

Turf

Xavier Wulf

I'm smokin' in rotation
Situations gettin' tough
I don't give no fuck bout none of you niggas
That ain't a bluff
I pull up make em hush
Pulled up like I'm in a rush
I get jiggy with the violence I could never get enough
I'm smokin' in rotation
Situations gettin' worse
How long will it take to get this boy a hearse?
I'm actin like a jerk
Don't care bout nothin' but the work
Now you understand why these suckas gettin' hurt
I came up from the dirt
I'm going hard for what it's worth
I'm smoking in rotation
I can't deal with them on earth
Now I'm in the stars turnin' towns into my turf
I'm Mr. Excellent I was born to bring the hurt
(You Bitch)

You should see me maneuver
I can't get any smoother (nigga)
I was workin' on cooper
But let's talk bout the future (prick)
I'm the shit I'm manure
You full of shit like the sewer
You don't fuck with me do ya?
Like I did something to ya
You ain't shit you a loser
I'm a boss hallelujah (bitch)
Yeah I stayed up at night
Yeah I prayed for this life (nigga)
Yeah I started that fight
I partied harder that night
I'm spectacular you niggas averager
I'm riding passenger
I drive by ya flip ya off and laugh at ya
Throw a bag of trash at ya
My bitch flashes ya and I ain't even mad at her (nigga)
Gettin' sicker and sicker
I got all of the symptoms (doc)
I got drugs in my system
Hell yeah I'm a victim (trick)