

**Jon Secada****"Hit The Turnin' Lane"**

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[Talking: 1- Kaos 2- Kemo]

1- Ay see lemme holla at ya dogg

(Shit whuts up dogg?)

1- Man that nigga over therre right therre wit that dice

Nigga had to do it wit Kemo last week at the club dogg

(Dogg...)

1- Man get that nigga on the phone dogg, bout to hit

This nigga man, hit that nigga right now 'fore he know

whats happenin

(That nigga in the blue shirt over therre?)

1- Man that nigga wit the dice man get the phone out

dogg

What you trippin off of nigga

(Damn nigga! hold on hold on)

1- Man this nigga bout to get hit derty, call that nigga

dogg

Man call that nigga man you hurr me? fuck that shit

dogg lemme talk to this nigga

2- Hello? hello? I can't hurr

1- ....Mo whuts up dogg?

2- Whuts up nigga

1- Ay man I'm up herre at these uh, muthafuckin pool

halls man and uh..

That lil' problem you had last week dogg, them niggas

up herre man

2- YOU BULLSHITTIN NIGGA!

1- Muthafuckin talkin bout, blazin them niggas right

now, whuts up dogg?

2- AH FUCK NAW NIGGA IM ON MY MUTHAFUCKIN WAY

DOGG!

[Verse 1: Kemo]

Chill lil' derty, I'm the nigga that'll make you grow

Take the cash that till them muthafuckas feel it and

cant take it no mo'

Fuck a 10-4, I don't got a lil' ho, they call me lil' Kemo

man

I bust through the do' ho wit a glock fo' fo', break up

the whole crap game

Gimme ya change man, wit a ticket to ya mainframe

Watch a niggas brains hang, same thang every day, all

day

Make the nigga a watermelon chain gang, slang 'cain  
Watch a nigga gold chain hang, fuck a nigga matchin  
panky ring

Maintain, sub up a lil', play a lil' game of 20 mil a main  
frame

Off wit ya main thang, bitch told me the L truck pound  
gotta gain lane

Brains crammed, frame bitch gimme head cuz im a  
muthafuckin stage name

Hit the turnin lane, we put the foot on the left, what we  
did out here smokin Mary Jane

We be in the game till I heard a muthafucka talk about  
nigga needin our change

Well shit you did, plus not the real shit, pussy nigga get  
peeled quick

For a meal ticket, now ya ass dumped up cuz I know  
that you ain't gon kill no shit

Now kneel quick, put holes in ya heel fit, you fuckin wit  
a real nigga

Better chill nigga, one shot, one killed, 45 hundred tips  
in ya grill

[Hook: Kemo] - repeat 2X

Hit the turnin' lane, we put the foot up on left

What we did out here smokin Mary Jane

Turnin' lane, we put the foot up on left

What we did out here smokin Mary Jane

Turnin' lane, we put the foot up on left

What we did out here smokin Mary Jane

Turnin' lane, wit the foot up on the left

What we did out here smokin

[Verse 2: Kaos]

I'm that nigga that's blowin up the spot, makin  
everything hot

From my block to yo block, on top, ol' ballin ass nigga

Hmm me? hmm ho I think not ah, got skeet from 9 next  
to the block

There's too many niggas that I know from the block and  
uh

There's too many niggas that I know roll double O 1  
drop tops

Urboddy on the grind, urybody tryin to shine

Urboddy sayin nothin bout time, urbody got a fine ass  
dime

Most of these niggas out herre can't rhyme, freestylin  
all day long

Talkin bout they label and all they songs, walkin around  
like the shit

But ain't made no hits, get ya pussy ass home, turnin

on niggas on stage  
Every four gettin paid, talkin bout the block and the yag  
and the hoes they played  
Niggas in the crowd like "bullshit! fuck naw, no way!"  
Nigga talkin bout they goin gold, on the road doin  
fucked up promo show  
Check the sto' and never sold about 3 or 4 and the cd 4  
months old

[Hook] - repeat 2X

[Verse 3: Kemo]

Ah ah ah, hang out like double D bra, roll through the  
streets  
Of the muthafuckin STL while the truck be calm, and a  
beatin ball  
And you see me dogg when we be swervin to the curve  
in the bird  
Got a couple niggas certain, fin to left the mo up in the  
urr (yes'ir yes'ir)  
I'm in Atlanta on a fox now, rollin through Stone  
Mountain now  
Drug addicts tryin to count the 9's, see roll like Kemo  
tryin to couple the one I'm foundin now  
Many cases so I'm bound to find, so I'm gettin my ass  
off on 2 you feel me dogg  
Rollin down 6 Drive dope fiend tryin to flick a nigga  
down tryin to get a 8 ball  
Then they hit a rocky road, niggas over there clockin  
dough  
Cops over therre tryin to stop the dope, in Kirkwood  
niggas say the herb would've  
Ran out so nigga gotta constantly smoke  
Caddie grill stop the flo', don't be talkin no stuff or the  
Bloods will get that smack  
Real niggas from the ATL, stay up and represent the  
mirror or it makes you crazy

[Hook] - repeat 2X

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