

# Turn Me On

## Fat Joe

Hey, we back, my nigga Chink Santana  
Murder Inc., Terror Squad  
Boy you keep on turnin' me  
Love the way you turn me on  
Got me feelin' all alone  
Love the way you turn me on  
Boy you keep on turnin' me  
Love the way you turn me on  
When you got me singin' this song  
Love the way you turn me on  
Yo, push your seat back, ma feel who you rollin' with  
Relax and let crack take control of this  
Have some 'gnac, Hennessy and Coca cola mix  
To stop at 1-6-5 for that potent shit  
So now we rollin' this, it's nine fifteen  
I'm sure you know where we going but time is the key  
Let's smoke a little, climb high in tha trees  
Choke a little while my hand rub your thigh and your knees  
You know that silly shit and now it's ten on six  
We in the village jus a little ripped pumpin' Jodeci while a nigga whip  
And watch you marinate, feel free to sing along while I navigate  
This is your song ma, crackalate  
So when it's time to get it on  
She gon' know that it's wrong to procrastinate  
Steady sayin' that I'm turnin' her on, I'm like "I know"  
Didn't your friends tell you that you fuckin' with Joe? oh boy  
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When you got me singin' this song  
Love the way you turn me on  
Yo, smooth 'cuz I don't get upset  
If she ain't wit it then cool, I can go without sex  
I ain't gotta spend big for a girl at mya  
We could, go to papayas and talk the night up  
Tell me bout yourself, your hopes, your dreams, your struggles

I'm tryna to front but I'm feelin' to touch you  
I got the heat on blast, I bet you thinkin' like he want ass

But still you thinkin' that you might  
Playin' the rules, pretendin' to be a fool  
When you ask silly questions like, "What we gon' do?"

I'ma leave it your hands, let you make your move  
Now you want me to stay over, games over

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Got me feelin' all alone  
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Boy you keep on turnin' me  
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When you got me singin' this song  
Love the way you turn me on

Oh, you sex it baby, ah, just shake it mama, yeah  
Bag it up, sing this song

Love the way you turn me on

Yo, now it's on, shorty's strippin' in the livin' room

My heart racin' 'cuz I know I'm gon' hit it soon

Pop that ass, sit it on my lap

Don't stop like that, put it on crack

Let me beat it from the back, now I'm poundin' it right

Wearin' a thong on my head 'cuz you know I'm wild for tonight

When we done talk a little bit to keep her in the groove

Try to make it last so my exit is smooth, ya know

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