

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

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

(Shut up, shut up, shut up!)

Turn up on me, Imma turn that bitch down

(Shut up, shut up, shut up!)

You're 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, you're backing cockney

For the check, I've been a grill, I'm 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

Ain't 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 ain't got a lot to lose, really next to nothing

And I'm getting to feel like I'm a black guy

That's 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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(Shut up, shut up, shut up!)
Turn up on me, Imma turn that bitch down
(Shut up, shut up, shut up!)
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
Light the weed, we gonna burn that shit down
Lifted on the beat, about to murder it now
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(Shut up, shut up, shut up!)
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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Lifted on the beat, about to murder it now
Word on the street, you been running your mouth
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Youre trying to turn up on me!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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