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 prolly 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'sYou 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 meCut 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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