

My Turn (Prod. L.E.S., Al West)

Big Punisher

Uh psh it's my turn, y'knahmean?
Get this motherfuckin' money y'know?

Shit

Yeah I went double, y'know?
Niggas goin' triple, five, ten platinum

Can't do what I do

This is my game, this is me

Y'know?[Chorus]

Yo it's my turn, I demand my respect
Give me my burn, or get slammed in your neck

Cause it's my turn, I'ma reach to the top

Gimme my burn, I'ma speak with the glock

Cause it's my turn, don't make me turn your wig

Gimme my burn, don't make me burn yo' crib

I'ma rhyme it right, and keep the ghetto in a trance

But when the time is right, me and the Devil gon' dance
Fuck you and yours; make way I'm comin' through the
door

And screw the law breakin the rules ain't nothin' new at all
I'm true to all the shit that I done, check the clip in my gun

Respect the click that I'm from, or get lifted and stunned

Dunn, you just a small fry, fuckin' with the fall guy

Big Pun, The Honorable, all rise

Sky's the limit, nothin' less if my guys is in it

For the right price, even Christ could get it

Fast life we live it, all my memories are vivid

I remember only minutes

That's how I mentally get rid of all the enemies

The spirits that definitely mimic my every melody

And lyric which so heavenly rhythmic

In magic do I build, but math do be equally compatible

And secretively battle you to reach my peak in equilateral

I'm from the streets deep in the bottom yo ain't no Mario Brothers

Official Bronx niggas, quick to body yo' mother (ouch)[Chorus] Jesus H. Christ, how many times I gotta pay the
price?

You scared to death I'll make you twice as afraid of life

I bring sight to the game for every night you complained

You couldn't see the light, I was bright in your brain

Ignitin' the flame, keepin' your third lid

Speak and observe with the mind

What are blind sleep til they worth shit
I'm earth wind and fire, the first one to fire
Reppin' T. Squad since birth til I retire
I wire your jaw, wire the walls with plastique explosives
And riot the halls at the malls where all the crackers ? live
Keep flappin yo' gibbs and I'ma come back with those kids
From the back of the bridge
I think two and touch means tackle the bitch
I rap for the chips, but I'm truly assassin
Four hundred pounds, six feet tall, brutally handsome
That's the pro, got beef with Pun, you gots to go
Mafia style, tear you a new ass-a-hole
Flash your dough, but you too cool for the captain
Cause I don't give a fuck if I was quadruply platinum
And to the 50 Cent rapper, very funny, get your nut off
Cause in real life, you don't know
I'll blow your motherfuckin' head off (ooh yeah) That's my motherfuckin' word, you understand?
Thought we was a fuckin' joke? Shit
Terror Squad nigga, you don't know me
You don't know my name, don't say it, you understand?
Told you before I ain't no motherfuckin' rapper understand?
Shit, I don't make no songs about rappers I don't like
If I'ma make a song,
It's gon' be how I beat yo' motherfuckin' ass understand?
That'll be the name of the motherfucker
"That's Why I Had to Beat Your Motherfuckin' Ass"
Featuring Tony Sunshine
T. Squaders, T. Squaders, T. Squaders[Chorus]

Songwriters

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