

Fiddle With the Volume

Lady Sovereign

Well, I'm droppin' bars like a page three star
Droppin' bras, my voice hits cars, I love music
Kept my voice locked in a jar for years
Now I'm here I know you loved the way I appeared Like cha ching, I've come to bring
The vibe that's been hiding like Bin Laden
Turn the noise down, I beg ya pardon
I get ya, let this s*** rumble your garden as the bass hardens Miss L dot Harman, get the weirdest looks from
bar men
They wanna go on silly like the Baha Men
The drama continues
Now like sexual intercourse, feel the tune in you Abuse your speakers, lose your manners
Disturb the neighbors, this one's a banger
Fiddle with the volume, I beg ya
Fiddle with the volume, I beg ya Abuse your speakers, lose your manners
Disturb the neighbors, this one's a banger
Fiddle with the volume, I beg ya
Fiddle with the volume, I beg ya F*** ninety nine, my neighbors got about
A hundred and twenty-four problems sittin' on his mind
Beside the fact that I blare my music all the time
He gets knock down ginger on his yard from nine to five Ha, wigidy wigidy woo, S O V's voice causin' feuds
Encouraging my neighbors to be rude
Unable to chew food
Due to my new tunes and my renditions of Waterloo Waterloo, what who?
From Abba to Shabba, hip hop, grime to ragga
I blabber the weird grammar due to listening to hits
Like a hammer bang bang, everybody turn this up Abuse your speakers, lose your manners
Disturb the neighbors, this one's a banger
Fiddle with the volume, I beg ya
Fiddle with the volume, I beg ya Abuse your speakers, lose your manners
Disturb the neighbors, this one's a banger
Fiddle with the volume, I beg ya
Fiddle with the volume, I beg ya Bang, bang, bang, peoples complaining
Winging and wining 'cause I'm here vibeing
Bang, bang, bang, peoples complaining
Winging and wining 'cause I'm here vibeing Allow country and western, I got a suggestion
The music in question is here caving your chest in
And I ain't got time for resting, I'm never snoring
Interesting, my living room noises are never boring Granny's wanna kick my door in
We're constantly warring till one in the mornin'

Now lights off, lights on, I'm teasin' them
They think I've gone to sleep but I'm changin' CD's again
Now don't go on like you don't like it
You're only moaning 'cause your records are s***
And they skip, now just zip your lip
And come to my yard and flip the script
Abuse your speakers, lose your manners
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