

Joy Enriquez

"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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