

# Turbulence

Esham

10..9..8

Ignition sequence start, engines on

5..4..3..2..1

All engines running, launch commence

I'm high up in the air, I'm feeling the turbulence  
But when it comes to work, I'm magnificent serving it  
(2x)

Street lords to my niggas, cheddar boy, clockin' figures  
Only fuck with the work, just to make my pockets bigger  
Keep my finger on the trigger, of a AK,  
Deliver

One shot to yo dome, I'll make your whole soul quiver  
Shiver like the cold winter, like Detroit in December  
Yo bitch kept beggin me, to put the dick up in her  
She was riding on it hard, and feeling the turbulence  
I hit it from the back, but she said I was hurtin it  
She told me not to cum, right before I was squirtin it  
I fuckin' get up, right after I do my dirt in it  
I make the bed rock, but my name a Rita Mosely  
Whole ki', 36 Oz.'s, a little whoadie

I'm high up in the air, I'm feeling the turbulence  
But when it comes to work, I'm magnificent serving it  
(2x)

Reel life's my production, no you niggas aint fuckin'  
Wit' nothing that I'm doin'  
I was raised up in the ruins  
And I'm high up in the air and I'm feeling the turbulence  
Flying on my magic carpet rockin' a turban, bitch  
Droppin' bombs on mothafuckers well deserving it  
Comin through beatin' down the block disturbin' shit  
Esham possessed, by the sons of Saddam  
When I go to sleep, I dream about money, power, and bombs  
Bitch, you better recognize, the boss of the mob  
Niggas soaking all my game up, like Spongebob  
Squarepants  
I don't dance, I boogie, it's true  
I cut the head off the devil, and I'll throw it at you

I'm high up in the air, I'm feeling the turbulence  
But when it comes to work, I'm magnificent serving it  
(2x)

May-day, May-Day, throw the coke out on the runway  
If the D.E.A. come my way, they gettin' gunplay  
I'm doin' about 100, the wrong way up the runway  
I wish it was a Monday, but it was a black Sunday  
I was high up in the air, and feeling the turbulence  
Jumpin' out of planes, wit' no parachute, on some bird shit  
Flying through the air, with the greatest of ease  
Things fall to they knees, snitches tell the police  
We be high up in the air, and feelin' the turbulence  
Floating on the black benz, blowing the purple shit  
Just like the hood, when the ghetto birds circle it

Infrared search light, I just might murk you bitch!

I'm high up in the air, I'm feeling the turbulence  
But when it comes to work, I'm magnificent serving it  
(2x)