

Slick Rick "We Turn It On"

Visit "[We Turn It On](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls, alright

This is a world premiere
One time y'all, as we turn the heat
Once again, as we turn the heat
Make it hot, make it hot, hot, come on, uh, come on

Her legends, trying keep it soulful
But just since it's Slick Rick being an old school legend
I decide to make a jam the kids will slam on
How you doing, Gigi? Is your man home?
In the living room I see the brother sitting, say what yo?

Yo we cooked 'em in Atlanta
You think we didn't?
Bitch coming on, beat box stunning, son
Yo, where'd you get that outfit?
One twenty from [Incomprehensible]

Seen the vibe Cali's on
Let's do an up to date, Doug, put your Ballys on
I burn 'em on, chick got to storm
While other rapper cat' kettle go hot to warm
We turn it on

As we turn the heat, yo, yo, uh
Here's a blast from the past, crowd movers of the
future
Unlimited, hitting it like we used ta
Boost a track son, we all that son
Where you been Rick?

Me? Missing in action
Here's a story 'bout a cutie, 'bout a rich, 'bout to ditch
I'm also known to fuck the beauty out a bitch!
Might not shoot you in front of group two
Run a boot, did I mention I'm also quite cute too?

Yo, yo, yo fashion and glamor is ammunition
Cats wishing to rip it like this, keep fishing
Your flow ain't long enough, strong enough
And record sales aren't

Enough, slang it on a phatter to a badder kid
Don't matter a bit, I had to shit and boomerang
inadequate
Chick got to storm
While other rapper cat' kettle go hot to warm
We turn it on

Yo, as we turn the heat, yo, yo, yo

I bogard through and then be screaming no hard screw
Hey go-cart crew, your checking out 'The Show Part 2'
A fellow I know, is this supposed to sell?
I hope, so well, I spoke and this is what I tell white folk

I don't discriminate, don't lack the stimulant crack has
Battle story man and I'll eliminate your wack ass
Backwards tactics, show for act it
Me and Doug Fresh took over this rap shit

Flushes, so as usual tossers
Better give us our props as you're new school wusses
Good times, patch rhyming brought back
And all you other rappers that's trying to talk crap

I'm not the Devil, but your worst nightmare
Sick of rebels and none of you motherfuckers can
reach the cat's level
Four motherfuckers got to storm other rapper cat'
kettle go hot to warm
We turn it on, nigga

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