

Turn Me On (feat. Problem)

Kevin McCall

We work it, you're watch itIt's the Definition

Kevin McCall DJ I

Let's get em!When you drop it to the floor, don't let turn me on

Don't let turn me on, don't let turn me on.

When you pick it up slow, don't let turn me on

Don't let turn me on, don't let turn me on.

And when, and when you smile down that poe

Baby that turn to me on,

And when you wind in it slow moe, baby that turn me on.

Yeah, listen

I got the baddest for bitches so do their shit in the kitchen

After right hit it she cook it, chicken and washing the dishes,

You hoe should learn some about the trill me,

She don't need my money got she got her own shit,

Sax pimps flirting with that money she got me working the night

So I might just dress her up and diamonds her body colder than night

Know that turn me on, tell the DJ holiday to play her favourite song'cause when you drop it to the floor, don't
let turn me on

Don't let turn me on, don't let turn me on.

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Don't let turn me on, don't let turn me on.

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All these niggas tight, all these niggas lies,

Pullin up with five cent all their f*cking dimes,

If winnin is a crime, y'all gonna lock me up quick

I'm with the illest birdie, give my duck sick,

Real is all I fuck with, 'bout that cash money

Open the game hope that truck fit,

Diamond lay republic, hoe I do it for I'm coming

I say it and she does it, I stay playin the game

Hater me lovin.Let me see you pop it, pop it, pop it

Pop it, pop it, pop it

Then let me see you drop it, drop it, drop it

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>