

Turn It Up

Tonedeff

Turn it Up! Turn it Up!
Drama King! (Drama King)
In The Mix (In the mix with Kay Slay!)
Tonedeff - (In this bitch)/
QN5 - (we the shit)
Turn It Up!! (Turn It Up!!)

V1 - TONEDEFF

See, now I'd bet a fuckin G, you prolly thinkin', now, who the fuck
is this misfit/
Proving something on this mix, Dude this must be a misprint/
True, im bumpin this list, trick, move, I'm snuffing these bitch kid
s
Y'all niggas is bout as sweet as the nugget stuffed in them twix sti
cks/
It's Tonedeff, the nigga dat cuts through these suckas with swift li
ps/
Clueless fuckers get wigs split, Rumors come but they're dismissed/
Fooling us with a quick switch? Tuned to some other mix disc/
Would be like finding Nas with the Blueprint bumping in his whip/
Fools get dumped in a ditch, just rudely fronting like big fish/
Now, print this, The Plague, bitch, crews don't want it with this cl
ique/
You was hunting for tidbits, then you found the Archetype and
K-Slay, the playa with the most exclusive cuts in the bizness/
My shit is a little bit more than the human tongue can omit/
Hit floosies up where their slits drip, do this under their clit lid
s/
Columbian & Cuban blood under this skin,
Who can touch the description of a psuedo-super-
pun with a slim trim/
I'm - the new and improved functioning whiz with Luger-lungs/
And the fitness to the deliver the most brutal bumps to these dim wi
ts/
I'm Driven as if I threw a clutch in the stick shift/
One listen'll strip 30 years from your life, shit, music this comes
with a pension/
Intensive, administration of a million tooth-puncturing pin-pricks/
From all of your minions to the bastard who fronts your equipment/
Disaster soon comes in a instant/
To pussy virtual tools, like Lara Croft with a two guns tucked in he
r midriff/
Dig this busted youth becoming so twisted/
Kids'll request Smilez & Southstar more than the true 100% shit/
QN5 is the governing imprint/
That's bludgeoning opposition with the indifference of a grandmothe
r who would smother an infant/
I'll leave you stunned as I come to admit this/
Yo, son, nah, really... you're nice... and J.Lo's pussy's a wonderful Ch
ristian/
I'm adjusting my lenses... niggas really looked thug from a distance/
But the minute you come close, you see the slump in their limp wrist

/

And I'm plugging your chick, dig? it's nothing tremendous/
See... I loan her the cock, and you're stuck with the interest/
Her lust won't allow her to front or resist this/
Stiff dick that so big, that Tonedeff get counted as a couple in the
census/
Punch with a clenched fist, rupturing defenses, till your only fear
is survival/
I will spit scriptures that embarrass the bible/
Go ahead, spit, You're still wearing the title? Then back it's back
to your place/ I'll say you're wack to your face, faster than simon f
rom American Idol.