

Turnt (feat. Beyoncé & 2 Chainz)

The-Dream

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

People think I'm crazy
But I love you 'cause you crazy too
(Radio Killa!)Red light special, undress me under the candle light
Turnt up in this bidness
Watch me do all of them things you like
I'm ready to go, ready to blow like Grammy night
In the back of that limousine
Billy bob, and AngelineAll you gotta do, is the say the word
And I'll be right there on ya
All you gotta do, is the say the word
And I'll be right there for yaDo this while I do that, we like good tru dat
Come on baby be you, get on it while I see you
Turn up, all the way to the ceiling
Burn up, till you ain't got no feeling
On my phone, let's hear it
Talkin' bout you gon' kill it
Beat it up, until I black out
Cash out, watch outI need that
Sexy (Ratchet) Sophisticated (Ratchet)
That black leather
When it's hot outside in the summer time (Ratchet)
She need that cocky (Ratchet)
Ready to cock back (Ratchet)
That drop top in December, or mid winter (Ratchet)Turnt up, turnt up, turnt up, boy
Turnt up, turnt up, turnt up, boy
Loving everything you do
Baby I'm in love with you
Turnt up, turnt up, turnt up, boy
Turnt up, turnt up, turnt up, boy
People think I'm crazy
But I love you 'cause you crazy tooYou're my black light special
She hotter than a flame tonight

Burn up in this ho
And watch her do all the things I like
Say you the reason why
All of these rap niggas start singing
She said you the reason why
All of these cute girls got babies
All you gotta do is say what's happening
And I'll be right there baby
All you gotta do is say what's popping
And I'll be right there shorty
On the phone like
Siri, I told you I was gon' kill it
Got my chains all on that jelly
Where Michelle at? Where Kelly? I need that
Sexy (Ratchet) Sophisticated (Ratchet)
That black leather
When it's hot outside in the summer time (Ratchet)
She need that cocky (Ratchet)
Ready to cock back (Ratchet)
That drop top in December, or mid winter (Ratchet) Turnt up, turnt up, turnt up, boy
Turnt up, turnt up, turnt up, boy
Loving everything you do
Baby I'm in love with you
Turnt up, turnt up, turnt up, boy
Turnt up, turnt up, turnt up, boy
People think I'm crazy
But I love you 'cause you crazy too Got a picnic table my automo
Pull up, blow the horn "Girl we gotta go"
You come out lookin' like a Pot 'o Gold
Now they tryna cramp our style, Charley Horse
I'm like "What's yo name? What's yo phone number?"
I kill that thang woah, Manslaughter
You so sexy man I ain't flexin'
Shorty I'll drink your bath water
Ferragamo's are my loafers
Got my loafers on the sofa
And I'm drinkin' out the bottle
Man I'm gonna need a bib
Lookin' like a kid, tell you what it is
Tell you where to go, man I tell you what I did
You ain't kickin' it, you get kicked out
I don't bring sand to my beach house
And your body must be anticipated
'Cause it already done leaked out I need that
Sexy (Ratchet) Sophisticated (Ratchet)

That black leather
When it's hot outside in the summer time (Ratchet)
I need that cocky (Ratchet)
Ready to cock back (Ratchet)
That drop top in December, or mid winter (Ratchet) Turnt up, turnt up, turnt up, boy
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