

My Turn

Deanna Nicole

Uhh, it's my turn, y'know what I mean?
Get this motherfuckin' money y'know, shit
 Yeah, I went double, y'know?
 Niggaz goin triple, five, ten platinum
 Can't do what I do
 This is my game, this is me, y'know?
 Yo, it's my turn, I demand my respect
 Give me my burn or get slammed in your neck
 'Cause it's my turn I'ma reach to the top
 Gimme my burn, I'ma speak with the glock
 'Cause it's my turn, don't make me turn your wig
 Gimme my burn, don't make me burn yo' crib
 I'ma rhyme it right and keep the ghetto in a trance
 But when the time is right, me and the Devil gonna dance
 Fuck you and yours, make way, I'm comin' through the door
 And screw the law, breakin' the rules ain't nothin' new at all
 I'm true to all the shit that I done, check the clip in my gun
 Respect the click that I'm from or get lifted and stunned
 Dunn, you just a small fry, fuckin' with the fall guy
 Big Pun, The Honorable, all rise
 Sky's the limit, nuttin' less if my guys is in it
 For the right price, even Christ could get it
 Fast life we live it, all my memories are vivid
 I remember only minutes
 That's how I mentally get rid of all the enemies
 The spirits that definitely mimic my every melody
 And lyric which so heavenly rhythmic
 In magic do I build but math do be equally compatible
 And secretively battle you to reach my peak in equilateral
 I'm from the streets deep in the bottom yo ain't no Mario Brothers
 Official Bronx niggaz, quick to body yo' mother
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Jesus H. Christ, how many times I gotta pay the price?
You scared to death I'll make you twice as afraid of life

I bring sight to the game for every night you complained

You couldn't see the light, I was bright in your brain

Ignitin' the flame, keepin' your third lid

Speak and observe with the mind

What are blind sleep till they worth shit

I'm earth wind and fire, the first one to fire

Reppin' T. Squad since birth till I retire

I wire your jaw, wire the walls with plastique explosives

And riot the halls at the malls where all the crackers live

Keep flappin' yo' gibs and I'ma come back with those kids

From the back of the bridge

I think two and touch means tackle the bitch

I rap for the chips but I'm truly assassin'

Four hundred pounds, six feet tall, brutally handsome

That's the pro, got beef with pun, you gots to go

Mafia style, tear you a new asshole

Flash your dough but you too cool for the captain

'Cause I don't give a fuck if I was quadruply platinum

And to the 50 Cent rapper, very funny, get your nut off

'Cause in real life, you don't know

I'll blow your motherfuckin' head off

That's my motherfuckin' word, you understand?

Thought we was a fuckin' joke, shit

Terror Squad nigga, you don't know me

You don't know my name, don't say it, you understand?

Told you before I ain't no motherfuckin' rapper understand?

Shit, I don't make no songs about rappers I don't like

If I'ma make a song

It's gonna be how I beat yo' motherfuckin' ass understand?

That'll be the name of the motherfucker

That's why I had to beat your motherfuckin' ass

Featuring Tony Sunshine, T. Squaders, T. Squaders, T. Squaders

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