

# Turn It Up (feat. DJ Premier)

## Papoose

We never heard of yo clique but they heard of us  
They put em down, we liftin them burners up  
You keep sayin word to your mother but word to what?  
I don't give a fuck about none of these niggas  
I turn it up,  
Come on, come on, killas  
Here go my cup, give me some more liquor  
Open this back window, let me dump on niggas  
It's my era, I'm bout to turn it up on niggas  
Peace to the New York Knickerbockers, the plot got thicker  
Cuz now they got the Brooklyn Nets and Barclays Center  
Hello Mrs. and Mr., cousins, brothers and sisters  
Ladies and gentlemen, children prisons of finger printers  
Snakes who like to slither, wolves, monkeys, gorillas  
Veterans and beginners, righteous people and sinners  
Gamblers, losers and winners, ice grillers and grinners  
Hope you all some good swimmers cuz I'm as deep as the river  
I'm the bad guy, just like the Joker and Riddler  
Bad as Mike in his prime, man in the mirror in Thriller  
You ain't a real man, you can't even use the shitter  
You a pussycat, you probably got kitty litter  
Kill rich niggas in chinchilla  
Representing for the wig-splitters and skid bitters who gets realer  
Like Beenie Man, carjack a bitch nigga  
Who got the keys to the Jeep? Sim Simmer  
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When my oral deliver it's such a moral dilemma  
I don't quarrel with quitters, I give em sorrow and shimmers  
You think your artists is iller just cause his car from the dealer?  
This music char is bitter, cause yall some horrible spitters  
When I swallow the liquor, I write a marvelous scripture  
Start drawing a picture cause I'm immortal my nigga  
Beef is played out so I don't bother with niggas  
But as long as it's tender I eat your squad up for dinner  
Put my palms on the trigger and shoot you all in yo liver

Injure all of you niggas, I'm cool and calm as a killer  
Your man styling from fingers, man who are you? Vanilla  
Ice — I'm Suge Knight, hang em off the balcony with ya  
Since I deserve scrilla, I learned to flip birds quicker  
Had to hit curves with the hustlers and to emerge richer  
Back when Dipset was sippin sizzurp nigga  
My jewelery was black and yellow just like the Pittsburgh Steelers  
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I'm on that money train, making dead president stops  
Robbed the liquor store just so we can get some Ciroc  
Ate Corn Flakes, no Fruity Pebbles and Pops  
Got chased by the stray dogs when I fled though the block  
Bought a 50-cent razor, now I'm ready to rock  
I step to your block with a George Jefferson bop  
I cut him cross peddle bike, he bled to his socks  
Cuz Miles didn't have a chain when I peddled and popped  
My leather bomber was better than that pleather you rocked  
I wore old bomber way before Michelle and Barack  
I heard up North you wasn't reppin a lot  
You never caught a 10-3, you respected the cops  
How you gon use that jail shit to try to get to the top?  
You woke up in PC, never slept in a box  
He said he hungry so I fed him the ox  
My gun is like an independent record label, Heckler and Koch  
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Open this back window, let me dump on niggas  
It's my era, I'm bout to turn it up on niggas  
Turn up  
Now I come back  
Keep it underground hardcore  
Turn up  
Now I come back  
Keep it underground hardcore  
Turn up  
Now I come back  
Keep it underground hardcore  
Turn up

Papoose, Papoose  
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