All The Way Turnt Up

Roscoe Dash

(A.E. on the tracks)
Jammin' my music live
(Soulja Boy Tell 'Em)
His own fault it's a gas
DJ turn me up, do not turn me down
Just gon' turn me up
Roscoe, that's what's up
And shawty we
All the way turnt up
All the way turnt up
All the way turnt up
All the way turnt up
All the way turnt up
All the way turnt up
All the way turnt up
All the way turnt up
DJ turn me up, crank me to the max
I got lots of wallet, I be blowin' stacks
Polo on my ***, shoes turnt to the max
I be so turnt up, I be swaggin' to the max
If you get it in, and you gettin' dough
Gon' pop a bottle, this right here yo' song
Purple bottoms on, you can smell it on my clothes
And a man up in my switcher, 'bout to take one to the dogs
I'm gone, in another song
I'll be ridin' on your itchy with the woofer goin' strong
They like, "What is goin' on?" I don't really know
Then I roll down all my windows and I crank that s*** up all the way
And shawty we
All the way turnt up
All the way turnt up
All the way turnt up
All the way turnt up
All the way turnt up
All the way turnt up
All the way turnt up
All the way turnt up
Hopped up out the bed, what's happenin'?
Soulja Boy Tell 'Em they can turn on to my level, man

Yeah, money on the table
All up in Mexico, gettin' to the peso
Whoa, check out the gear
If money was a sport, I'm gon' beat it every year
We gettin' money over here
And well, I know where I'm from
Yo' girl spinnin' on my d*** just like a CD-ROM
Turn up, turn up 'til you can't turn no mo'
Burn up 'til you can't burn no mo'
I rock my chain everywhere I go
Smoke 'til you can't smoke no mo'
Choke 'til you can't choke no mo'
Work 'til you can't work no mo'
I'm rich, I can't go work no mo'
And shawty we
All the way turnt up
All the way turnt up
All the way turnt up
All the way turnt up
All the way turnt up
All the way turnt up
All the way turnt up
All the way turnt up
Turn up, all I know is turn up
Smokin' like a hippie, that's why all I do is burn up
All in V.I.P., and they be actin' like they know us
I'm like we turn up, excuse while I turn up
All these h*** be choosy, but I turnt it up the whole way
I turnt up on the wrong, I be turnt up off the cold
All these n***** back 'cause I be pullin' all they h***
Once I get 'em to the room, they be turnt off all they clothes like
And I be goin' ham
I don't think these n***** really know just who I am
This is R-O-S-C-O-E Dash, and just got some cash
But for short, you can call me Mr. Way Too Turnt Up For That
And shawty we
All the way turnt up
All the way turnt up
All the way turnt up
All the way turnt up
All the way turnt up
All the way turnt up
All the way turnt up
All the way turnt up
All the way turnt up

Soulja Boy turnt up
Turnt up, turnt up
(Turn up, turn up, turn up, turn up, turn up)
All the way, all the way, all the way turnt up
(Turn up, turn up, turn up, turn up, turn up)

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/