

Kimm Canes

"We Turn it On"

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Ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls, allright

[Doug E. Fresh]

This is... a world premiere...

One time y'all, as we turn the heat

Once again, as we turn the heat

Make it hot, make it hot, hot, come on, uh

[Slick Rick]

Her legends, trying keep it soulful

But just since its (Slick Rick) being an old school legend

I decide to make a jam the kids will slam on

(DING DONG) How you doing, Gigi? Is your man home?

In the living room I see the brother sitting

Say what yo?

[Doug E. Fresh]

Yo we cooked 'em in Atlanta

[Slick Rick]

You think we didn't?

Bitch coming on, beat box stunning, son

[Doug E. Fresh]

Yo, where'd you get that outfit?

[Slick Rick]

One twenty from (?)

Seen the vibe Cali's on

Lets do an up to date, Doug, put your Ballys on

I burn 'em on, chick got to storm

While other rapper cat' kettle go hot to warm

We Turn It ON

(Uh uh on, uh uh on, uh uh on)

[Doug E. Fresh]

As we turn the heat, yo, yo, uh

Here's a blast from the past, crowd movers of the future

Unlimited, hitting it like we used ta

Boost a track son, we all that son

Where you been Rick?

[Slick Rick]

Me? Missing in action

Here's a story bout a cutie, bout a rich, bout to ditch

I'm also known to fuck the beauty out a bitch! (Say what?)

Might not shoot you in front of group two

Run a boot, did I mention I'm also quite cute too?

[Doug E. Fresh]

Yo, yo, yo fashion and glamour is ammunition

Cats wishing to rip it like this, keep fishing

Your flow ain't long enough, strong enough

And record sales aren't (vocal scratching)

[Slick Rick]

Enough. Slang it on a phatter to a badder kid

Don't matter a bit, I had to shit, and boomerang inadequate

Chick got to storm

While other rapper cat' kettle go hot to warm

We Turn It ON

[Doug E. Fresh]

Yo, as we turn the heat, yo, yo, yo

[Slick Rick]

I bogard through, and then be screaming no hard screw

Hey go-cart crew, your checking out "The Show Part 2"

A fellow I know, "Is this supposed to sell?"

I hope, so well, I spoke, and this is what I tell white folk

I don't discriminate, don't lack the stimulant crack has

Battle story man, and I'll eliminate your wack ass

Backwards tactics, Show for act it

Me and Doug Fresh took over this rap shit

Flushes, so as usual tossers

Better give us our props as you're new school wusses

Good times, patch rhyming brought back

And all you other rappers that's trying to talk crap

I'm not the devil, but your worst nightmare

Sick of rebels, and none of you motherfuckers can reach the cat's level

Four motherfuckers got to storm

Other rapper cat' kettle go hot to warm

We Turn It ON, nigga

