

Bomfunk MC's, Turn It Up

Turn it up, turn it up, turn it up!
Turn it up, turn it up.
Hey yo! Hey yo! Hit me hit me now.
Captain, crew, we're 'bout to fly low.
Gonna hold it steady, but you never know.
Read the meter, watch with the roll.
Navigator pad, navigator hold.
Ride in superstorm in full control.
Bump with jump, bounce really funk.
Just a little turbulence comin' right at front.

Turn it up, turn it up, can you feel the fire burning.
Turn it up, turn it up, do you feel my heart (it's beating!)
Turn it up, turn it up, can you feel desire mourning life

Turn it up, turn it up, let the fire show, don't let go.

Lock and load, raise that pressure.
Right to the edge, maximum and better.
Pass the limitation, this is not a drill.
Fell the drum bling, drumming on the still.
Attention arouses high adrenaling, pumping in your veins.
Warning! Warning! Lights go mad. Your functions fail.
Ain't no room for error, you gotta pre well.

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Don't let go!
Don't let go!
Don't let go..
No no no...

What we are, we've only one shot.
S on you, you gotta beat all the odds.
Situation's outta hand, situation is critical.
Depending on you, depending on the miracle.
No surrender those survivor soul.
Gotta reach the divine, eye of the storm.
Let this be your finest hour, and the lion roar
give you more power.

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