

(Turn up, Rittz!)
Shut up, bitch!

Light the weed, we gon burn that shit down
Lifted on the beat, bout to murder it now
Word on the street, you been running your mouth
Turn up on me, Imma turn that bitch down
Tryna turn up on me, Imma turn that bitch down
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Rittz, White Jesus, back for the second coming
Second time around I keep it extra slummy
Fuck what you repping, your record's crumby
For the check, I've been a grill, I'm feeling extra hungry
Too much of a veteran to ever let you slum me
Better check the rep, and plus I rep my county
Way before Gwinnett was ever called the north side
Ain't no way to argue with this shit, respect it homie
On the web, these punks be making threats to jump me
Taking pictures with your weapon, you flexing on me
Retros on, watch out where you stepping, clumsy
I ain't got a lot to lose, really next to nothing
And I'm beginning to feel like I'm a black guy
That's why I guess I got a bunch of ghetto ass white bitches tryna tat my
Name up on their titty, keep on turning up and one of them will give a bitch
a black eye

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Turn up, turn up
All they ever say is turn up
They know me all around the world, Australia to Europe
There's levels to this shit, and I'm a different caliber of
MC, and you the kind nobody ever heard of
Don't try to play the lead, I Hannibal a murder, murder
Come out the stirrup, serve up these rappers solo cup
Pour some sprite and some syrup
You're drunk, let's shoot a bird up
They need an article of me in the Atlanta Journal
Constitution, pay homage to me, they should paint a mural
Of me on 85, my shit is a brochure of
Gwinnett, respect the way I did it and didn't switch up a minute
The nerve of these haters, some of them deserve a
Beating, you couldn't touch it if you wanted to, like you're a
Germaphobic taking over shit, and then I'm sure of
Determination, what you mad I made it? better cheer up

It's bloody murder every time I burn up, cause like

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Two years in a row I got skipped on the freshman cover
Got me feeling some type of way
And I ain't hating on the rappers they picked, but I'm on the Atlanta tour
Selling records, no competition inside my lane
Up at the hip hop awards, killed the cypher
Paved the way for Gwinnett County, bitch you know I'm Slum
You can listen to my first album
And see where some of these double time rappers got their whole style from
Nobody's talking shit about me cause they know I'll come
And turn em down, I'm not a rapper to show out on
And Clientele was the crew that I grew up with
But even if I was alone, outgunned, I'd still call you a bitch
I'm pissed and far from rich
Still crawling on the bottom and I solemnly swear
I had White Jesus in my crockpot before Ross said walking on air
Bout to light the

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