

Martina McBride

"The Turn"

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"Everywhere I turn, I see, your face..."

[Intro: Raekwon]

Yeah, ah, yeah, yo, yo, yeah

Yeah, motivate, motivate, from the gate, ya'll

Yeah, aiyo, aiyo, aiyo

[Raekwon]

And we the Gods, still tear the whole hood apart
Darts that'll splatter through faces, taste niggaz hearts
I'm intellectual, plus professional
And Walbaums to vegetables
Shit is right here, like buyin' fly gear
Dare any white man or fan nigga, ran through niggaz
Blew shotties in niggaz lobbies, the grand RZA
We left, the radio broke, I yoke my vocals, hittin' green
smoke
Allah Math', show me when the needle broke
Numb the whole crowd up, stupid ass Loud fouled up
Never knew what they had, now they proud of us
Picture my vision, precision, lines jumpin' out of
commission
Divine got me, nigga, the boss, he pop me
Rae, we gotta generate, lord, I feel the Ditech, the
mildew
Buy jets and vehicles, steal a little
Wrap up the whole rap government

[Method Man]

Go head, ya'll floss wit it

Walk wit, I slap your boss wit it

Navy blue, New York fitted, I'm cold frost bitted

Two puffs and off wit it

You smell the herb, 'fore I lit the spots its forfeit it

Blocks is hot, feel the shot from fourth/fifth it

With no regard for your boulevard, just the shit bag
and bullet scar

It's the Riddler, riddle me this, riddle me that

Who the pretender? And who the door man that let
them enter?

The Wu-Tang, 36 Cham', what you smokin'?

Got you in the game chokin', like Van Gundy coachin'
Your street team, bunch of weaklings
Don't ever let me catch your reachin'
Respect when a grown man is speakin'
Shh, keep on sleepin', and just like TLC, I keep on
"creepin"
The five percent of ya'll, keep on teachin'
The heat seekin', missile official, that got issues
Like Funk Doc got snot tissue, it's Hott Nikkels

"Everywhere I turn, I see, your face, but you're never
there"

[Method Man]

Shh... shit ain't over..

Okay, now, same shit, different day, grindin', gettin'
paid

Self at it, automatic, guns that spit and spray
Gotta have it, ass grab it, time to slip and weight
Godbody, House your Party, watch the Kid N Play
Ya'll gon' make me go postal, up in this muthafucka
house

Full of bloodsuckers and hoes that love hustlers

Roll that izza, pour me another kizza

Bigga, to my nigga, so drunk they can't get up

Shotguns through nose, hot ones through foes

Let the herb spots run til the cops come, suppose

I was just another stick in the mud, on a Saturday

Thinkin', how I'mma get the fifth in the club

See my crew thick, everyday I fights to prove it

We comes undisputed, with batteries included

Honey's "bee" like Meth, I be like what?

They want some free cd's, I'm like "see these" nuts

[Outro: Method Man]

If ya'll muthafuckas gettin' high tonight, say all right,
haha

If ya'll muthafuckas gettin' drunk tonight, say all right,
haha

It be Tical, ok, haha, yeah, yeah, ok

It be Tical, ok, haha, yeah..

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