

Turn Me Up Some

Busta Rhymes

Yeah, turn me up some
Fuck goin' on? Yo! Uncle Darren, what up brother?
Yeah, yeah Flipmode
See we got a whole,
We got a gift wrapped package for you mother fuckers
Yeah, yo yo yo yeah
Bust it, I stay rippin' a niggah track so hotter than wax yo
So tell me why you act so?
Yo I max 'cause I make make a niggah black
Till it's time to relax yo or until you all collapse so
Fuck it it's hardly that the God is gettin' tired
You don't wanna say that could catch a cardiac relapse niggah
What, the God is back see you don't want nothing
No matter how you react, blows to black and blue you frontin' ya back
Choose whatever the route that you choose
Wounds so horrendous from frensicsing it to analyzing the bruise
Blows we never come in singular they comin' in twos
My crew be startin' the ruckus once I give them the cues
To blast from the triggers that'll bust from all of my dudes
Be the shit that make you niggahs run up outta ya shoes
We make you back down havin' the facts down
With all the noise we be makin' you could even see the shit on the news Word up, see you don't know nothing
about it
Turn me up some, yo, the heat from off the street'll burn you up some
Yo, the shit I'm sure to spit'll hurt you up some, I'm sayin'
But you don't know nothin' about it
Turn me up some, yo, I drink a fifth of yak and hurl it up some
Yo, just bang it in the truck and turn it up some, I'm sayin'
Now watch me dead a niggah fast like them bitches with no ass
You corny niggahs low class, yo, I flash on 'em

Then I go and smash couple a hoes and then splash on 'em
Flickin' a 'lil ash on them
From the blunt we smokin' keep a chick chokin'
Got them open with flows I suppose
And make them soak in they clothes
Keep the shit that make them sniff and make them open they nose
Got them fucked up stuck just like they strikin' a pose
Yo, we gainin' weight, na it's just my pockets is swole

From keepin' niggahs wilin' wild they drivin' smackin' the pole
A one two, yeah, you see see perhaps while I hold me a stack
Hater niggahs block holdin' me back
Yo you fool niggahs plottin' against the God best be holdin' a strap
'Cause how we commin' through you know it's a rap
Move with a crew of Guerrilla dudes who know when to clap
Or blow some shit from off of the earth or the face of the map
Yo so take that, once we give it to you ain't no fakin' a jack
It's funny how you find your face in a trap
Little bitch niggah frontin' like he ready to scrap
You better off actin' pussy tryna gimme a dat
Stayin' focus on fulfillin' a dream
The way we spark up and spit a fire the flame probably killin' your team Fuck it, see now we harbor helicopters,
turn the shit up
If you and your peoples ain't hearin' me proper I'm sayin'
See you don't know nothing about it
Turn me up some, yo, the heat from off the street'll burn you up some
Yo, the shit I'm sure to spit'll hurt you up some, I'm sayin'
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