

Turn It Up

Vi-3

Yo! Chi-town! Yo! Vi3 & Da Brat tat tat
Turn It Up, when you hear this joint in your car turn it up
Ya dig? Vi3, we VIP's, ya dig? Turn it up!

Verse 1

Workin' hard can't wait 'til the weekend
You deserve to go out and party
I know what you wanna do
And I'm gon' be there too, yeah yeah

Ladies, fellas, gonna be freakin'
Grab your drink and let's get it started
And when this jam hits the speakers
This is what you gotta do, what you gotta do is

Hook

Turn it up, when you hear this joint in your car turn it up
And when you hear the dj start to cut it up
Grab somebody hit the floor and burn it up
Burn it up, turn it up and up and up

Turn it up, so if you're reppin' your neighborhood, throw it up
And when you see us rock a party, give it up
No matter what they say, you gotta live it up
Live it up, turn it up and up and up, turn it up

Verse 2

So if you spot someone
Looking at your like they want it
Make your way over there and get to spittin'
If you're feelin' it tonight

Even if you got someone waitin'
At the crib for ya
Don't even trip right now
Just have some fun 'til someone hit the lights

So, if you came to get your party on
Remember you ain't doin' nothin' wrong, it's your night
Ain't gotta worry 'bout a thing you do

Just let the music take control of you, it's your time
So what you gotta do is

Repeat Hook

Rap

Turn it up for Chi-town homies I burn it up
Murder da track, haven't you ever heard Da Brat?
She da first female solo to ever go plat
If it's a party, I'm there-you ain't gotta ask!
Who cares? Get crunk, live it up, keep ya cup
Filled up, get'chu a buddy, then go home and cut
In my hood, it's good-I'm a VIP-chillin' with Vi3
Justin, Lucas & Jackie...what?

Hook Out

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