

# Turn Down

## Rittz

Turn up, Rittz!  
Shut up, bitch!  
Yeah, yeah

Light the weed, we gonna burn that shit down  
Lifted on the beat, about to murder it now

Word on the street, you been running your mouth  
You turn up on me, Imma turn that bitch down  
(Shut up, shut up, shut up!)

Imma turn up on me, Imma turn that bitch down  
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Youre trying to turn up on me!  
Rittz, white Jesus, back for the second coming  
Second time around I keep it extra slummy  
Fuck what you repping, youre backing cockny  
For the check, Ive been a grill, Im feeling extra hungry.  
Too much of a veteran to ever let you from me  
Better check the rep, and plus I rep my county  
Way before when it was ever called the north side  
Aint no way to argue with this shit, respect it, homie!  
On the web, these punks be making threats to jump me  
Taking pictures with your weapon, you flexing on me  
Retros on, watch out where you stepping, clumsy  
I aint got a lot to lose, really next to nothing  
And Im getting to feel like Im a black guy  
Thats why!

I guess I got a bunch of ghetto ass white bitches trying to tat my  
Name up on their tity, keep on turning up  
And one of them will give a bitch a black eye  
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Youre trying to turn up on me!

Turn up, turn up, all they ever say is turn up

They know me all around the world, Australia to Europe

Theres levels to this shit, and Im a different caliber of  
MC, and youre the kind of nobody ever heard of

Dont try to play the lead, I Hannibal a murder, murder

Come out the stir up, serve up these rappers solo cup

Pour some spray and some syrup,  
They drop the shit, they bird up

They need a... constitution,  
They come ... panemero

Amigo 85, my shit is a brochure of  
Winning respect the way I did it

And didnt switch up a minute

The nerve of these haters, some of them deserve a  
Beating, you couldnt touch it if you wanted to, like your a  
Germaphobic taking over shit, and then Im sure of  
Determination, what you mad I made of?

I better cheer up

Its bloody murder every time I burn up, cause like  
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Youre trying to turn up on me!

Two years in a row I got skipped on the freshman cover  
Got me feeling some type of way  
And I aint hating on the rebels they picked,

But Im on the Atlanta tour, selling records, no competition inside my lane  
Up at the hip hop awards, killed the...

Paved the way for Gwinnett County, bitch you know Im slum!

You can listen to my first album and see where  
Some of these double time rappers got their whole style from  
Nobodys talking shit about me cause they know Ill come  
And turn em down, Im not a rapper to show out on  
And clientele was the crew that I grew up with  
But even if I was alone, outgunned, Id still call you a bitch.  
Im pissed and far from rich  
Still crawling on the bottom and I solemnly swear  
I had White Jesus in my crock pot  
Before Ross said walking on air, put the light on!  
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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