

# Turns Me On

## Wicked Brew Band

Niggas don't fuck with a nigga like me  
'Cause a nigga like me don't fuck around  
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'Cause a nigga like me don't fuck around

I know you see that  
No one's competed  
Ooh, that turns me on  
Ooh, that turns me on

What turns me on about you, I doubt you have a clue  
Sassy attitude and red bottom shoes, God, I'm mad at you  
I do think you're fierce and that you killing them of course  
With the features of an angel and the bottom of a horse

Thoroughbred, thorough head  
Makes you moist like the dark fudge  
Brownie with the nut of your choice  
Soaking wet, all the feathers in the goose

Down, who's loose now?

You done let the juice ooze down  
Do smile when you do it's on some ooh child  
Kiss you in the mouth, juicy fruit, make it cool down  
And make it truth, ain't it true now?

Divine neck, the respect, it ain't shit for me to prove out  
You need some time, press the snooze down  
I don't mind 'cause I'm as hard as all the iron

In all the tool house or tool shed

Go and play it like when alarm sound off around 2

I know you see that  
No one's competed  
Ooh, that turns me on  
Ooh, that turns me on

Who gives a damn about the past?

I live for the day, plan for the future, pack a lunch and haul ass  
Anyway, it ain't no time for no picnics

This that business, the slickness to get your chick hit quick  
I make her drip all her liquids

Then get butt booty naked when I spit on some pimp shit

Make her legs shake so she never loses interest

Calling out my name when I'm asking whose is this?

Naw, it's not a game, ass falling out the frame

With my Polaroid camera I have to take two flicks  
She can't avoid all the stamina, we do this  
With no steroids or other artificial juices  
Therefore, she now's the undisputed truth  
When I slip into this bood while I slid into this booth  
I'm kicking it with you, lot like martial artists do  
We can break boards and you can kick rocks  
I know you see that  
No one's competed  
Ooh, that turns me on  
Ooh, that turns me on  
Sit yourself down on the big old bed  
Turn your body 'round here let me give you some  
Don't you want to make a freaky memory with me?  
So later on you can think about it then you'll be like damn  
That turns me on  
I know you see that  
No one's competed  
Ooh, that turns me on  
Ooh, that turns me on  
From the back  
Now from the front

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