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E-40 "Turn It Up"

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I turn it up on a bitch

I got no time for no silly games

I'm out here in this trap trying have my change

I fuck with real bosses, I don't fuck with lames

Califor-n-i-a is the state I claim

Bitches on my ankle like a ankle bracelet

Cuz I'm relevant and I ain't outdated

Suckers looking at me like they wana fade

They fuck around they gona get emlimate

Bossy, flossy, fetty stretchy like pilates

Got a black belt hustlin, not karate

The best thing sense the slot machine

She a dime spitter, a couple of lines and that bitch is mines

Now I don't know what you been thinking

But I've been the shit in my region

Ever sense I can remember

Ever sense I been breathing

Hollin at a vixen, plotin on some kitten

When I start spittin, she starts strippin

I turn it up on a bitch

I passionate about my paper man

I ain't got time for games

The child shit ain't in my program man

I mean it to you all lanes

I'm bossy, once I get started its hard to stop me man I

Lieutenant rosta boss I ain't Captain save a ho

I let a bitch know I got no ho, bitch I'm poo

You gata dig me for me, that's the way it's gona go

I be galaxy man, I be spacin

When I'm spacin I mean my space be in flight and a ho

as nigga tryin test my patience

Colt 45 case, and I ain't talkin about the beer

I talkin street instrumentals, music to my ears

I ain't no petty nigga with a face tat and a six pack

But I bet I could beat your bitches couchie back

Skinny niggas winning right now

When the big nigga come back in style

Bitch

I turn it up on a bitch

I could be broker then you

But I got more respect and more power

Right now I sell CD's

But I used to slang powder

I ain't gata have no paper to get me skin

I just give had her my phone and she punch her

number in

And I don't pay for yoak

You see the big face Rolex watch

The VS1 clarity watch

The jacket made out of fox

You know how much that cost

The three dimensional diamond

More carrots then bugs bunny

Taylor made and hand crafted like

Customize like King Johnny

Some times I like to spoil myself

All that hatin ain't nutritious

Its bad for your health

What about murder mouthin

Through that nigga a towel

He been dipped in sucker sauce

I turn it up on a bitch

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