

Turbulence

Esham

10..9..8

Ignition sequence start, engines on

5..4..3..2..1

All engines running, launch commence(chorus)(2x)

I'm high up in the air, I'm feeling the turbulence

But when it comes to work, I'm magnificent serving it(Esham)

Street lords to my niggas, cheddar boy, clockin' figures

Only fuck with the work, just to make my pockets bigger

Keep my finger on the trigger, of a AK,

Deliver

One shot to yo dome, I'll make your whole soul quiver

Shiver like the cold winter, like Detroit in December

Yo bitch kept beggin me, to put the dick up in her

She was riding on it hard, and feeling the turbulence

I hit it from the back, but she said I was hurtin it

She told me not to cum, right before I was squirtin it

I fuckin' get up, right after I do my dirt in it

I make the bed rock, but my name a Rita Mosely

Whole ki', 36 Oz.'s, a little whoadie(chorus)(2x)Reel life's my production, no you niggas ain't fuckin'

Wit' nothing that I'm doin'

I was raised up in the ruins

And I'm high up in the air and I'm feeling the turbulence

Flying on my magic carpet rockin' a turban, bitch

Droppin' bombs on mothafuckers well deserving it

Comin through beatin' down the block disturbin' shit

Esham possessed, by the sons of Saddam

When I go to sleep, I dream about money, power, and bombs

Bitch, you better recognize, the boss of the mob

Niggas soaking all my game up, like Spongebob

Squarepants

I don't dance, I boogie, it's true

I cut the head off the devil, and I'll throw it at you(chorus 2x)May-day, May-Day, throw the coke out on the runway

If the D.E.A. come my way, they gettin' gunplay

I'm doin' about 100, the wrong way up the runway

I wish it was a Monday, but it was a black Sunday

I was high up in the air, and feeling the turbulence

Jumpin' out of planes, wit' no parachute, on some bird shit

Flying through the air, with the greatest of ease

Things fall to they knees, snitches tell the police
We be high up in the air, and feelin' the turbulence
Floating on the black benz, blowing the purple shit
Just like the hood, when the ghetto birds circle it
Infrared search light, I just might murk you bitch!(chorus 2x)

Songwriters

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