

# Turk, Amped Up

(Verse 1)

Step in the club with my air force ones  
In the back of my bub, I got air force dones  
Full of that red, white, and blue I'm amped up  
Fake buckin if you want, you gone get stamped up  
You gone get these ten in a halves all in yo face  
We gone take it outside and you gone be a case  
You gettin ya grace won't live another day  
I take this time to fault, time to shoot off your way  
Aint worried bout the charge cause I got the dream team  
Money, power, respect lil nigga feel me  
I'm a soldier 5'11 from magnolia  
Look, don't talk I'll show ya  
You with yo boys look I'm by myself  
You talkin noise look that's bad for your health  
Look, that's no good, can't do from the hood  
We don't roll like that  
Homie out of order, homie get it crackin

(Chorus)

You full of that red, white, and blue and you amped up  
Homie buckin if he want, Homie get stamped up  
You full of that absolut you amped up

Homie buckin if he want, Homie get stamped up  
If you full of that henny and you amped up  
Homie buckin if he want, Homie get stamped up  
You done had one too many and you amped up  
Homie buckin if he want, Homie get stamped up

(Verse 2)

I tote gats, got stacks, stay in all black  
Hope that you that I'm quick to bust back  
Sell crack, flip that, sometimes I jack  
Real niggaz I run with dog bitches I smack  
Dog hoes, wear bauds, tee's and ree's  
Do shows, blow joe's, weed indeed  
Hit dro's, spit flow, represent that three  
Break bread, bitch no, gets nothin from me  
Fucc with Annie, off Second indeed  
Bout my fatty, nicca cheese and cream  
F\*\*k my daddy, he did nothing for me  
Just bought a caddy, put it on 23's  
I'm a stunna, a repper, look I'm ballin bitch  
S