

# Turn Me Up Some

Busta Rhymes

Yeah, turn me up some  
Fuck goin' on? Yo! Uncle Darren, what up brother?  
Yeah, yeah Flipmode  
See we got a whole,  
We got a gift wrapped package for you mother fuckers  
Yeah, yo yo yo yeah

Bust it, I stay rippin' a niggah track so hotter than wax yo  
So tell me why you act so?  
Yo I max 'cause I make make a niggah black  
Till it's time to relax yo or until you all collapse so  
Fuck it it's hardly that the God is gettin' tired  
You don't wanna say that could catch a cardiac relapse niggah  
What, the God is back see you don't want nothing  
No matter how you react, blows to black and blue you frontin' ya back

Choose whatever the route that you choose  
Wounds so horrendous from frensicsing it to analyzing the bruise  
Blows we never come in singular they comin' in twos  
My crew be startin' the ruckus once I give them the cues  
To blast from the triggers that'll bust from all of my dudes  
Be the shit that make you niggahs run up outta ya shoes  
We make you back down havin' the facts down  
With all the noise we be makin' you could even see the shit on the news Word  
up, see you don't know nothing about it

Turn me up some, yo, the heat from off the street'll burn you up some  
Yo, the shit I'm sure to spit'll hurt you up some, I'm sayin'  
But you don't know nothin' about it  
Turn me up some, yo, I drink a fifth of yak and hurl it up some  
Yo, just bang it in the truck and turn it up some, I'm sayin'

Now watch me dead a niggah fast like them bitches with no ass  
You corny niggahs low class, yo, I flash on 'em  
Then I go and smash couple a hoes and then splash on 'em  
Flickin' a 'lil ash on them  
From the blunt we smokin' keep a chick chokin'  
Got them open with flows I suppose  
And make them soak in they clothes  
Keep the shit that make them sniff and make them open they nose

Got them fucked up stuck just like they strikin' a pose  
Yo, we gainin' weight, na it's just my pockets is swole  
From keepin' niggahs wilin' wild they drivin' smackin' the pole  
A one two, yeah, you see see perhaps while I hold me a stack  
Hater niggahs block holdin' me back  
Yo you fool niggahs plottin' against the God best be holdin' a strap  
'Cause how we commin' through you know it's a rap  
Move with a crew of Guerrilla dudes who know when to clap  
Or blow some shit from off of the earth or the face of the map

Yo so take that, once we give it to you ain't no fakin' a jack  
It's funny how you find your face in a trap  
Little bitch niggah frontin' like he ready to scrap  
You better off actin' pussy tryna gimme a dat  
Stayin' focus on fulfillin' a dream  
The way we spark up and spit a fire the flame probably killin' your team Fuc

k it, see now we harbor helicopters, turn the shit up  
If you and your peoples ain't hearin' me proper I'm sayin'  
See you don't know nothing about it

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