

Destiny's Child F/ Master P

"Keith Turbo"

Visit "[Keith Turbo](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Kool Keith]

New York City! (Keith Turbo)
You're listening to the number one
The one and only (Keith Turbo)
Keith (Keith Turbo) Turbo
Pontiac, GTO
That's right, we do it like that
Keith Turbo, the new man
Here we go

Move in close range, with the ARTCC
Air Route Traffic Control Center
I freeze MC's at maximum degrees
??, from the street when I ripped apartments
and the Corman suites
Two and a half units available, bass you can't trace
Your girl starin in my face at 7,000 feet
Turbo, jets in the cockpit
You flock with weak kids on the block with
For protection, I'll ruin your whole section
For major alteration, my final approach is to spray y'all
Attack ya like roaches
Don't step to me at the food court at the municipal
airport
Your unmatched performance can't stop my endurance
Runaway 18-L, pilot one, change in your slot
Number two you're through, dischargin your battery
Stop rappin to me
New York City's number one MC, that's real G
Who's that kid B? Passengers are in position
Change your whole vision
Commercial instructors stop your stretch marks
Take off your shirt I see your ribs
Fakin like you Tommy Gibbs
Technology program, you used to know
I used to study with Son of Sam, that's right

(Keith Turbo) Pontiac, GTO
(Keith Turbo) Pontiac, GTO
(Keith Turbo) Pontiac, GTO
(Keith Turbo) Pontiac, GTO

Man (Keith Turbo)

I can throw a hundred thousand pound walrus right
through the walls

That's right

Mad like five gorillas in the vocal booth [mad like five
guerillas]

It's all Turbo

Yo Mom Duke, pass me my helmet

Let me show these kids what to do

RPM 600 pound gorillas, 22 not hot

Engine accurate, GPS storm scopes on your folks
Monitors equal, my three million new fans are white
people

Geared toward the universe while black people think
the worse

Realistically expect my gross is twenty times your
checks

Triple that diamond around your necks, besides I hate
cars

You feel the turbulence, fasten seatbelts, close your
vents

Rugged horsepower, M-20-F, executive manifestin you
a lesson

False representation'll leave y'all sweatin in the train
station

Remember I'm blacker than your used Acura

That's why I laugh at ya

like a anorexic model on the crack bottle

Y'all play Frankie Beverly I'm in the future with a phaser
network

I bet ya I'll make your beck hurt

Endorsements from the universities can't stop my
abilities

Financial trainin on the campus

Sock ya like ? did Kurt Rambis

Fax you that flight number, stand by frequency

Don't mess with me

(Keith Turbo) Pontiac, GTO

(Keith Turbo) Pontiac, GTO

(Keith Turbo) Pontiac, GTO

(Keith Turbo) Pontiac, GTO

That's right y'all, it's all about NASA

When I ride around in my NASCAR

Don't think I'm Richard Petty, or Bobby Unser

or even Al Unser, it's all Indy 500 when I run around

You know it, I come with the fluid like Jackie Stewart

(Keith Turbo)

(Keith Turbo)
(Keith Turbo) *laughing*

(Keith Turbo) *laughing*

(Keith Turbo)

Visit [Destiny's Child F/ Master P](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.