

Slum Village

"Turning Me Off"

Visit "[Turning Me Off](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Feat De La Soul

Next door she do hopes, chick's so old,
Swear she got a ... back, can't shake her cold
But you got to prove girl, you didn't been there
No matter the occasion, she just gotta be in there
Ball court surfer, she a dope boy's ...
Net game, ... you better get garlic
Miss vampire, your blood on your bank code
She'll thank you kindly,
Kinda reminds me, what's good for the goose
It's good for the...but my gigolo days died with ... in the
news
You want a taste of a do it and you loose
Vixen, she on that smack, my dogs love it
Tell she blow cum bubbles out her nose when she
swallows
Her creed deeper than the shades of appolo
But that ain't about...
She don't let her head to her toes...
Shit, fine ... and kiwi white wine
When she breaks the bank, she bringing out the
hammer
Hammer pants, 12 hundred a pair,
Hammer here, you can't touch this boy, don't even go
there
She can't cook a hotdog but she could eat one
A college... eats one, teach one
Her first gang bang, on her birthday
16 candles, blew them all in the worst way
But nowadays she suck corporate dick
In somebody's penthouse, in some big city
Laying on her backside, tears in her eyes,
Living in the life, while her dignity dies
Tarnishing the legacy, queens in the tribe

Benneta applebum, you kinda turn me off
Benneta applebum, you kinda turn me off
We dead in the summer time, still gotta cough
Benneta applebum, you kinda turn me off
Benneta, benneta, benneta

You see you couldn't feed of... she was broke
Hungry... been on the back so much
She's giving break dance lessons,
Back spinning, ... about 10 seconds in the back
Of a ... black tint Lexus
She learn the head game, ... probably undressing
She ... but you never would have known it
Until you push your bone...
Right persona, never knew that she was local
How complex you go when hopping on some ... like a
pogo
Hot chick, never put your face near the slit
Always lying, always lying, always talking shit
The kind of girl burn your money, burn your ...
She prolly got a the fucking role...
I told my man you would leak where you pee out
Benetta, Benetta, Benetta

Benneta applebum, you kinda turn me off
Benneta applebum, you kinda turn me off
We dead in the summer time, still gotta cough
Benneta applebum, you kinda turn me off
Benneta, benneta, benneta

Yeah, y'all know that saying
When in Rome, do what Roman Polanski would do
So you bit off a little more than you can chew
Raise cheeks and white teeth showing...
You and I both know you ain't getting any younger
But you all ... just a typical lame
... views on love, ... with the skellies in her closet, with
the fresh corpse
Next to it, shelf filled with self health books, looks like a
paradox
Cause the crooks use you like a pair of socks
Keep a pair of cock in your mouth, you call it smoking
pube
You've been...never to be
Most prefer rose a pose to the sea
All over your charade, like a new dance of the
footsteps followers
... and find you on your knees...Benetta, Benetta,
Benetta.

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