

Talib Kweli

"Turnt Up"

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(Verse)

Thinking of the masterplan, where theres nothing but
cash inside my hand

Wanna dig it to my pocket my profit is ever set

I dig deeper, you know I represent, represent.

Money over bitches, my sisters go over everything

Band that make her dance, that is just like a wedding
ring.

Barb of the haters, the jealousy that the cheddar bring,

Trying to get away from this 85s like avalanche.

Ride with me, I got em licking like Minnie,

Got em licking like Mickey, these monkeys writing like
dickeys

Cause theyre seeing what Im doing, feeling the more
confusion,

Cut edges like a chewing, Im flowing just like a student

Of the romance languages, only the diamonds hang
with us,

My mil is decorated with ton just like the greatest is,

The crives outrageous like really is no joke,

The girl of your dreams be coming over the smoke.

(Hook)

Turn it up loud, turn it up loud,

Turn it up load, turn it up load,

Drop it, stop it,

With all the soap operas and the soul boxes,

Turn up, turn up, turn up, for the people.

(Verse)

You can feel the heat from the beat,

My sand dark on your feet,

Want it down like a zebra, I move with the speed of
cheetas.

Im from Brooklyn where the heat is the side of a true
leader

I aint asking for no followers, just looking for new
leaders.

Is hard not consuming all the bullshit they feed us,

And your venus like a cork to the wound from the fetus.

Been hard since it started reading, alliteration is

literally lidid

To my DNA swimming on through my semen.
So everytime I bust babies begin being born,
Draw it like a picture, picture of perfect painting,
Police profile and people peacefully praying
Lay the low like lead us the lazy as lolly
Gagging on my ground, getting guap cause green is
the new black.
Meet me at the bar, we throwing a few back,
Hop out the car, you know who blew that.

(Hook)

Turn it up loud, turn it up loud,
Turn it up load, turn it up load,
Drop it, stop it,
With all the soap operas and the soul boxes,
Turn up, turn up, turn up, for the people.

(Bridge)

And we drink and smoke,
Got wearing funny hats like the pope wore,
Come in looking quite clean and open
So heard might scheme of the no good
You know quirt got sling in the notebook
I got the birds on the wire like no wood,
I still rap these styles like this poster,
Im alive and down throw like a notion
We rhyme like a lazy bee so focus
Im in the ring so lean I need a phone call
I aint lying, bad teeth so ferocious
Maybe Im lying bare feet in the ocean,
On the beach full of sleep in the open,
To the beez so unique like a potion
I love music, Im completing my devotion,
Im completing my devotion.

(Hook)

Turn it up loud, turn it up loud,
Turn it up load, turn it up load,
Drop it, stop it,
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Turn up, turn up, turn up, for the people

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