

# Turnt Up

Chris Webby

Like nah nah nah  
Nah nah nah, nah nah nah  
Nah nah nah  
Nah nah nah, nah nah nah

C Web in the booth and I speak it real  
Got another beat to kill  
And I be roasting motherfuckers  
Rest In Peace Patrice O'Neil  
Roll up another blunt  
Now how that Diesel feel?  
Got me swerving man  
Who the fuck gave me the wheel?  
Who the fuck gave me these pills?  
Now I'm off in another dimension  
In need of an intervention  
Cause these drugs are too fucking expensive  
But I'm feeling terrific dude  
Banging these broads with no fucking protection  
Yeah, what were you saying babe?  
I wasn't paying any fucking attention  
Rumbling engine, rolling up in my Camaro and cruise  
Living it like a pirate man  
Always got me a barrel of booze  
Skipping the food  
Go right for the tiramisu  
Sippin' and rippin' the bubbler  
Puffing until I can barely move  
Lay back and then stare at the moon, ooh  
Bippidy bobbidy boo  
Webby be rippin' it properly too  
Hipping and hopping and rambling shit  
Cause these pills I've been popping have got me confused  
Screwed up, burn it down  
Light it up, pass it around  
I'm a bad boy bitch  
You didn't know? You know it now

We just doin' what we doin', and we'll never give a fuck  
Put some liquor in my bottle and some ganja rolled up  
We just livin' like whatever and we'll never have enough  
Bout to get this motherfucker turned up (turned up)

Like nah nah nah  
Nah nah nah, nah nah nah  
Nah nah nah  
Nah nah nah, nah nah nah

I'm not the one you want a problem with  
Positive, you better follow it  
Swear I'm ready for whatever standing in front of my mirror  
Supporting my confidence  
A little weed, you could throw it on top of this  
We get it poppin', yo bitch gettin' topless  
Now that you know, niggas adopting the flow  
Niggas can't stop this shit  
The problem is we won't acknowledge it

But me and Webby (I wanna get that)  
If that nigga wanna get mad, sit up and get up  
And fuck that (get that)  
Now I'm playing like a kid on the black top  
Got the juice with a flat top  
You got a flat face  
Bad boy, it's a bad day  
Look at me sideways, and I'mma hit you with a uppercut  
Too cold, better bundle up  
Huddle up cause we comin' up  
Turnt up, finna fuck it up  
I guarantee that the crowd go crazy  
When I hit the stage, you could bet a hunnit bucks  
Boy we out here grindin'  
Smoking the finest, getting the highest  
Getting the mommas, you know when I'm coming  
Just smell for the ganja  
Vegas; soldierz, takin' over  
Traveling and taking shots  
Tattoo shops, don't forget the place to rock  
I need a nasty girl to taste the cock  
In the office, running all over these niggas  
Like bitches, you niggas is softer than niggas  
That just got to prison, this Project X shit is real  
Somebody pass the god damn liquor

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That rap phenomenon  
Inked up, looking like Comic Con, Rasta mon  
H.A.M. on the mic, no Ramadan  
Go on and on, and leave with a soccer mom  
Cause I kill that beat  
Roll one up in that Swisher Sweet  
Sticky green, sticky green  
With orange hairs, like Pete and Pete  
Flowing double time when I freak the beat  
Holding up mine when I hit the street  
Burn so much, I be high for weeks  
Spit it so dirty, I need new sheets  
My grinder's full, and I ain't talkin turkey, cheese  
I'm talking AK47, Purple Kush and Sour D  
Put it in the bowl, I'll get a dutchie rolled  
Sprinkle some keef on it, and then away we go  
Get in the flow, lighting up heady to dro  
Partying on, got that confetti to throw  
Killing the spot from the moment  
That Webby'll step in the door  
Hit some shit, got my pencil gripped  
Instrumental ripped, living life  
Above the law, and way under the influence  
Getting mine while the price high  
What can I say? I'm pretty fly for a white guy

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