

Turnt (feat. Beyoncé & 2 Chainz)

The-Dream

People think im crazy but I love you cause you crazy too
Radio Killa
Red light special, undress me under the candle light
Turnt up in this business
Watch me do all of them things you like
I'm ready to go, ready to blow like grammy night in the back of that limousine
Billy bob, and Angeline
All you gotta do, is the say the word
And I'll be right there on it
All you gotta do, is the say the word
And ill be right there for ya
Do this while I do that, we like good judda,
Gon baby be you, get on it while I tweet you
Turnt up, all the way to the ceiling
Burn up, till you ain't got no feeling
On my phone, Like Siri.
Talkin bout you gon kill it
Beat it up, until I black out,
Cash out, boi!
I need that
Sexy, ratchet, sophisticated, ratchet
That Black leather when it's hot outside in the summer time, ratchet
She need that cocky ratchet
Ready to cock back, ratchet
That drop top, in December, on mid winter, ratchetTurnt up, turnt up, turnt up, wuh
Turnt up, turnt up, turnt up, wuh
Loving everything you do, baby im in love with you
Turnt up, turnt up, turnt up, wuh
Turnt up, turnt up, turnt up, wuh
People think im crazy but I love you cause you crazy too
My black light special
She hotter than a flame tonight
Burn up in this... and watch her do all them things I like
Say you the reason why all of these rap niggas start singing
She say you the reason why all of these cute girls got baby
All you gotta do is say what's happening
And i'll be right there baby (turnt)
All you gotta do is say what's popping
And i'll be right there shorty
On the phone, like Siri.
I told you I was gon killed it
Got my chains all on that jelly. Where Michelle at? Where Kelly?I need that

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I got picnic table, my automo
Pull up blow the horn cuz we gotta go
You come out lookin like a pot of gold
Now they tryna cramp our style, Charlie Horse
I'm like what yo name? What yo phone number?
I kill? that thang Whoa, manslaughter
You so sexy man, I ain't flexin'
Shawty I'll drink yo' bathwater.
Ferrogamo's on my loafers
Got my loafers on the sofa
And I'm drinkin out a bottle
Man I'm gonna need a bib
Lookin like a kid, Tell you what it is
Tell you where to go man, I'll tell you what I did
Yeh Kickin it, You gettin Kicked out. (Ouch)
I don't bring sand in my beach house (true)
And yo body must be anticipatin cuz it already done licked out.
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Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>