

Turn My Music Up

Audio Push

I'm a go right in. Look

40 call it oil me I'm sippin' on that vinegar
Darks and lights get it together Yo girl want me I'm gettin' her
So turn music up because I like my iish loud
And bring yo girl here because I like yo girl now
And she gone bring it now because now's betta than later
And I caint remeber the last time I thought about a hater
So I'm out here get it in, I suggest you pop it with me
And yo girl like push ups she gone drop and give me 50
She say she really think that I'm the best right now
And I'm the reason her boyfriend got dreads right now
I told her that's really homo and besides that I don't know em
And she said never that I jus seen you and I made him grow em
Alright let me slow it down I'm swaggin' too tough
Tats out and my mama say I be saggin' too much
I laugh at rappers that say Oktane be braggin' too much
Boy I'm the best at this rappin' and when you rappin' you suck
Even though I feel like there's no competition to me
I focus cause the tell me there's competition to be
They tell me play your position my position's the peak
And, my brain's the only composition for heat
Because all I see is money and I count it everyday
And boy I barely got to April and I'm all booked up for May
So tell me how ya face lookin' baby what you gone say
And if you listenin' my verses cost potna better pay
(I tell 'em)

Turn my music up [x8]

Eight-o-eights and loud snares I'm a fan of that
Yea you gone be losin' yo girl chosin' once the camera snaps
Can't touch this watch me hit 'em with the hammer rap
This beat bang show me where the bandana at
I make moves on you dudes and watch you lolly gag
B.O.Dub we got em mad money bag with a lot of cash
Yo hottie pass she highly glad Body stashed in a bodybag
I take fees on the daily and I make beats with a lot of swagg
Girl you know my song why I gotta play it
Spittin' on you niggas they like say it don't spray it
Wodie came to the crib and I had to night and day it
Video on youtube and she love to replay it
You want the beat killed audio gone get it done
We just bring the heat like a bullet from a prison gun
Price check the prints just the brother of a peasant son
Ex girl badder than your future and your present one
Shouts to my girl Weeby she love me when she see me
My music up so loud and all the cars around go beep beep
I got a little freak freak that love to late night sheet creep
She stay in Arizona but Rialto's where she meet me
But she love to complain always talkin bout I'm cheap cheap
Say I'm holdin out girl close yo mouth and don't you speak please
She say can I have some money better spend that EBT
Go to KFC and all I get her is a 3-piece
Matter of fact you might know the girl I think her name is Phoebe
If there was a difficulty level on it she'll be easy
She always getting smart and like to tell me she don't need me

But I'm flyer than her man because he dirt like where the feet be
Oh yea yal mad be forget what I was sayin
Now back to my beat and the way that it is bangin'
The game need changes I'm flippin' and rearragnin'
Alcohol to the wound now they old flow stankin