

Real Live "The Turnaround"

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Mr. Slick is out to prove somethin
I'm all up in this pussy, pass the chrome, time to move
somethin
(Yo, it's the turnaround)
[VERSE 1]
Tonight my clique's lookin lavish in upscale casino style
Flexin muscles like a Gotti trial
Yellow case get shook by the court with the judge
You should know a pimp, sonny, kill them killer looks
Roscoe's concealed, it's real, I'm magnetized to this
heat
With the navy blue steel appeal
Gots to be top notch, iced-out Movado
Time tickin on pussies like Castellano
Thug Incorporated, my murder team is orchestrated
And trained through excruciating pain, they'll never be
faded
[VERSE 2]
There's no comparison how I construct the flow
Like pyramids phenomenal, niggas already know
Mr. Slick is out to prove something
I'm all up in this pussy out of state, nigga, move
something
Bags of money plus counting machines
Niggas lust for green, red dogs on the scene
Had to ultimate my scheme to a higher plateau
It's all about rippin shows, stick broads and dough
Fuck the penny ante scams
What part you don't understand?
Atlantic City-bound, playin (?) for grams
Pussies be vexed when I be puttin chips down
This here motherfucker is the turnaround
(What goes up, must come down) - Lords of the
Underground
[VERSE 3]
This is the part that I be lovin the most
Crack the 200 dollar bubbly, propose a toast
Gods bless the family back home, players sittin on
chrome
With three piece suits on dummy phones
Makin transations, conversatin top dollar
Real Live niggas, hustle is a street scholar

Small timers constantly come around with that bitch
shit
I re-, re-, regulate, take 'em to the street quick
Movin in on these hal

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