

Turn It Up (Refried)

Ugly Duckling

Turn it up, turn it up
Turn it up, turn it up
Turn it up, turn it up
Turn it up, turn it up Louder, louder Louder, louder Louder, louder Watch your ears, we're gonna drop the bomb
Plug it in, turn it on, turn it up, come on
Yo Greg, put us in the red, shake a leg
Cause we gotta get it loud enough to wake the dead
Even in a library or an old folks home
We raise the low tone till the speaker's blown
Overloaded to the max, song one to the final track
On ten and eleven is a spinal tap
When you rock just let the fiber optics
Pound so they can knock you down like drop kicks
Your head spinnin, your heartbeat's irregular
Eardrums ringin, so words don't register
It's not classical, jazz or easy listening
This one is to be blasted like nitroglycerine
Don't be a shamed, let the bass sustain
Then press the ? till people complain We gonna..
Turn it up, turn it up
Turn it up, turn it up
Turn it up, turn it up
Turn it up, turn it up Louder, louder Louder, louder Louder, louder (And I like it, and I like it)
(Louder and watch your watts explode)
(Turn your radio up loud) Now there's only way to play it, that's (louder)
Loud enough to turn your brain to clam chowder
We find levels that others overlook
To push and make the system overcook
I had a heavy metal neighbor, it used to be torture
My mother told him turn it down but he just ignored her
So I turned our speakers till they cornered his house
Turn it up to ten and now he's movin out
When I'm in my room I pump the volume
And play it so loud you can hear it on the moon
See, my sound system is world renowned
Until the cops come around, then I turn it down
Cool, it's okay, go 'head and press play
He gave his little speech, now he's drivin away
When the people next door say they heard enough

Pretend you didn't catch that, turn it upWe gonna..

Turn it up, turn it up

Turn it up, turn it up

Turn it up, turn it up

Turn it up, turn it upLouder, louderLouder, louderLouder, louderLOUDER(And I like it, and I like it)

(Loud music for your neighbors)

(Turn your radio up loud)

(And I like it, and I like it)

(The music comes on, strong, slammin)

(Turn your radio up loud)

Songwriters

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