

# Tryna' Tryna'

Lil Durk

Cut that music off, I ain't wit' no other shit (I'm tryna' turn up)  
I ain't tryna chill baby, I'm wit that fuckin' shit ( I'm tryna' turn up)  
You came for me, well I came from nothin', shit (I'm tryna' turn up)  
You ain't fuckin' with me, then who you fuckin' with?I'm just tryna', tryna',tryna',tryna'(turn up)  
All this money, I'm just really tryna'(turn up)  
With the gang, and I'm really tryna (turn up)  
This my city, and I'm tryna tryna (turn up)How many licks do it take till you get to the center of her mouth?  
She geekin', she tweakin' we turnt up we got it, we all in the pot  
KOD, QOD, Magic, we fuckin the sacks up in five  
Gas and mud I be off the drugs, don't touch  
I'm feelin' a little cocky  
They ring any bitches wanna fuck now  
Pop bottles like I won a fuckin' touchdown  
If you sober, scoot over, I do drugs now  
Party proolly got me all in the clubs now  
Pour some lean with no coco, we rockin' rollies, no JoJo  
And we off the drinks so slow mo, I get twenty a show, no promo  
Bitches get naked and do it for the Vine (bitches get naked do it for the Vine)  
So she gon' turn up and do it for the guys (turn up and do it for the guys)  
She sippin' on Henny, she mix it wit' Remy  
She suckin' on me while I pull on her Remy  
She shy like the city but change for them Benji's, the mula, the Fendis  
I turn up for (what)Cut that music off, I ain't wit' no other shit (I'm tryna' turn up)  
I ain't tryna chill baby, I'm wit that fuckin' shit ( I'm tryna' turn up)  
You came for me, well I came from nothin', shit (I'm tryna' turn up)  
You ain't fuckin' with me, then who you fuckin' with?I'm just tryna', tryna', tryna', tryna'(turn up)  
All this money, I'm just really tryna'(turn up)  
With the gang, and I'm really tryna (turn up)  
This my city, and I'm tryna tryna (turn up)Dressed up in that white linen, all black windows  
I had to tint 'em  
That work work, put 'em in the dirt  
Let em' all lurk, know I had to get up with Durk  
We never hurt, hurt know the deal, tour sold out  
So you know its real  
From the Chi City to the fuckin' bank, Sinatra  
Money I've been Frank  
Lemme get it I got it never feelin' divided only on the  
Real though  
How you feel though, V's up, keep it trill though

Oh yeah, one time  
Oh yeah, one time  
Bitch I been under pressure always giving it everything  
That I got  
Never the lesser turn on my compressor  
Its right on the dresser  
Been ruling the game and nobody could measure  
I know it's You and me  
You and me  
They don' give a damn who I am  
Bitch I'm doing me (you and me)  
I said its you and me  
I know who I am, don't give a damn  
Bitch I'm doing me Cut that music off, I ain't wit' other shit (I'm tryna' turn up)  
I ain't tryna chill baby, I'm wit that fuckin' shit ( I'm tryna' turn up)  
You came for me, well I came from nothin', shit (I'm tryna' turn up)  
You ain't fuckin' with me, then who you fuckin' with? I'm just tryna', tryna', tryna', tryna' (turn up)  
All this money, I'm just really tryna' (turn up)  
With the gang, and I'm really tryna (turn up)  
This my city, and I'm tryna tryna (turn up) Turn up!  
Turn up!  
Turn up!  
Turn up!

Songwriters

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