

# We Turn It On

## Slick Rick

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls, alright  
This is a world premiere  
One time y'all, as we turn the heat  
Once again, as we turn the heat  
Make it hot, make it hot, hot, come on, uh, come on  
Her legends, trying keep it soulful  
But just since it's Slick Rick being an old school legend  
I decide to make a jam the kids will slam on  
How you doing, Gigi? Is your man home?  
In the living room I see the brother sitting, say what yo?  
Yo we cooked 'em in Atlanta  
You think we didn't?  
Bitch coming on, beat box stunning, son  
Yo, where'd you get that outfit?  
One twenty from [Incomprehensible]  
Seen the vibe Cali's on  
Let's do an up to date, Doug, put your Ballys on  
I burn 'em on, chick got to storm  
While other rapper cat' kettle go hot to warm  
We turn it on  
As we turn the heat, yo, yo, uh  
Here's a blast from the past, crowd movers of the future  
Unlimited, hitting it like we used ta  
Boost a track son, we all that son  
Where you been Rick?  
Me? Missing in action  
Here's a story 'bout a cutie, 'bout a rich, 'bout to ditch  
I'm also known to fuck the beauty out a bitch!  
Might not shoot you in front of group two  
Run a boot, did I mention I'm also quite cute too?  
Yo, yo, yo fashion and glamor is ammunition  
Cats wishing to rip it like this, keep fishing  
Your flow ain't long enough, strong enough  
And record sales aren't  
Enough, slang it on a phatter to a badder kid  
Don't matter a bit, I had to shit and boomerang inadequate  
Chick got to storm  
While other rapper cat' kettle go hot to warm  
We turn it on  
Yo, as we turn the heat, yo, yo, yo  
I bogard through and then be screaming no hard screw  
Hey go-cart crew, your checking out 'The Show Part 2'

A fellow I know, is this supposed to sell?  
I hope, so well, I spoke and this is what I tell white folk  
I don't discriminate, don't lack the stimulant crack has  
Battle story man and I'll eliminate your wack ass  
Backwards tactics, show for act it  
Me and Doug Fresh took over this rap shit  
Flushes, so as usual tossers  
Better give us our props as you're new school wusses  
Good times, patch rhyming brought back  
And all you other rappers that's trying to talk crap  
I'm not the Devil, but your worst nightmare  
Sick of rebels and none of you motherfuckers can reach the cat's level  
Four motherfuckers got to storm other rapper cat' kettle go hot to warm  
We turn it on, nigga

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