

# Jermaine Dupri, Turn It Out

(Nas)

Spit at the world

My lyrics, I could spit at your girl

Spit when I hurl, spit on the Dutch and finish the twirl

Spit facts, spit on whacks my whole lifetime

Spit on my watch, make the ice shine

Spit trife lines, .44 spit slugs out

Ready to thug out at the clubhouse

Chickens who lickin' or spit a nut out

My name within itself is a language that bring you wealth

Careful, comin' at me is like hangin' yourself at a.....

I know you thought I'd be locked up

Dead by now, shot up, full of lead by now

Got up wit' JD doh', crazy dough

Queens with the So So Def, A-T-L's best (yeah I know)

Every ride up the 9-5, fly friendly skies

Thug passion for J Doves, Henneys for Nas

Then we mix that shit, tip that shit

Pass it around, hook the hood, everybody get wit' it

(Chorus)

(Nas)

Through thick and thin, from beginning to the end

Never do I lose, all I do is win

Cause Queens Bridge is in the house

This is Nas Escobar and I turns it out

(JD)

Through thick and thin, from beginning to the end

Never do I lose, all I do is win

Cause Collin Park is in the house

They call me Don Chi Chi and I turns it out

(JD)

I'm sumpin' y'all dread like locks, get bread by the flocks

Bitches love me and I'm duggy from the head to the socks

Too much to handle, here da man of the year

Hit rooms and light'em up like a chandelier

From C-P to the Bridge, y'all know what it is

Been gettin' money like this since I was a kid

I'm in the corner with bitches and buckets of Cris

Pourin' at the most goin'est nigga wit' shit that showin' it

Now look at my ice, look at your ice, DAMN

Look at my life, look at your life, DAMN

See, I got niggas wantin' to drop me, top me, stop me

Copy Chi to the T cause I'm nice in the 3 black same color AMG's

T.V's, front and back pack with nuttin' but ladies

You can look up or down, right or left

But all you gon' hear and see is So So Def

(Chorus, JD then Nas)

Touch the whole global with cold vocals and dark words

Vocal cords translate what my drunk heart slurs

Chest clogged up with sparked up herb, I feel faint

Tryin' to hold myself together, coulda spilt my own drink

All I hear is beats bumpin', I'm seein' in doubles

Last thing I need to happen is to be in a scuffle

Where my dogs at? These ain't my niggas I loah

Help the guard, forgot my niggas took some girls to the car

Tryin' to make it through the crowd, which way is out?

Which way is around? These grimy motherf\*\*ker's pointin' me out

I wish I had the drink, but then I'm too intoxicated to aim and put the clip in

It's like the floor's wet and every step is like I'm slippin'

And yo, I can't lose a step, I feel my enemies followin'

All I got is a weapon and this Hennessee bottle

I'm talkin' to myself, my peoples should be stickin' with me

Somebody grabbed me up, "Yo Nas, come take this picture wit' me"

My ice strillon, I'm feelin' my arm  
Thought my Roley was gone, now I wanna swing but I'm calm  
Still got that, DJ musta threw on another hot track  
Think it was this one here, bounce to that  
Too much Thug Passion and smokin'  
Made it outside, mouth wide, vomittin', gaggin' and chokin'  
From behind, niggas plottin' and scopin'  
Everything was blurry at first, but now shit is movin' in slow motion  
I saw my niggas pull up, Perelli's they skidded  
They open the car door and toss-ed me in it  
My cats tried to rob me, the crowd was rowdy  
But one thing's for sure, So So Def know how to party  
(Backdrop)  
All night long {'til when?}  
Til the early morn (it don't stop)  
And uh (it don't quit)  
And uh (So So Def with the dope shit, bitch!)