

Turn It Up

Papoose

Turn it up (6x)

I let the fifth go
You know my MO
This Lou sneaky ass dudes tryin' to tip toe
Catch 'em in the disco stamp 'em in the tim bows
I pale rappers out and pull 'em all misinformed
Ye I heard him flow but I got a sick flow
This Louie prick flow ain't harder then my chick flow
I was on strip though letting the fifth go
Since jamaicans was in the club singing dimbo
Turn it up and get low homie I rip shows
I ain't hard to find man you know my zip code
1123 3 official
If you ain't know your chick know you jumping out the
window
Riding into whip slow iced out fitted low
Like a chick with some nice hips like Miss Jones
Throw the flow like bro man from the fifth floor
Stiff blows like vitaly clips go bust your whole shit
wow

Turn it up (6x)

I bust their ass on the mixtapes
Now I'm 'bout to bust them on their album
They calling a hip hop cops
I see 'em dialing
Puff daddy said bad boys move in silence
So I put the silencer on when I get villin
Streets know the album is hot that's why they willin
Got the chills right from Clinton to writing sillin
'Cause I free their minds from the fountains
This style represent freedom, you can call it freestyle
Thuga, thuga we the best just like Khaled
Deep like the Woo when they first came out of Shilen
Big truck I'm riding 'em east housing
I don't feed no pie holes I'm straight lounging
Y'all acting like y'all wolves then start howling
Attack like a cat react when they smell salmon
Before the deal, show money hundreds of thousands
Laughed all the way to the bank and still smiling

Turn it up (6x)

Light skin girls like it from the back
Brown skin girls ride it like a cadillac
But the dark skin girls yea they the truth
You know it's the blacker the berry the sweeter the
juice
Now we can order sore food and eat on a stu
Or we can hit the highway in the seat of the coupe
Talk about your childhood go deepen your roots
I'm layed back you massaging me, feeding me fruit
Your ex-man keep calling he beef and he loose
But he a telephone thug I ain't beefing with you
I'm gully as hell why you all bummy as hell

Y'all ugly and frail while pop dummies and shell
The block want me to sale what's not for me to fail
Ain't locked up in a cell you cocksuckers would tell
The cops want me in jail I got money for bail
This track was produced by Sha Money XL

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