

Fiddle with the Volume (Ghislain Poirier remix)

Lady Sovereign

Well I'm droppin' bars like a page three star droppin' bras,
My voice hits cars, I love music,
Kept my voice locked in a jar for years,
Now I'm here I know you loved the way I appeared,
Like Cha-Ching, I've come to bring,
The vibe that's been hiding like Bin Laden,
Turn the noise down, I beg your pardon,
I get ya, let this shit rumble your garden as the bass hardens,
Miss L dot Harman, get the weirdest looks from bar man,
They wanna go silly like the Baha Men,
The drama continues,
Now like sexual intercourse, feel the tune in you,[Chorus]
Abuse your speakers, lose your manners,
Disturb the neighbors, this one's a banger,
Fiddle with the volume, I beg ya,
Fiddle with the volume, ya ya ya ya
Abuse your speakers, lose your manners,
Disturb the neighbors, this one's a banger,
Fiddle with the volume, I beg ya,
Fiddle with the volume, I beg ya,Fuck ninety nine,
My neighbors got about a hundred and twenty-four problems sittin' on his mind,
Beside the fact that I blare my music all the time,
He gets knock down ginger on his yard from nine to five,
Ha, wigdy wigdy woo,
S-O-V's voice causin' fuuds,
Encouraging my neighbors to be rude,
Unable to chew food,
Due to my new tunes and my renditions of Waterloo,
Waterloo! what who?
From Abba to Shabba, hip-hop, grime to ragga,
I blabber the weird grammar due to listening to hits like a hammer,
Bang bang, everybody turn this up,[Chorus]Bang bang bang,
Peoples complaining,
Winging and wining cause I'm here vibing,
Bang bang bang,
Peoples complaining,
Winging and wining cause I'm here vibing,Allow country and western,
I got a suggestion,
The music in question is here caving your chest in,

And I ain't got time for resting,
I'm never snoring,
Interesting, my living room noises are never boring,
Grannys wanna kick my door in,
We're constantly warring till one in the mornin'
Now lights off, lights on, I'm teasing them,
They think I've gone to sleep but I'm changin' CD's again,
Now don't go on like you don't like it,
You're only moaning cause your records are shit,
And they skip, now just zip your lip,
And come to my yard and flip the script,[Chorus: x2]

Songwriters

GABRIEL OLEGAVICH, LOUISE HARMANPublished by

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