

Young Turk "It's In Me"

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Whoa
Hot, Hot
(B.G.) Wassup Lil Turk
Hot, Hot
(B.G.) Let em know what's happening with you nigga
Let em know what's happening

[Young Turk]
Look...
Can u picture a lil nigga like me straight thuggin
Hotter than fire, hotter than something that's in the
oven
The G - Code, i live by everyday
Bitch nigga outta line, bitch nigga get erased
Like chalk boards
Look here my nigga, I mean what I speak
Nigga want beef, i rip down both sides of the streets
I got niggas like Big Woo who a ride with me
Trailer ducking, Waldo too, a ride with me
I'm bout beefing, creeping, whateva
In any kinda weather act a fool with the desert
Pumping in bare, look, my niggas we thugged out
Quick to run up in your house and clear everybody out
Know what I'm talking bout
You don't you better find out
Cause i leave your folks in all black, crying and whined
out
I don't play cousin, I give niggas head shots
Not one, a couple of em, making sure that he drop
Look here nigga

[Chorus: B.G.]
Nigga you must don't know his background,
background
He been a lil donkey straight from Uptown,
Nigga you must don't know his background,
background
He been a lil donkey nigga, from Uptown,
Nigga you must don't know his background,
background
He been a lil donkey out that 'Nolia Uptown,
Nigga you must down know his background,

background
He been a lil donkey nigga, from Uptown

[Young Turk]
I'm tired a telling you niggas bout fucking with me
What you think I'm bitch made? Keep on and you'll see!
You can make me go off if you want, and get your
issue
Face be on the picture, your relatives gon' miss you
Nigga, i never talk twice
If a nigga get down bad with me, I'm a show him I aint
nothing nice
I aint gon' buck I'm a keep it on the tuck
Catch you with ya head down, then I'm jamming you up
You could under...estimate me if you want
And watch how quick ya bitch ass wind up getting get
funk
Don't make me pop the trunk,
You gon' wish you never did
Fuck giving body shots, I'm hitting you in your wig
You under dig?
I'm a motherfucking murder man (murder man)
With the 'K in my hand
Nigga you think that I'm playing?
It aint nothing for me to start spraying
Cause its in my blood line,
I'll leave you where you stand

[Chorus: B.G.]
Nigga you must don't know his background,
background
He been a lil donkey straight from Uptown,
Nigga you must don't know his background,
background
He been a lil donkey, nigga, from Uptown,
Nigga you must don't know his background,
background
He been a lil donkey, out that 'Nolia Uptown,
Nigga you must down know his background,
background
He been a lil donkey straight from Uptown

[Young Turk]
Whoa, whoa
When it comes down that to that guerilla shit
Nigga I'm bout it
Spinning corners, spitting fades
Wody gets me rowdy
I don't just rap about it, my nigga, I live it
You can get it twisted - if you want you gon get it
Then they burn yeah

If you haven't been taught
Nigga you gon' learn yeah
Hard head, make a soft ass
Didn't ya momma tell you that young nigga
You got a gun, so what nigga, my gun bigger
If I up with it, don't stunt, i pull the trigger
Aim for your head and chest, ya die quicker
Nigga, this young nigga here don't play
Thuggin' everyday and I roll with a 'K
Don't hesitate, I'll blow you away
Have your family, planning a funeral and a wake
If you don't want my trouble, you better chill
Learned this a long time ago, "I kill, or be killed"

[Chorus: B.G.]

Nigga you must don't know his background,
background
He been a lil donkey straight from Uptown,
Nigga you must don't know his background,
background
He been a lil donkey straight from Uptown,
Nigga you must don't know his background,
background
He been a lil donkey out that 'Nolia Uptown,
Nigga you must down know his background,
background
He been a lil murderer straight from Uptown...Nigga

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