

Yukmouth

"My Turf"

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Yeah [CHORUS] It's my block, my hood, my turf Them gangstas be doin dirt, them hustlers be movin work (On the turf) It's my block, my hood, my turf Them killers be doin dirt, them niggas be movin work (On my turf) In my block, my hood, my turf Them gangstas be doin dirt, them hustlers be movin work (On the turf) It's my block, my hood, my turf Them killers be doin dirt, them niggas be movin work (On my turf) [VERSE 1] Yeah Nigga, you call it the block, I call it the turf Whoa, you call it a rock, I call it the work Yeah, you call it welfare, I call it the first Niggas call it granddaddy, but I call it the purp' Yessir, you call it a ki, I call it a bird Word, you call it the street, I call it a curb Yessir, you call it the hills, I call it the burbs And niggas call me (?) cause I stay all in the dirt Like Tyrese knee-deep in the dirt, beefin like Smurf High-tech hustle, fiends beep when they chirp I'm that nigga that the feds wanna see in the dirt Cause I be beatin up the block while I be bleedin the turf The turf is what we call the hood George Bush is what we call the good And gatorbacks is what I call the wood It's understood, I boss up like a baller should This for my turf niggas trappin out in all the hoods [CHORUS] [VERSE 2] Nigga, you call it the ghetto, I call it the 'jects Whoa, you call it a gang, you call it the set Yeah, you call it Cali but I call it the West Niggas call it brown weed but I call it the cess Yessir, you call it the sherm, I call it the wet Whoa, you call it a thizz, I call it a x Yes, you call it head, I call it gettin some neck And niggas call me Ice-T, a O.G. in the flesh I got connect with the Mex so I sell them birds wet Kanye Workout Plan, I make the girls stretch Catch me in my turfed out van puffin on a bless And I can get that work out, man, you fuckin with a vet Yes, 65 100 block, the Ville, that's the turf Where you see me runnin from the cops tryina get a 100 knots Now I run the block and I run the spot The work on the turf, the money at my underspot [CHORUS] [VERSE 3] Nigga, you call it the slums, I call it the trap Whoa, you call it a gun, I call it a strap Geah, you call it bread, I call it gettin some scratch You call that snitch an informant but I call him a rat Yessir, you call it a pound, I call it a pack Whoa, you call it brown, I call it

the 'yac Geah, you call it dice, I call it shootin some
craps And bitches call me Max Ju' cause they be
choosin the Mack On the track you find hustlers, pimps
and hoes Gangstas liftin weights on the porch gettin
swoll My hardballs was high, I had to pitch 'em low Pitch
up slow so all my goons could get this dough Hit the
'dro behind tint grippin on wood My turf is like yo turf,
we live in the hood Live on the block, live on the streets,
live on the ave This for my turf niggas gettin that cash
On my block [CHORUS]

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