

## Blur

### "Turf Stories"

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Intro:

[Mac Shawn]

Turf Stories

Bout the golden childs

Bitch-ass Nigga

[Daz Dillinger]

I thought you knew we run this motherfucker

[Mac Shawn]

Turf Stories

We tell turf Stories

[Daz Dillinger]

Turf Stories

We tell turf Stories

Chorus:

[a singer]

We tell the story

[Mac Shawn]

Turf Stories

We tell turf Stories

[Daz Dillinger]

Said you

Don't really wanna fuck around with us

Jack a fool, remenis and capture us

To all y'all bitch-ass Niggas what's up

Verse 1:

[Daz Dillinger]

Slow down a little bit innocent

Plus a little bit of that

Time to rip some good shit

Make 'em scrap

To my hat, to the back

I'm loadin' my shit

Start up the bus

Aim at everything livin' and movin'

Cause I don't give a fuck

My turf

And it ain't to be fucked with

We run this  
Got no time for no bullshit  
Nigga you heard it

[Mac Shawn]  
Check it out  
You get some rounds  
A quarter ounce  
No doubt  
Another day for this paper round  
Shut your mouth  
And peep what I tell ya about  
It's a droun on the turf in the damn shown herb  
But I got mo' butter than Miss Butterworf

Through your turf and we're servin' to work  
Ice Cream can't be seen  
Pineapples and apple  
Get your rifles  
I cause a hassle  
Fuck the fortune and fame  
Got me rings and chains

[Daz Dillinger]  
You on my Turf, young Nigga  
This my hood and this my gang

Chorus: x4  
[Singer]  
We tell the story  
[Mac Shawn]  
Turf Stories  
We tell turf Stories

Verse 2:  
[Daz Dillinger]  
What am I  
Automatic weapons pumped in  
It ain't there, now they gone  
Nigga, would that be wrong  
Dippin' relocated  
Hopin' we get away  
Hopin' they won't see my face  
To catch another case  
Me and Mac Shawn higher than motherfucker  
Poppin' on the bomb  
Dip the stick and now homie it's on  
Motherfuckers gettin' money  
Livin' like king  
Kill a motherfucker just for my dream  
Now what I mean

[Mac Shawn]  
You see what we mean, Nigga  
This game ain't funny  
Cause we smash the sunguns  
And take they money  
On the turf we keep it runnin' like an avenue  
Get gettin' revenals  
We ride Benzes and old schools  
Now what the fuck am I supposed to do  
Stop sellin' Coca  
Quit mackin' and rappin'  
To all my Mob Niggas  
Pull your gats and start cappin'  
(BOOM, BOOM, BOOM, BOOM, BOOM)

Chorus:  
[Singer]x3  
We tell the story  
[Mac Shawn]  
Turf Stories  
We tell turf Stories

[Singer]  
Tell my do you hear me  
[Mac Shawn]  
Turf Stories  
We tell turf Stories

Verse 3:  
[Mac Shawn]  
The Mack 1-twicer  
The M-1-dozen  
The 9 mm  
The .45 fever  
We midnight servers  
We make believers  
>From Vallejo to Oakland  
We keep on smokin'  
>From Long Beach to Compton  
We keep on stompin'  
For our turf, I know it hurts  
I know we put in work  
We do dirt

[Daz Dillinger]  
Motherfuckers to come around here  
Gettin' pimped, back slapped and jerked  
Ha, ha

They hear us on the streets,

they don't worry bout us  
Cause me and my homeboys don't give a fuck  
That's the way it's supposed to go  
(Way it's supposed)  
That's the way it's supposed to go  
(Way it's supposed)

Crack peels, weed hot  
Sherm regulate to make paper  
That's how we make our paper everyday  
Gankin' Niggas for a fulltime hobby  
This lifestyle that I live is a fulltime hobby  
For all the fame and glory  
The rap wanna step  
Born never to take no shit from no Nigga  
Fuck everybody (Everybody)  
It's like I'm born everyday  
Each and every way  
The way that we tend to do it like this (like this)  
Nigga

Chorus:  
[Singer]  
We tell the story  
[Mac Shawn]  
Turf Stories  
We tell turf Stories  
[Singer]  
We tell the story  
[Mac Shawn]  
Turf Stories  
Motherfuckin' turf Stories  
[Singer]  
We tell the story  
[Mac Shawn]  
Turf Stories  
We tell turf Stories  
[Singer]  
Tell me do you hear me  
[Mac Shawn]  
I hear you man  
Yeah yo

Verse 4:  
[Tray Deee]  
When you fantasize of takin' lives  
Bangin' and born to be  
Exoted callin' shots  
Like a boss in his hogs (Boss in his hogs)  
When they likin' and they mackin'  
Niggas actin' infront (Actin' infront)

But we dumb, steady bluffin'  
And they touchin' us not (Touchin' us not)  
When the seas known to freeze  
At the sound of shot (Sound of a shot)  
We run 'em out  
Once they Glock fell down at the spot  
(Down at the spot)  
You missed the whole juice  
Once gettin' the boot  
I be rude cause they swooped up a ? (?)  
Like it's you thought it's new  
Cute bitches and coupes  
When the truth we movin' huge  
With or without Snoop (Without Snoop)  
We get loose like dogs  
Heavin' scrabble and beat  
Eatin' Niggas it they think  
They can challenge with me (Challenge with me)  
We put it down for the glory  
We tellin' turf stories  
We tellin' stories  
We tellin' turf stories

Chorus:  
[Singer]  
We tell the story  
[Trey Deee]  
Turf Stories  
We tellin' turf Stories  
[Singer]  
We tell the story

Outro:  
[Mac Shawn]  
Tray Deee the beast  
Mac Shawn and Daz

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