

Turnt Up

Talib Kweli

Thinking of the master plan
Where there's nothing but cash inside my hand
Wanna dig into my pocket my profit is ever set
I dig deeper, you know I represent, represent
Yeah, money over bitches, my sisters go over everything
My bandz will make you dance forever, just like a wedding ring
Barb of the haters, the jealousy that the cheddar bring
Trying to get away from this 85's like Evelyn
Ride with me, I got 'em leaking like Nene
Got 'em leaking like Mickey, these monkeys biting like hickeys
Cause they're seeing what I'm doing, filling them with confusion
Cut edges like a chewing, I'm flowing just like a student
Of the romance languages, only the diamonds hang with us
My meal is decorated with garnish just like your wages is
The crib's outrageous like really it's no joke
The girl of your dreams be coming over to smoke
Turn it up loud, turn it up loud
Turn it up loud, turn it up loud
Drop it, stop it
With all the soap operas and the soap boxes
Turnt up, turnt up, turnt up, for the people
You can feel the heat from your speaker, my sound will darken your
features
Run it down like a zebra, I move with the speed of cheetahs
I'm from Brooklyn where the heat is the size of a two-litre
I ain't asking for no followers, I'm looking for new leaders
Is hard not consuming all the bullshit they feed us
Intravenous like a cord to the womb from the fetus
Been hard since I started reading, alliteration is literally littered
Through my DNA swimming on through my semen
So every time I bust, babies begin being born
Talk turns tough til them toasters that's tucked, yeah
Draw it like a picture, picture a perfect painting
Police profiling people peacefully praying
Lay the law like leadears the lazy as lolly
Gagging on my ground, getting guap cause green is the new black
Meet me at the bar, we throwing a few back
Hopped out the car, you know who blew that
Turn it up loud, turn it up loud
Turn it up loud, turn it up loud
Drop it, stop it
With all the soap operas and the soap boxes

Turnt up, turnt up, turnt up, for the people
Ayo we drink good, smoke good
This cat wearing funny hats like the pope wore
I come in looking quite clean in the loafer
So hood, might scheme up to no good
You know crook got sling in the notebook
I got the birds on the wire like I know I would
I still rep POC's like I'm supposed to
Come alive and down throw like I know I should
My rhymes like a laser beam - so focused
I'm in the ring so lean I need a phone ?
I ain't lying, Batista Ferocious
Maybe I'm lying bare feet in the ocean
On the beach fall asleep and I'm floating
To the beat so unique like a potion
I love music, I'm complete in my devotion
(Word, say it again)
I'm complete in my devotion
Turn it up loud, turn it up loud
Turn it up loud, turn it up loud
Drop it, stop it
With all the soap operas and the soap boxes
Turnt up, turnt up, turnt up, for the people

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