

Juelz Santana

"Turn It Up"

Visit "[Turn It Up](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Featuring Lloyd Banks
Prod. By Automatik Beatz

(Intro)
Somebody tell the DJ to turn it up,
Somebody tell the DJ to turn it up

(Verse)
Now I see why they hatin', my diamonds all them
shaking
All the bad bitches I'm taking, if they hot then I'm
blazin,
My nickname should be Benjamin, 'cause I stay with
them Franklins
These niggas sayin' they ballin', but look like they
needed donation
They see me spend what they makin', one night whole
life savings
It's like every day is a party, my life's a fucking
vacation,
And I don't know my neighbors, 'cause the property is
on Akers
My safe look like Vegas, my blurbs look like Jamaican
And my eyes looking like Asians, looking my party's
Caucasian
Look underrated the slaming, ya'll niggas know what
I'm baking,
Bitch I'll be so far gone, although I can't find my
location,
Go ahead, try to pull card nigga,
All I'm holding is aces

(Hook)
Somebody tell the DJ to turn it up
Big face rollie on a cross to ball
Call the fucking doctor, boy we acting dumb, we acting
dumb
Foreign whip, half a ticket, night sleeve
It's big racks in my pocket, my pocket,
Shawty on that mollie,
Tell that bitch we rolling, this is my party.

This my party I get fly if I want to,
This my party bitch I do what I want to.

(Verse)

Ayo I'm big whips 4 wheelin, sip zips no hearing,
Louie bags no cops, is that your lick bitch I'm chillin,
right?

Keep watch me when I'm in the building,
I'm crushing with what I am wearing,
They fussing like I ain't carrying,
I bust em like a McLaren
They say I'm the life of the party,
I came to pick up a target,
Then she heading out, I'm on the hold list
Foreign whips, don't ball em,
I get er to go, she won't wanna leave,
By midnight I'm on number three,
They all know they ain't number one,
Meeting my twenty, come to me!
When the laze no limit,
Money drop from the ceiling,
I'm all the plays and spirit,
She volunteered no stealin
Hoes down, G's up, I'm foreign V keyd up,
I'm jockin greek, we stugs
I'm doin good, don't need luck.

(Hook)

Somebody tell the DJ to turn it up
Big face rollie on a cross to ball
Call the fucking doctor, boy we acting dumb, we acting
dumb
Foreign whip, half a ticket, night sleeve
It's big racks in my pocket, my pocket,
Shawty on that mollie,
Tell that bitch we rolling, this is my party.
This my party I get fly if I want to,
This my party bitch I do what I want to.

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