

# Tiimmy Turner

Designer

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Grrrrraaaah  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Git, git, git, git  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Git, git, git, git  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Git, git, git, git  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
(Vador)  
Little Timmy Turner  
Git, git, git, git

Tiimmy, Tiimmy, Tiimmy Turner  
He was wishin' for a burner  
To kill everybody walkin'  
He knows that his soul in the furnace  
Fuck bitch on BET  
Have her walkin', she fuckin' for BET  
Wildin' for wallet  
Kill everybody walkin'  
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Young boy walkin', wishin' for a burner  
Four, five, six, ten ratchets on 'em  
Ten niggas with 'em, ten clappin' on 'em  
Dead niggas with 'em, dead niggas, get 'em  
Four-five rip 'em, four-five zip 'em  
You talk money, young niggas get 'em  
Young niggas get 'em

Beluga, beluga, beluga  
I fell in love with the Ruger  
I fell in love with my jeweler  
I fell in love with the mula  
Banana clips is going through ya  
It's all about the rule  
It's all about the move  
It's all about the rules

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Tiimmy (Git, git, git)  
Tiimmy Turner (Git, git, git)  
Eh, yeah he wish had a burner  
Young nigga move and he kill with confirma  
You get hit, nigga, left with earner  
Choppa move, nigga, both want it

You get hit down in both summers  
I got niggas rollin' dat would be dead with it  
Choppa move, nigga, roll him with it  
You get choke down, roll, load and get  
Hit a nigga up, reload the semi  
Gotta flow over demon  
Thinking all about Tiimmy  
Just the thought of them with me  
All my killas said they with me

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