

## **Jerk**

### **"Turn It Out"**

Visit "[Turn It Out](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Nas]

Spit at the world  
My lyrics, I could spit at your girl  
Spit when I hurl, spit on the Dutch and finish the twirl  
Spit facts, spit on whacks my whole lifetime  
Spit on my watch, make the ice shine  
Spit trife lines, .44 spit slugs out  
Ready to thug out at the clubhouse  
Chickens who lickin' or spit a nut out  
My name within itself is a language that bring you  
wealth  
Careful, comin' at me is like hangin' yourself at a.....  
I know you thought I'd be locked up  
Dead by now, shot up, full of lead by now  
Got up wit' JD doh', crazy dough  
Queens with the So So Def, A-T-L's best (yeah I know)  
Every ride up the 9-5, fly friendly skies  
Thug passion for J Doves, Henneys for Nas  
Then we mix that shit, tip that shit  
Pass it around, hook the hood, everybody get wit' it

[Chorus]

[Nas]

Through thick and thin, from beginning to the end  
Never do I lose, all I do is win  
Cause Queens Bridge is in the house  
This is Nas Escobar and I turns it out

[JD]

Through thick and thin, from beginning to the end  
Never do I lose, all I do is win  
Cause Collin Park is in the house  
They call me Don Chi Chi and I turns it out

[JD]

I'm sumpin' y'all dread like locks, get bread by the  
flocks  
Bitches love me and I'm duggy from the head to the  
socks  
Too much to handle, here da man of the year  
Hit rooms and light'em up like a chandelier  
From C-P to the Bridge, y'all know what it is

Been gettin' money like this since I was a kid  
I'm in the corner with bitches and buckets of Cris  
Pourin' at the most goin'est nigga wit' shit that showin'  
it  
Now look at my ice, look at your ice, DAMN  
Look at my life, look at your life, DAMN  
See, I got niggas wantin' to drop me, top me, stop me  
Copy Chi to the T cause I'm nice in the 3 black same  
color AMG's  
T.V's, front and back pack with nuttin' but ladies  
You can look up or down, right or left  
But all you gon' hear and see is So So Def

[Chorus, JD then Nas]

Touch the whole global with cold vocals and dark  
words  
Vocal cords translate what my drunk heart slurs  
Chest clogged up with sparked up herb, I feel faint  
Tryin' to hold myself together, coulda spilt my own  
drink  
All I hear is beats bumpin', I'm seein' in doubles  
Last thing I need to happen is to be in a scuffle  
Where my dogs at? These ain't my niggas I loah  
Help the guard, forgot my niggas took some girls to  
the car  
Tryin' to make it through the crowd, which way is out?  
Which way is around? These grimy motherfucker's  
pointin' me out  
I wish I had the drink, but then I'm too intoxicated to aim  
and put the clip in  
It's like the floor's wet and every step is like I'm slippin'  
And yo, I can't lose a step, I feel my enemies followin'  
All I got as a weapon is this Hennessee bottle  
I'm talkin' to myself, my peoples should be stickin' with  
me  
Somebody grabbed me up, "Yo Nas, come take this  
picture wit' me"  
My ice strillon, I'm feelin' my arm  
Thought my Roley was gone, now I wanna swing but I'm  
calm  
Still got that, DJ musta threw on another hot track  
Think it was this one here, bounce to that  
Too much Thug Passion and smokin'  
Made it outside, mouth wide, vomittin', gaggin' and  
chokin'  
From behind, niggas plottin' and scopin'  
Everything was blurry at first, but now shit is movin' in  
slow motion  
I saw my niggas pull up, Perelli's they skidded  
They open the car door and toss-ed me in it

My cats tried to rob me, the crowd was rowdy  
But one thing's for sure, So So Def know how to party

[Backdrop]

All night long {'til when?}

Til the early morn (it don't stop)

And uh (it don't quit)

And uh (So So Def with the dope shit, bitch!)

Visit [Jerk](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.