Turn It Up (feat. Lloyd Banks)

Juelz Santana

[Intro]
Somebody tell the DJ to turn it up
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[Verse 1: Juelz Santana] Now I see why they hating My diamonds Harlem's shaking All the bad bitches I'm taking If they hot, then I'm blazing My nickname should be Benjamin, cause I stay with them Franklin's These niggas saying they balling, but look like they need a donation They see me spend what they making One night, they whole life savings It's like every every day is a party, my life's a fucking vacation And I don't know my neighbors Cause my property is on acres My safe look like Vegas My blunts look like Jamaicans Got my eyes looking like Asian's Look in my pots, Caucasian Look under it and it's flaming Y'all niggas know what I'm baking Bitch I be so far gone, On Star can't find my location

[Hook: Juelz Santana]
Somebody tell the DJ to turn it up
Big face Rollie's all across the board
Call a fucking doctor, boy we acting dumb
Foreign whip, half a ticket, now it's lit
Big racks in my pocket, shawty on that molly
Tell that bitch we rolling, it is my party
It's my party, I get fly if I want to
It's my party, bitch I do what I want to

Go ahead try to pull my card nigga, all I'm holding is aces

[Verse 2: Lloyd Banks]
Aye yo I'm big whippin' foreign
Sick zips, no hearing
Louie badge, no cuffs

Statue lit, bitch I'm chilling He rush when I'm in the building I'm crushing what I am wearing They fussing like I am caring I'm busting like a McLaren They say I'm the life of the party I came to pick out a target This shit here, I'm on the hold list Phone list, shamballa I get her going, she won't wanna leave By midnight, I'm on number three They all know they ain't number one By ten, by twenty, they come to me Bring the lay's, no limit Money drop from the ceiling I'm all the players in spirit She voluneteered, no stealing Hoes down, G's up I'm foreign V-keyed up I'm drunk on grape, we stuck I'm dumb good, don't need luck

[Hook]

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