

## Terri Walker

### "The Turn"

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"Everywhere I turn, I see, your face..."

[Intro: Raekwon]

Yeah, ah, yeah, yo, yo, yeah

Yeah, motivate, motivate, from the gate, ya'll

Yeah, aiyo, aiyo, aiyo

[Raekwon]

And we the Gods, still tear the whole hood apart  
Darts that'll splatter through faces, taste niggaz hearts  
I'm intellectual, plus professional  
And Walbaums to vegetables  
Shit is right here, like buyin' fly gear  
Dare any white man or fan nigga, ran through niggaz  
Blew shotties in niggaz lobbies, the grand RZA  
We left, the radio broke, I yoke my vocals, hittin' green  
smoke  
Allah Math', show me when the needle broke  
Numb the whole crowd up, stupid ass Loud fouled up  
Never knew what they had, now they proud of us  
Picture my vision, precision, lines jumpin' out of  
commission  
Divine got me, nigga, the boss, he pop me  
Rae, we gotta generate, lord, I feel the Ditech, the  
mildew  
Buy jets and vehicles, steal a little  
Wrap up the whole rap government

[Method Man]

Go head, ya'll floss wit it

Walk wit, I slap your boss wit it

Navy blue, New York fitted, I'm cold frost bitted

Two puffs and off wit it

You smell the herb, 'fore I lit the spots its forfeit it

Blocks is hot, feel the shot from fourth/fifth it

With no regard for your boulevard, just the shit bag  
and bullet scar

It's the Riddler, riddle me this, riddle me that

Who the pretender? And who the door man that let  
them enter?

The Wu-Tang, 36 Cham', what you smokin'?

Got you in the game chokin', like Van Gundy coachin'  
Your street team, bunch of weaklings  
Don't ever let me catch your reachin'  
Respect when a grown man is speakin'  
Shh, keep on sleepin', and just like TLC, I keep on  
"creepin"  
The five percent of ya'll, keep on teachin'  
The heat seekin', missile official, that got issues  
Like Funk Doc got snot tissue, it's Hott Nikkels

"Everywhere I turn, I see, your face, but you're never  
there"

[Method Man]

Shh... shit ain't over..

Okay, now, same shit, different day, grindin', gettin'  
paid

Self at it, automatic, guns that spit and spray  
Gotta have it, ass grab it, time to slip and weight  
Godbody, House your Party, watch the Kid N Play  
Ya'll gon' make me go postal, up in this muthafucka  
house

Full of bloodsuckers and hoes that love hustlers

Roll that izza, pour me another kizza

Bigga, to my nigga, so drunk they can't get up

Shotguns through nose, hot ones through foes

Let the herb spots run til the cops come, suppose

I was just another stick in the mud, on a Saturday

Thinkin', how I'mma get the fifth in the club

See my crew thick, everyday I fights to prove it

We comes undisputed, with batteries included

Honey's "bee" like Meth, I be like what?

They want some free cd's, I'm like "see these" nuts

[Outro: Method Man]

If ya'll muthafuckas gettin' high tonight, say all right,  
haha

If ya'll muthafuckas gettin' drunk tonight, say all right,  
haha

It be Tical, ok, haha, yeah, yeah, ok

It be Tical, ok, haha, yeah..

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