

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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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
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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