

E-40**"Turn It Up"**Visit "[Turn It Up](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I turn it up on a bitch
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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Cuz I'm relevant and I ain't outdated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, fatty 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
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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
go

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