

Turn It Out (Intro)

Jermaine Dupri

Spit at the world
My lyrics, I could spit at your girl
Spit when I hurl, spit on the Dutch and finish the twirl
Spit facts, spit on whacks my whole lifetime
Spit on my watch, make the ice shine
Spit trife lines, .44 spit slugs out
Ready to thug out at the clubhouse
Chickens who lickin' or spit a nut out
My name within itself is a language that bring you wealth
Careful, comin' at me is like hangin' yourself at a.....
I know you thought I'd be locked up
Dead by now, shot up, full of lead by now
Got up wit' JD doh', crazy dough
Queens with the So So Def, A-T-L's best (yeah I know)
Every ride up the 9-5, fly friendly skies
Thug passion for J Doves, Henneys for Nas
Then we mix that shit, tip that shit
Pass it around, hook the hood, everybody get wit' it

Through thick and thin, from beginning to the end
Never do I lose, all I do is win
Cause Queens Bridge is in the house
This is Nas Escobar and I turns it out
Through thick and thin, from beginning to the end
Never do I lose, all I do is win
Cause Collin Park is in the house
They call me Don Chi Chi and I turns it out

I'm sumpin' y'all dread like locks, get bread by the flocks
Bitches love me and I'm duggy from the head to the socks
Too much to handle, here da man of the year
Hit rooms and light'em up like a chandelier
From C-P to the Bridge, y'all know what it is
Been gettin' money like this since I was a kid
I'm in the corner with bitches and buckets of Cris
Pourin' at the most goin'est nigga wit' shit that showin' it
Now look at my ice, look at your ice, DAMN
Look at my life, look at your life, DAMN
See, I got niggas wantin' to drop me, top me, stop me
Copy Chi to the T cause I'm nice in the 3 black same color AMG's
T.V's, front and back pack with nuttin' but ladies
You can look up or down, right or left
But all you gon' hear and see is So So Def

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Touch the whole global with cold vocals and dark words
Vocal cords translate what my drunk heart slurs
Chest clogged up with sparkled up herb, I feel faint
Tryin' to hold myself together, coulda spilt my own drink

All I hear is beats bumpin', I'm seein' in doubles
Last thing I need to happen is to be in a scuffle
Where my dogs at? These ain't my niggas I loah
Help the guard, forgot my niggas took some girls to the car
Tryin' to make it through the crowd, which way is out?
Which way is around? These grimy motherfucker's pointin' me out
I wish I had the drink, but then I'm too intoxicated to aim and put the clip in
It's like the floor's wet and every step is like I'm slippin'
And yo, I can't lose a step, I feel my enemies followin'
All I got as a weapon is this Hennessee bottle
I'm talkin' to myself, my peoples should be stickin' with me
Somebody grabbed me up, "Yo Nas, come take this picture wit' me"
My ice strillon, I'm feelin' my arm
Thought my Roley was gone, now I wanna swing but I'm calm
Still got that, DJ musta threw on another hot track
Think it was this one here, bounce to that
Too much Thug Passion and smokin'
Made it outside, mouth wide, vomittin', gaggin' and chokin'
From behind, niggas plottin' and scopin'
Everything was blurry at first, but now shit is movin' in slow motion
I saw my niggas pull up, Perelli's they skidded
They open the car door and toss-ed me in it
My cats tried to rob me, the crowd was rowdy
But one thing's for sure, So So Def know how to party

All night long {'til when?}
Til the early morn (it don't stop)
And uh (it don't quit)
And uh (So So Def with the dope shit, bitch!)