

# Turnt Up

Talib Kweli

Thinking of the master plan  
Where there's nothing but cash inside my hand  
Wanna dig into my pocket my profit is ever set  
I dig deeper, you know I represent, represent  
Yeah, money over bitches, my sisters go over everything  
My bandz will make you dance forever, just like a wedding ring  
Barb of the haters, the jealousy that the cheddar bring  
Trying to get away from this 85's like Evelyn  
Ride with me, I got 'em leaking like Nene  
Got 'em leaking like Mickey, these monkeys biting like hickeys  
Cause they're seeing what I'm doing, filling them with confusion  
Cut edges like a chewing, I'm flowing just like a student  
Of the romance languages, only the diamonds hang with us  
My meal is decorated with garnish just like your wages is  
The crib's outrageous like really it's no joke  
The girl of your dreams be coming over to smoke

Turn it up loud, turn it up loud  
Turn it up loud, turn it up loud  
Drop it, stop it  
With all the soap operas and the soap boxes  
Turnt up, turnt up, turnt up, for the people

You can feel the heat from your speaker, my sound will darken your features  
Run it down like a zebra, I move with the speed of cheetahs  
I'm from Brooklyn where the heat is the size of a two-litre  
I ain't asking for no followers, I'm looking for new leaders  
Is hard not consuming all the bullshit they feed us  
Intravenous like a cord to the womb from the fetus  
Been hard since I started reading, alliteration is literally littered  
Through my DNA swimming on through my semen  
So every time I bust, babies begin being born  
Talk turns tough til them toasters that's tucked, yeah  
Draw it like a picture, picture a perfect painting  
Police profiling people peacefully praying  
Lay the law like leadears the lazy as lolly  
Gagging on my ground, getting guap cause green is the new black  
Meet me at the bar, we throwing a few back

Hopped out the car, you know who blew that

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Ayo we drink good, smoke good

This cat wearing funny hats like the pope wore

I come in looking quite clean in the loafer

So hood, might scheme up to no good

You know crook got sling in the notebook

I got the birds on the wire like I know I would

I still rep POC's like I'm supposed to

Come alive and down throw like I know I should

My rhymes like a laser beam - so focused

Iâ€™m in the ring so lean I need a phone ?

I ainâ€™t lying, Batista Ferocious

Maybe Iâ€™m lying bare feet in the ocean

On the beach fall asleep and I'm floating

To the beat so unique like a potion

I love music, Iâ€™m complete in my devotion

(Word, say it again)

Iâ€™m complete in my devotion

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