

Turn It Up

Sheek Louch

Ok Ok Ok ok ok

Y.O. where you at? (Oh!) Bronx where you at? (Oh!)
Harlem where you at? (Oh!) Brooklyn where you at?
Queens!)

Now what you know about me
I got this rap shit down to a tee
Grams to a half, half to a key
If these alone 'gon cause me a G

My flow too deadly baby
No fakin hold the hammer steadily baby
No shakin you still wanted to pop off
Until I come through slow with the top off

You ain't real you just a knock off
why'all ain't sick that's just a light light cough
Sheek heavy in the hood
Rims spin heavy in the hood dash heavy with wood

Niggaz try get me if they could
But they know the handle is wood and my aim is good
Sheek keeps it real, from the streets to the motherfuckin yards at jail
(Let's go)

I don't know what you thinkin but a party ain't a party unless you drinkin
And, I don't know what's all the drama
But he keep on frontin better call his mama
And, I don't know what you thinkin but a party ain't a party unless you drin
kin
And, I don't know what's all the drama
But he keep on frontin better call his mama, and

Nah, I ain't thuggin I'm here to party
And I, I don't party I'm here to thug
I don't know taste this drink I think it's drugged
Then ummm, he keep talkin he will get plugged

Listen, tell shorty I got the hot tub
If she try and wash a little sweat off from the club
And, tell her friends they could come if they want
'Cause my niggaz got a line full of whips in the front

And, I know you playmate of the month
And you model for Vicky see (Say what?!)
But ain't no runway here and you ain't there
So you might as well let us skeet, bitch, ha ha!

Ok, ok ok ok (Let me see who else in hear, let's go)
New York where you at? (Oh!) Cali where you at? (Oh!)
Miami where you at? (Oh!) Atlanta where you at? (Oh!)

I don't know what you thinkin but a party ain't a party unless you drinkin
And, I don't know what's all the drama
But he keep on frontin better call his mama
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kin

And, I don't know what's all the drama
But he keep on frontin better call his mama, and

It ain't nothin but a word to come out the trunk on these cats
With this that and a third
But Sheek tryin to chill
Get up on somethin go over there and ice your grill

Damn! All these chicks in here, all this ass for free
And you want to stare at me?!
I don't know what you thinkin or what you drinkin
But you better go and get some ass before

I don't know what you thinkin but a party ain't a party unless you drinkin
And, I don't know what's all the drama
But he keep on frontin better call his mama, and
And, I don't know what you thinkin but a party ain't a party unless you drinkin
And, I don't know what's all the drama
But he keep on frontin better call his mama, and

Yeah! Cocoa Channelle whattup ma!
This it right here! ha ha! we got 'em! D-Block!
Out!