

Turns Me On

Wicked Brew Band

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