

## Turn It Up

Papoose

Turn it up (6x)

I let the fifth go  
You know my MO  
This Lou sneaky ass dudes tryin' to tip toe  
Catch 'em in the disco stamp 'em in the tim bows  
I pale rappers out and pull 'em all misinformed  
Ye I heard him flow but I got a sick flow  
This Louie prick flow ain't harder then my chick flow  
I was on strip though letting the fifth go  
Since jamaicans was in the club singing dimbo  
Turn it up and get low homie I rip shows  
I ain't hard to find man you know my zip code  
1123 3 official  
If you ain't know your chick know you jumping out the  
window  
Riding into whip slow iced out fitted low  
Like a chick with some nice hips like Miss Jones  
Throw the flow like bro man from the fifth floor  
Stiff blows like vitaly clips go bust your whole shit  
wow

Turn it up (6x)

I bust their ass on the mixtapes  
Now I'm 'bout to bust them on their album  
They calling a hip hop cops  
I see 'em dialing  
Puff daddy said bad boys move in silence  
So I put the silencer on when I get villin  
Streets know the album is hot that's why they willin  
Got the chills right from Clinton to writing sillin  
'Cause I free their minds from the fountains  
This style represent freedom, you can call it freestyle  
Thuga, thuga we the best just like Khaled  
Deep like the Woo when they first came out of Shilen  
Big truck I'm riding 'em east housing  
I don't feed no pie holes I'm straight lounging  
Y'all acting like y'all wolves then start howling  
Attack like a cat react when they smell salmon  
Before the deal, show money hundreds of thousands  
Laughed all the way to the bank and still smiling

Turn it up (6x)

Light skin girls like it from the back  
Brown skin girls ride it like a cadillac  
But the dark skin girls yea they the truth  
You know it's the blacker the berry the sweeter the  
juice  
Now we can order sore food and eat on a stu  
Or we can hit the highway in the seat of the coupe  
Talk about your childhood go deepen your roots  
I'm layed back you massaging me, feeding me fruit  
Your ex-man keep calling he beef and he loose  
But he a telephone thug I ain't beefing with you  
I'm gully as hell why you all bummy as hell

Y'all ugly and frail while pop dummies and shell  
The block want me to sale what's not for me to fail  
Ain't locked up in a cell you cocksuckers would tell  
The cops want me in jail I got money for bail  
This track was produced by Sha Money XL

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