

Turn It Up

Grits

When i come through the door
They already on the floor
That's my song, turn it up
Hey mr. DJ, put that song on replay
Its hot, burn it up

I know you came to move, this beat should make you groove
(It ain't loud enough DJ turn it up)
I know you came to move, this beat should make you groove
(I'm headed to the floor crank it up some more)

DJ, you the music and watch them loose it
You get the party on, they can't refuse it
Turn it up one then expose it
Hands up, make the feeling rollup
Hit them with the bass
Rewind and then wash up the place
Slow down and then pick up the pace
Fresh Bars cuz them shut down the place
You hear me DJ
Put the music on replay
US, Mexico, UK
— something, so dance yeah!

Don't stop the feeling you get
When the beat hit
It's blown from within
Compose different blends
When it starts to pound
The Feeling's great,
it Combinates in the sound
Describing the vibe ain't easy live
We've tried other rhythms impressed since '95
Like yeah, Yeah, YeaH, YEAH
(It ain't loud enough, DJ Turn it up!)
Stop playing so serious wit it
Got plans much bigger than a benz —
Bumpin' #10 in it
No, I ain't got a benz
But I've been and am still in it!
To the right, to the left then stop
To the front, to the back then drop
You hear her, run that on replay
and somebody please tip the DJ

Now, they bouncin off the walls
Ain't no sanity at all
Can't nobody get enough
Only ten minutes to sunrise
We've been dancing all night....

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