

The Reason

Stevie Stone

We we gon' be the reason why the people turnin' up
We gon' be the reason why the people turnin up
(when the people turnin up)
We we gon' be the reason
We gon' be the reason why the people turnin up
Got em
We gon' be the reason
We gon' be the reason
We gon' be the reason
We we gon' be the reason
When the people turnin up
We gon' be the reason
We gon' be the reason why the people turnin

Getting back to the basics
Couple birds in the stash
One stone on the mic
Archiving the lack
Back wood with some head cushion and a sprinkle of hash
Bad bitch from Miami, she let me feel on that ass
I'm going dumb dumb dumb
Bringing em out
Make my way through the middle north western hips to the south
What you think this a game
Bitch I'm calling em out
Heading down outta lane I detoured on the route
They said that I'm over rated
Pussy I beg to differ
You want that
Dumb dumb dumb
Then I'm that nigga
Snake and Bat on my chest
Zodiac is alright
Alter ego is animal put it on on the line
Bitch I'm breathing I'm live and well and I'm leading the line
Get the memo about momentum then read through the lines
Got some hoes I could feel em
Be the loco to kill em
Northern people been waiting
And telling me go get em
I got em

I'm hot I'm drunk
My bodies warming up
I'm sipping on the clear couple limes in the cup
A couple bad dames in the corner rolling up
They bouncing off the walls got the people turnin up
And you know I brought my posse got Picasso on that rossy
Frizzle said that bitches wanna thizzle
Heads sloppy
But she want it
Rhythmic Puertorican call me papi
She was sipping on that vodka triple shit kamikaze
Yeah my zombies my zombies meet me in the lobby
Ripper and that money with Bonny and Kani
Kani get bunati, tattoos on that body
She don't cause trouble and they don't bother no body

They just go
Do it cuz they know
And we gon' be the reason why the people hit the floor
I see they like this season cuz the people want more
I get it how I live when I walk up to the door make em turn it up.

Yup I'm going through it coat done
Bobby Brown mouth Sammy David junior molly tongue
Hit the bong real tshh
Smoke blew it out my mother fucking lungs
Now I'm coughing up that fluid oh my god I'm so numb
I go dumb I get stupid
I might need resuscitation
All these substance I'm abusing
And I need my medication I go crazy I might lose it
Get back up like Uncle Bernie when I start to hear the music
Zombie out your fucking body then it don't even matter
Smoking drinking snow leaning nigga four piece platter
Got your club turnt up volume pumped to the maximum
Do it big keep it strange mane when we traveling
Weed and this other thing ;Mayday! got the marinade
Party with the zombies till the bodies hit the barricade
Maybe at a Tech N9ne show I got some head in an alley
From a drunk white bitch that thought I was Krizz Kali
Turn Up