

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