

Turnt Down

Hodgy Beats

All the way turnt up, all the way turnt down
Blowing clouds of a smoke like a Ferrari when it burns
out
White girl brunette, she don't gotta sweat her perm out
But she eat my apple when the fucking w-worms out
I live in fast lane, fast lane fury
Never in court, fuck the judge and the jury
My minds in a race cause my time's in a hurry
Catch a fish nigga and fry him like he curry
Yo, wait until I take off, wait until I take off
Bring your bitch along cause I catch her like it's
baseball
And she run them bases nigga and she run them bases
Bitch she bringing home dome on a daily basis
85 year old rocking RMK flannel
With supreme khakis and some Gucci sandals
Bitch I'm on a beach and the beach name is fuck
I catch an orgasm every time you suck
Bitch I'm on the grind like I grind my teeth
Put you niggas in tortillas cause I grind my beef
And I poke her face, just like I'm playing poker
Chilling like a villain painting faces like the Joker
Tipping on 44's while I'm tipped on Jerry Sailor
Smoke so much weed I need a muthafuckin' inhaler
I'm on another level, pull down the leverage
Bitch I quench the thirsty pass the muthafuckin' beverage