

## Chris Rock

### "Turn Me Up Some"

Visit "[Turn Me Up Some](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

(Barking) Yea, turn me up some  
Fuck goin on, Yo over there, what up brother  
Yea, yea  
Flipmode!  
See we got a whole...  
We got a gift wrapped package for you motherfuckers  
Yea, yo, yo, yo, yea

(verse one)  
Busta, I stay with in a nigga tracks so  
Hotter than wax yo so tell me why you act so  
Yo, I max cuz I make a nigga black till its time to relax  
yo  
Untill you all collapse so, fuck it  
Its hardly that the god is getting tired, you don't wanna  
say that  
Can catch a cardiac relax nigga  
What, the god is back so you dont wanna in no matter  
how you react  
Blows your black and blue your front and your back  
Choose, whatever the round that you choose  
wounds so herendous from projects you get to  
analyzing the bruise  
Blows will never come in singular they coming in twos  
My crew be starting the ruckus once I get them accused  
Or blast from the triggers that will bust from all of my  
dudes  
be the shit that make you niggas run up out of your  
shoes  
We make you back down, havin the facts now  
With all the noise you be making you can even see the  
shit on the news  
Murder

(chorus)  
So you don't know nuthin about it (barking)  
Turn me up some  
Yo, the heat from of the street will burn you up some  
Yo, the shit I'm sure to spit will hurt you up some  
I'm sayin  
But you don't know nuthin about it (barking)

Turn me up some  
Yo, I drink a fith of yack and hurl it up some  
Yo, just bang it in the truck and turn it up some  
I'm sayin...

(verse two)

Now watch me get a nigga fast, like them bitches with  
no ass  
You corny niggas no class  
Yo, I flash on them then I go and smash  
Couple holes and then splash on them, flicking a little  
ash on them  
From the blunt we smokin keep it chick chokin  
Got them open with flows I suppose and make them  
soakin their clothes  
Keep the shit that make them sniffin, make them open  
their nose  
got them fucked up stuck just like they striking a pose  
Yo, we gaining weight nah its just my pockets are swole  
From keeping niggers whilein while they drivin  
smacking the pole  
I want to you see, prerhaps while I hold me a stack  
hating niggas blab holding me back  
Yo, you fool niggers plotting against the god  
Must be holding a strap  
Because how we coming through you know its a wrap  
Moving a crew of gorrilla dudes you know when to clap  
I blow some shit from of of the earth or the face of the  
map  
Yo, so take that  
Once we give it to you aint no faking or jack  
It's funny how you find your face in a trap  
Little bitch nigga fronting like he ready to scrap  
You better off acting pussy trying to give me your dat  
Staying focusd overfiling a dream  
The way we spark up this bitter fire the flame probably  
killing your team

Fuck it, so now we hover helicopters, turn this shit up  
And you and your peoples aint hearing me proper  
I'm sayin...

(chorus)

So you don't know nuthin about it (barking)  
Turn me up some  
Yo, the heat from of the street will burn you up some  
Yo, the shit I'm sure to spit will hurt you up some  
I'm sayin  
But you don't know nuthin about it (barking)  
Turn me up some  
Yo, I drink a fith of yack and hurl it up some

Yo, just bang it in the truck and turn it up some  
I'm sayin (im sayin I'm sayin I'm sayin I'm sayin)

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

---

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