Turbulence

Esham

10..9..8
Ignition sequence start, engines on
5..4..3..2..1
All engines running, launch commence
(chorus)(2x)
I'm high up in the air, I'm feeling the turbulence
But when it comes to work, I'm magnificent serving it
(Esham)
Street lords to my niggas, cheddar boy, clockin' figures
Only fuck with the work, just to make my pockets bigger
Keep my finger on the trigger, of a AK,
Deliver
One shot to yo dome, I'll make your whole soul quiver
Shiver like the cold winter, like Detroit in December
Yo bitch kept beggin me, to put the dick up in her
She was riding on it hard, and feeling the turbulence
I hit it from the back, but she said I was hurtin it
She told me not to cum, right before I was squirtin it
I fuckin' get up, right after I do my dirt in it
I make the bed rock, but my name a Rita Mosely
Whole ki', 36 Oz.'s, a little whoadie
(chorus)(2x)
Reel life's my production, no you niggas aint fuckin'
Wit' nothing that I'm doin'
I was raised up in the ruins
And I'm high up in the air and I'm feeling the turbulence

Flying on my magic carpet rockin' a turban, bitch
Droppin' bombs on mothafuckers well deserving it
Comin through beatin' down the block disturbin' shit
Esham possessed, by the sons of Saddam
When I go to sleep, I dream about money, power, and bombs
Bitch, you better recognize, the boss of the mob
Niggas soaking all my game up, like Spongebob
Squarepants
I don't dance, I boogie, it's true
I cut the head off the devil, and I'll throw it at you
(chorus 2x)
May-day, May-Day, throw the coke out on the runway

If the D.E.A. come my way, they gettin' gunplay
I'm doin' about 100, the wrong way up the runway
I wish it was a Monday, but it was a black Sunday
I was high up in the air, and feeling the turbulence
Jumpin' out of planes, wit' no parachute, on some bird shit
Flying through the air, with the greatest of ease
Things fall to they knees, snitches tell the police
We be high up in the air, and feelin' the turbulence
Floating on the black benz, blowing the purple shit
Just like the hood, when the ghetto birds circle it
Infrared search light, I just might murk you bitch!
(chorus 2x)

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