

## **Chamillionaire f/ H.A.W.K., Lil' O, E.S.G**

### **"Turn it Up"**

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(\*talking\*)

Chamillitary- S.U.C. mix, hol' up  
This is the Sound of Revenge  
This for all my O.G. Screw Heads  
Rest in Peace to Fat Pat, DJ Screw

[Hook]

I'ma show ya, how to work a wood wheel  
Chrome lady, leaning over that grill  
Getting money, repping for the hood still  
You know, I'ma keep it all the way trill  
Trunk pop, sitting crooked on 4's  
Hit a club, man we finna get thoed  
Got the world, body rocking fa sho so  
Tell the DJ, to screw it down for me real slow

[Chamillionaire]

Making a good feeling grinning, gripping the wood  
wheeling  
Candy do's glassy 4's, sitting up under the hood  
bending  
You know how we live it, swangas under the hood  
spinning  
You could look at my five fingers, see it's nothing but  
wood in em  
Man got to do it, when I do it I do it big  
Them haters getting pissed, Chamillitary and Screwed  
Up Click  
Head out to the crib, stick ya fingers in the fridge  
Some'ing cold to get ya throwed, go on fill it up to the  
lid  
The multi-colored bling, raises up my self-esteem  
Got me feeling like the only thing, hot as myself is  
steam  
Don't mean to cause a scene, but almost everytime I'm  
seen  
Looking like another scene, out of Johnny the Jeweler's  
dreams  
Out that Houston Texas, where we bigger but we  
badder  
I'm a Southern nigga, you could see it in my swagger

I could go commercial, but I won't cause I would rather  
Keep heat and keep it street, Sound of Revenge I'ma  
get at ya boy

[Hook]

[Lil' O]

I'ma show you boys, how to work a wood wheel  
First thing game face on, hand on a steel  
You gotta be ready, in the land of the trill  
Cause if them jackers catch ya slipping, lil' man it's for  
real  
Second thing dog, when your hands on the grain  
It never hurts, to have a lil' ice in your ring  
Unless the boppers know, that you got a lil' change  
So they gotta come correct, cause you're not the one  
for games  
Third thang dog, man your trunk gotta knock  
So they hear ya ten seconds, 'fore you come around  
the block  
If you wanna square it off, stop and drop the top  
Chunk up the deuce, then let your trunk pop  
And when your trunk pop, man that bitch gotta glow  
Pay attention dog, I'm a break 'em off pro  
Ya tuned into the sounds, of that boy Lil' O  
Da Fat Rat Wit Da Cheeze in the H, this how it go nigga

[Hook]

[H.A.W.K.]

Let's get it crunk let's make it jump, H-A-Dub on keep it  
pump  
Smoke a blunt pop a trunk, I'ma teach you boys how to  
stunt  
H-Town's my stomping ground, a legend from the  
underground  
You heard the buzz in your town, a new king has been  
crowned  
Turn it up a lil' bit, cause this jam is the shit  
This is the Remix, and H.A.W.K. was the perfect fit  
Now this is a smash hit, produced by Scott Storch  
The effort I'm gon put forth, I'ma blaze a track like a  
human torch  
In H-Town we do it up, Chop it up and Screw it up  
Purple weed and purple stuff, now everybody doing us  
Here's the deal grab the wheel, at stop signs we don't  
yield  
Swang left then swang right, don't let your damn drank  
spill  
The real deal ain't no bluff, am I the baddest sho' nuff  
Now turn that damn music up, and make sho' it's

slowed up  
Screwed up or Slowed down, we representing H-Town  
And if you ain't from around, this how it go down

[E.S.G.]

Yeah E.S.G. now the king is back, Chamillionaire next  
up to bat  
Get up in the cats we'll snatch your tracks, sit Lacs blue  
and the Porsche is black  
Down here our music Slowed, don't prefer no 6-4's  
Than a '66 Lincoln, with the suicide do's  
Trunk glow sitting low, like my last name was Kennedy  
Sound scan man, sold a million independently  
O.G. like I'm Eazy, hot boy like Weezy  
Got the hood saying yeeeah, like I'm Young Jeezy  
Sipping on drank my bed is swollen, hotel suites with  
Kelly Rowland  
Texas, Louisiana, Georgia drop top Cheve's rolling  
"Wanna be a Baller" I wrote that, Screw microphone I  
broke that  
Get out of line, I'll send your ass where the Pope at  
Bentley Coupe-a me and Koopa, tipping by them state  
troopers  
Round here, boys disappear like it was a roofer  
Land of the trill, got me grill grilling woman  
Every summer dropping bombs, like we was out in  
London yeah

[Hook]

(\*talking\*)

Respect the originator, Rest in Peaces DJ Screw  
Stay down and stay thoed, and stay true

Visit [Chamillionaire f/ H.A.W.K., Lil' O, E.S.G](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.