

# One Way

Bizzle

I ain't turning down nothing but my collar  
You want that truth? Holler  
Tryna give it to the world 'fore it burn up  
I only know one way: turn up  
Turn up, turn up, turn up, turn up  
Turn up, turn up, turn up, turn up  
Turn up, turn up, turn up, turn up  
I only know one way: turn up

Real cool cat, never lukewarm  
But this my second time around, now I'm in my zone  
And if you entertained I hope you entertain  
How we rock for the Rock like it ain't a thang  
It's still DBGSPH  
If you was thinking we gon' stop homie we ain't  
BET, ESPN  
But they don't mean a thing if He don't let me in  
It's more that a movement of music more then just something we doing  
Living this so it's our lifestyle  
Plus we neighborhood hope dealing burst to the hood gon' feel us  
Cause hope is something they needing right now  
So turn down for what  
I wait for your reply  
He died and He rose  
And He chose me which shows me I can not be denied

I really ain't turning down nothing but my collar  
Feel me before you hear me young scholar  
If Peter Piper picked a pair of peppers all up in your  
Garden would you guard it with you life or would you pardon him  
Oh no no they started him here we go again  
With metaphoric types symbolism I can't help it  
I'm a helper like some tuna for your hunger So turn me up  
Like I was playing tuba for drummers in a marching band  
I came and I saw and I conquered okay  
I know who I am if I don't I just pray  
There's a harp in my heart so like David I play  
And if that's not your pleasure okay then just shake  
I'm 'bout to bake it up I know one way to trust and that's in God  
I'm in a jungle with a tiger and he got the lesser odds  
I'm less involved with the perpetrators bumping on the guns  
Really out here in these streets and I let the song thump like

Aye, Bizzle in tha' billin'  
The war's on get in when ya' fit in  
It's a war zone some of them are flippin' on the mission  
Hit the war wrong now again the fillin' for the fillin'  
You ain't know I'm for the most high God  
I don't talk about the war let my toast not pop  
I'm a christian homie I am on my job  
They say I ride like I'm with that bow tie mob  
He the ruler we the doers  
Move the Word like Caron you vein we da' shooters  
They sayin' I'm the truth but Yeshua be the truest  
And the truth I'm just tryna do it like He do it

Yelling God over money I did chase cash  
Woulda been up in a pent on a Benz straight mac  
Cause He came at a price that I just can't match  
I ain't tryna have my kids pay that GOM