

## Lloyd Banks

### "Turn It Up"

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You are now rocking with the best!  
South City flowing out the house nigger  
Live it up, girl, don't let 'em guys trick you!  
Homie, that place is full of bogies  
I'm a blew am away from the mill  
Take with us with these homies give me room  
Could have cracked ,mother fucker  
Thinking on my level must have ate a mushroom  
And he's sleeping here with duck vital plus room  
For the zero is my mother's room  
Ain't cleansy as they call me marijuana  
One last second fail bomb first Like Obama  
Place me on my lounge watch me catch another camera  
And after the free run I'm a kick in it  
Watch this full of battle cause is in my business  
Cause my pockets are getting fatter  
Some Jamaican boys be coming of the latter  
Success caught my eye, and now I gotta have it

Chorus:

Turn it up, turn it up, tell the DJ turn it up  
Turn it up, turn it up, tell the DJ turn it up  
Turn it up, turn it up, tell the DJ turn it up  
Turn the DJ turn it up, cause we ain't really get enough!

Turn it up, turn it up, tell the DJ turn it up  
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Fly since I was knee high  
Stacks from my book bag think it was the book of Eli  
I hate it meditating again and I can see why  
I'm miles away from where you see fly,  
I might be by  
Four cripple doubles, cause my clothes go in the crave  
Fill of stadium with love  
Back black foul then you take them home for chow  
Shut out to my momma, she don't make no poster child  
So much style, I can lend you some  
Money longer than the list should have never done

My Shorty wasting but it hits a hell of dome  
It wasn't right there I kick back like a pair of gun  
Carl Libra leather could brought full of rebels  
And Cole he don't loves sparking undercover's roles  
New money, bill shopping, after caught your man with  
it  
Got to find a way to pack this mother fucker ass

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