

Turnt Up

Lupe Fiasco

Microphone check, I make them all bounce
Every teller in Bank of America, make them all count
You gone need the whole staff to add up the amount
It's going to take to pay me off to keep me out your house

To keep me in my zone so that I don't zone out
I'm Rich (Boy) and Po (low the Don) like Zone 4, thoughts is de
ep like Tone Loc
Walk with me like old folk, cross your street a score's goaled
I don't rap, I hockey rink, cause my flow is so cold

I am on my "mmhmm," they are on they "Oh, No!"
I am really in here/hair, they ain't real like Soul Glo
Don't you know I'm so sure, them nigga's got no glow
Find a master 'fore you can come back into the dojo

Lupe got his mind right, nigga this is my mic
And I've come to take it all back like Miller High Life
He must not be tied tight, back against the wall
He will throw a ball like he playing Jai Alai

I'll do the register, you just get them fries right
I don't trust America after watching Zeitgeist
Take a look at my stripes, chest looks like a tiger arm
and I'm hot as tiger balm, fire like a five-alarm

And it's set to Tire Barn, Get your fire-fighter on
I ain't worried about you hoes/hose, I don't even need to roll
I turn down your ex like how you put your tires on
Once I get these tires on, I buy a bomb and tie it on

And ride this around the entire song, find a line to drive it o
n
Park it near a metaphor, wait for it, the timer's on
You can turn your hydrants on, I'll just turn my wipers on
Wipe it off then wipe me down but don't forget about my bomb