

Juvenile F/ Mannie Fresh

"Turn Me On"

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[Fat Joe]

Yeah, unh, Irv Gotti..

Joe Crack the Don, ya heard me

[Irv Gotti]

We back, my nigga Chink Santana

Murder Inc., Terror Squad

[Chorus: Ronda Blackwell + (Fat Joe)]

Boy you keep on turning me..

Love the way you turn me on

Got me feeling all alone

(Love it when you turn me on)

Boy you keep on turning me..

Love the way you turn me on

When you got me singing this song

Love the way you turn me on

[Fat Joe]

Yo, push your seat back, ma feel who you rolling wit

Relax, and let Crack take control of this

Have some 'Gnac, Hennessy and Coka Cola mix

To stop at 1-6-5 for that potent shit

So now we rolling this, it's nine fifteen

I'm sure you know where we going but time is the key

Let's smoke a lil, climb high in tha trees

Choke a lil while my hand rub your thigh and your
knees

You know that silly shit, and now it's ten on six

We in the village jus a lil ripped

Pumping Jodeci while a nigga whip

And watch you marinate, feel free to sing along while I
navigate

This is your song ma, crackalate

So when it's time to get it on she gon know that it's
wrong to procrastinate

Steady saying that I'm turning her on, I'm like "I know"

Didn't your friends tell you that you fucking wit Joe? Oh
boy

[Chorus]

[Fat Joe]

Yo, smooth cuz I don't get upset
If she ain't wit it then cool, I can go without sex
I ain't gotta spend big for a girl at Mya
We could, go to Papayas and, talk the night up
Tell me bout yourself, your hopes, your dreams, your
struggles
I'm tryna ta front but I'm feelin ta touch you
I got the heat on blast, I bet you thinkin like "He want
ass"
But still you thinkin that you might
Playin the rules, pretendin to be a fool
When you ask silly questions like "What we gon do?"
I'ma leave it your hands, let you make your move
Now you want me to stay over, games over

[Chorus]

[Fat Joe] Oooh, you sex it baby, ahhh, jus shake it
mama

[Ronda B] Yeah

[Fat Joe] Bag it up, sing this song

[Ronda B] Love it when you turn me on

[Fat Joe]

Yo, now it's on, shorty's strippin in the living room
My heart racing cuz I know I'm gon hit it soon
Pop that ass, sit it on my lap
Don't stop like that, put it on Crack
Let me beat it from the back, now I'm pounding it right
Wearing a thong on my head cuz you know I'm wild for
tonight
When we done talk a lil bit to keep her in the groove
Try ta make it last so my exit is smooth, ya know

[Chorus 2x w/ Fat Joe ad libs]

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