

Turn Yo Clic Up

Quavo

I love you Atake

He want the scoop, she want the tea (She want the tea)
I cannot speak, we keepin' it street (We keepin' it street)
I took a loss, but you still gon' get beat (You still gon' get beat)
How much it cost, it never been cheap (It never been)
Turn your clique up dawg (Turn 'em up)
Turn your bitch up dawg (Turn her up)
Tying these streets, can't cross it (Cross 'em up)
All these streets need bosses (Boss 'em up)
Turn your clique up dawg (Turn 'em up)
Turn your bitch up dawg (Turn her up)
Tying these streets, can't cross it (Cross 'em up)
All these streets need bosses (Go)

If my dawg get low on his pockets, I'm pickin' em' up (Soo)
We came from the bottom together, my nigga, we get it, we splittin' it up
Yeah, my bitch tell me "Pay for the pussy"
I take her ass shoppin' and tell her "Shut up" (Ssh)
Standin' on business
Standin' on bitches ain't nothin' to part that shit up (Swoo)
It ain't nothin' to turn a bitch up
It ain't nothin' to turn your clique up (Ain't nothin')
Shit, we turned the jeweler up, just look at the diamonds, we bust (Yeah)
Look at the people we touched, shit, I'm feelin' like Puffy and Ross (Yeah)
I'm sendin' this shit like a toilet, lil nigga, so nasty, I never been flush
ed (Ugh, nasty, go)
Bulletproof Brabus it came with a kit on it (Kit, skrr, skrr)
The switch it too light, it kick if you spit on it (Kick, frr, grrah, frr)
Hundreds of bands, I put that lil' shit on 'em (Shit, hee, ooh, hee)
Dope in my hand, I had to go flip somethin' (Flip it, flip, go, it's gone)

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Big dawg status, Bal Harbour
I bought Lenox mall for my brothers
Goyard bag, tote the cutter
I got it out the field, fuck Russell
Go and ask Lori about the Patek, then go and ask Joie ask Dess
Phillipe water, tryna drown a bitch, it's a habit trickin' on a bitch
Shit, I'm thinkin' I could've been a pimp
Shit, I'm cookin' up dope like it's dinner
Shit, I come from Zone 6 niggas trippin'
Shit, I'm floatin', I'm higher than a blimp
Shit, it look like I'm swimmin' in glass
Shit, I turn up my bitch, 'cause she bad

Shit, I'm makin' her ex-nigga mad
Shit, they go for the bag Imma smash
Real nigga let her securin' the bag
Pipin' the bitch and then act like I care
Turn up with shooters with switches go bad
Stay with some scammers, my dawg movin' packs
Trappin', no rapping my dawg, he fall off, no cap, I'm buyin' him a brick
Fuck on your bitch then I told her to call off, actually, I'm makin' her qui
t
Painkiller, got my lil' demons on go, they ready, hit with the stick
Painkillers, got my lil' bitch on go, she ready to eat up the dick
My main hitters, call up the gang members, they was already on a lick
Hangin' with Migos, all these drugs and guns, think we Mexican
(Freeband)

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