# My Turn

## Halfabrick & E.One

Uhh, it's my turn, y'know what I mean?
Get this motherfuckin' money y'know, shit
Yeah, I went double, y'know?
Niggaz goin triple, five, ten platinum
Can't do what I do
This is my game, this is me, y'know?
Yo, it's my turn, I demand my respect
Give me my burn or get slammed in your neck
'Cause it's my turn I'ma reach to the top
Gimme my burn, I'ma speak with the glock
'Cause it's my turn, don't make me turn your wig
Gimme my burn, don't make me burn yo' crib
I'ma rhyme it right and keep the ghetto in a trance
But when the time is right, me and the Devil gonna dance
Fuck you and yours, make way, I'm comin' through the door
And screw the law, breakin' the rules ain't nothin' new at all
I'm true to all the shit that I done, check the clip in my gun
Respect the click that I'm from or get lifted and stunned
Dunn, you just a small fry, fuckin' with the fall guy
Big Pun, The Honorable, all rise
Sky's the limit, nuttin' less if my guys is in it
For the right price, even Christ could get it
Fast life we live it, all my memories are vivid
I remember only minutes
That's how I mentally get rid of all the enemies
The spirits that definitely mimic my every melody
And lyric which so heavenly rhythmic
In magic do I build but math do be equally compatible
And secretively battle you to reach my peak in equilateral
I'm from the streets deep in the bottom yo ain't no Mario Brothers
Official Bronx niggaz, quick to body yo' mother
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Jesus H. Christ, how many times I gotta pay the price?
You scared to death I'll make you twice as afraid of life

I bring sight to the game for every night you complained
You couldn't see the light, I was bright in your brain
Ignitin' the flame, keepin' your third lid
Speak and observe with the mind
What are blind sleep till they worth shit
I'm earth wind and fire, the first one to fire
Reppin' T. Squad since birth till I retire
I wire your jaw, wire the walls with plastique explosives
And riot the halls at the malls where all the crackers live
Keep flappin' yo' gibs and I'ma come back with those kids
From the back of the bridge
I think two and touch means tackle the bitch
I rap for the chips but I'm truly assassin'
Four hundred pounds, six feet tall, brutally handsome
That's the pro, got beef with pun, you gots to go
Mafia style, tear you a new asshole
Flash your dough but you too cool for the captain
'Cause I don't give a fuck if I was quadruply platinum
And to the 50 Cent rapper, very funny, get your nut off
'Cause in real life, you don't know
I'll blow your motherfuckin' head off
That's my motherfuckin' word, you understand?
Thought we was a fuckin' joke, shit
Terror Squad nigga, you don't know me
You don't know my name, don't say it, you understand?
Told you before I ain't no motherfuckin' rapper understand?
Shit, I don't make no songs about rappers I don't like
If I'ma make a song
It's gonna be how I beat yo' motherfuckin' ass understand?
That'll be the name of the motherfucker
That's why I had to beat your motherfuckin' ass
Featuring Tony Sunshine, T. Squaders, T. Squaders, T. Squaders
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