

## Turn It Up

Sheek Louch

Ok Ok Ok ok ok

Y.O. where you at? (Oh!) Bronx where you at? (Oh!)  
Harlem where you at? (Oh!) Brooklyn where you at?  
Queens!)

Now what you know about me  
I got this rap shit down to a tee  
Grams to a half, half to a key  
If these alone 'gon cause me a G

My flow too deadly baby  
No fakin hold the hammer steadily baby  
No shakin you still wanted to pop off  
Until I come through slow with the top off

You ain't real you just a knock off  
why'all ain't sick that's just a light light cough  
Sheek heavy in the hood  
Rims spin heavy in the hood dash heavy with wood

Niggaz try get me if they could  
But they know the handle is wood and my aim is good  
Sheek keeps it real, from the streets to the motherfuckin yards at jail  
(Let's go)

I don't know what you thinkin but a party ain't a party unless you drinkin  
And, I don't know what's all the drama  
But he keep on frontin better call his mama  
And, I don't know what you thinkin but a party ain't a party unless you drin  
kin  
And, I don't know what's all the drama  
But he keep on frontin better call his mama, and

Nah, I ain't thuggin I'm here to party  
And I, I don't party I'm here to thug  
I don't know taste this drink I think it's drugged  
Then ummm, he keep talkin he will get plugged

Listen, tell shorty I got the hot tub  
If she try and wash a little sweat off from the club  
And, tell her friends they could come if they want  
'Cause my niggaz got a line full of whips in the front

And, I know you playmate of the month  
And you model for Vicky see (Say what?!)  
But ain't no runway here and you ain't there  
So you might as well let us skeet, bitch, ha ha!

Ok, ok ok ok (Let me see who else in hear, let's go)  
New York where you at? (Oh!) Cali where you at? (Oh!)  
Miami where you at? (Oh!) Atlanta where you at? (Oh!)

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And, I don't know what's all the drama  
But he keep on frontin better call his mama  
And, I don't know what you thinkin but a party ain't a party unless you drin  
kin

And, I don't know what's all the drama  
But he keep on frontin better call his mama, and

It ain't nothin but a word to come out the trunk on these cats  
With this that and a third  
But Sheek tryin to chill  
Get up on somethin go over there and ice your grill

Damn! All these chicks in here, all this ass for free  
And you want to stare at me?!  
I don't know what you thinkin or what you drinkin  
But you better go and get some ass before

I don't know what you thinkin but a party ain't a party unless you drinkin  
And, I don't know what's all the drama  
But he keep on frontin better call his mama, and  
And, I don't know what you thinkin but a party ain't a party unless you drinkin  
And, I don't know what's all the drama  
But he keep on frontin better call his mama, and

Yeah! Cocoa Channelle whattup ma!  
This it right here! ha ha! we got 'em! D-Block!  
Out!