

Trey Songz "Turnt Up"

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"Turnt Up"

(feat. Fabolous)

We ball'n over here
Tune into the game
Call me Rose Bryant
Call Patron James
We walk up in the jawn thick
Tell em play my song quick
And we gone make a fuck'n movie
Like a porn flick

We on a mission
We the James Bond click
We kill'n til the bars close Convict
Shawty I was born slick
Short temper long dick
Hit you with this magic stick
After that we gone trick

Wala no leash on my colla
And if that bitch is molla
I'm single as a dolla
Smoke west coast kush
In my boy Impala
Got me in the Carmelo
Fuck'n with that Lala

Niggas say they can't be seen
Ain't nobody look'n though
Turn the heat up on that beef
Ain't nobody cook'n though
A section full of them bitches
That Yo Gotti Look'n foe

Yeah that's them 5 stars
The get money drive cars
They got them bang'n bodies
With out the knife scar
They take them shots to the head
And survive y'all NICE

This the flyest shit you may have heard
We all the way up in this Too Short's favorite word

Hit the spot like a god know'n hoes and greenery
Watch full of cuts blow'n spinach check the scenery
East side high try'n not to spill my lean on me
Oh shit dope dick bet your woman feign on me

Mic check test 1, 2 blue sing on me
You destined for fame don't you be ashamed
Tune into the game if that's Patron James
Then call me Dewayne Spade
Ain't no body in my lane

Purple Rain True Trees Reggie Kush
She don't do me only Reggie Bush
I'm a fall back though I don't ever push
1 head 4 chicks 8 legs Octopus

Nigga you don't know all about that
I'm a Telemundo freakin for the weekend
Eat'n clams mussels lobster
Kitchen bed sofa
Stretch'n like Rosa Acosta partna
You know I'm the coldest
On my North Pole shit
While you on your rock'n South Pole when it's cold shit

Don't ask me for hooks you can't afford my focus
Ya turns up Trigga turnt up

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