

Turnt Up

Chris Webby

Like nah nah nah
Nah nah nah, nah nah nah
Nah nah nah
Nah nah nah, nah nah nah

C Web in the booth and I speak it real
Got another beat to kill
And I be roasting motherfuckers
Rest In Peace Patrice O'Neil
Roll up another blunt
Now how that Diesel feel?
Got me swerving man
Who the fuck gave me the wheel?
Who the fuck gave me these pills?
Now I'm off in another dimension
In need of an intervention
Cause these drugs are too fucking expensive
But I'm feeling terrific dude
Banging these broads with no fucking protection
Yeah, what were you saying babe?
I wasn't paying any fucking attention
Rumbling engine, rolling up in my Camaro and cruise
Living it like a pirate man
Always got me a barrel of booze
Skipping the food
Go right for the tiramisu
Sippin' and rippin' the bubbler
Puffing until I can barely move
Lay back and then stare at the moon, ooh
Bippidy bobbidy boo
Webby be rippin' it properly too
Hipping and hopping and rambling shit
Cause these pills I've been popping have got me confused
Screwed up, burn it down
Light it up, pass it around
I'm a bad boy bitch
You didn't know? You know it now

We just doin' what we doin', and we'll never give a fuck
Put some liquor in my bottle and some ganja rolled up
We just livin' like whatever and we'll never have enough
Bout to get this motherfucker turned up (turned up)

Like nah nah nah
Nah nah nah, nah nah nah
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I'm not the one you want a problem with
Positive, you better follow it
Swear I'm ready for whatever standing in front of my mirror
Supporting my confidence
A little weed, you could throw it on top of this
We get it poppin', yo bitch gettin' topless
Now that you know, niggas adopting the flow
Niggas can't stop this shit
The problem is we won't acknowledge it

But me and Webby (I wanna get that)
If that nigga wanna get mad, sit up and get up
And fuck that (get that)
Now I'm playing like a kid on the black top
Got the juice with a flat top
You got a flat face
Bad boy, it's a bad day
Look at me sideways, and I'mma hit you with a uppercut
Too cold, better bundle up
Huddle up cause we comin' up
Turnt up, finna fuck it up
I guarantee that the crowd go crazy
When I hit the stage, you could bet a hunnit bucks
Boy we out here grindin'
Smoking the finest, getting the highest
Getting the mommas, you know when I'm coming
Just smell for the ganja
Vegas; soldierz, takin' over
Traveling and taking shots
Tattoo shops, don't forget the place to rock
I need a nasty girl to taste the cock
In the office, running all over these niggas
Like bitches, you niggas is softer than niggas
That just got to prison, this Project X shit is real
Somebody pass the god damn liquor

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That rap phenomenon
Inked up, looking like Comic Con, Rasta mon
H.A.M. on the mic, no Ramadan
Go on and on, and leave with a soccer mom
Cause I kill that beat
Roll one up in that Swisher Sweet
Sticky green, sticky green
With orange hairs, like Pete and Pete
Flowing double time when I freak the beat
Holding up mine when I hit the street
Burn so much, I be high for weeks
Spit it so dirty, I need new sheets
My grinder's full, and I ain't talkin turkey, cheese
I'm talking AK47, Purple Kush and Sour D
Put it in the bowl, I'll get a dutchie rolled
Sprinkle some keef on it, and then away we go
Get in the flow, lighting up heady to dro
Partying on, got that confetti to throw
Killing the spot from the moment
That Webby'll step in the door
Hit some shit, got my pencil gripped
Instrumental ripped, living life
Above the law, and way under the influence
Getting mine while the price high
What can I say? I'm pretty fly for a white guy

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We just livin' like whatever and we'll never have enough
Bout to get this motherfucker turned up (turned up)