

Turk, U Thought It Was Over

(Intro)

Reporting live from WKQXL, The Lab

This is Connie Cargen, we have just been informed

That the rapper, Tad Virgil AKA Turk

Was released from the New Orleans Correctional Facility
At 6:30 PM Central time, he is reported to be raw and uncut

And has signed a deal with producer Kenoe

At Laboratory Records, in a record deal worth so much

It made me wanna start rapping

His contributions to hip-hop, have been very overlooked

But in a press conference, he said

(I can't be f**ked with, nigga)

(*talking*)

Uh-huh, homie, Young Turk, Kenoe

Laboratory nigga

(Turk)

I know you niggas want know, how I get back on the street

Cause I bought that time, that was offered to me

Can't hold a nigga like me down, too long

And if you was thinking that, my nigga you dead wrong

I had a hungry lawyer, and he ate the case

One more case, the mad lock on a bad day

Got the charge refused dismissed, and throwed out

Caught it out, when I f**k it every word out your mouth
Convinced the judge, that I'm not guilty

Plus it's rounding the next time, tell me if you feel me
If you don't feel that, you just green as grass

Or duck with orange feet, with your stupid ass

Look back to the subject, I told you I'll be home
Doing my thang again, with a number one song

And blow like the wind, be on top again

Drop another c.d., and sell ten million

(Hook - 2x)

You niggas thought it was over, but it ain't
Thought I couldn't bounce back, nigga you got ganked
Plus I know you niggas, was holding your nuts on me
Hoping that I won't bounce back again, homie
(Turk)

6:30 after roll call, I bounced out of jail
Got my niggas all, took my blanket and I bail
Called the street from H-O-T, central lock up by when
I'm on my way out, boo-koo niggas rolling in
Made my way to the back, waiting to put my clothes on
And while I was waiting, I asked to use that free phone
So I could have a ride, waiting outside
I ain't bout walking dog, I ain't gon even lie
Called my name out the do', now I'm at the front desk
Stare at my hand took my bag, hand me my pop-a-deck
Now I'm waiting at the front do', running out of patience
Cop taking his time, and I'm running out of patience
He finally let me out, and on my way out
Saw my girl in the lobby, with a smile on her mouth
Happy to see a nigga, bout to tear that ass up
Cause I'm fresh out of jail, and my dick rocked up nigga
(*talking*)
Nigga, uh-uh-uh-uh, uh-huh, uh-uh-uh-uh-uh, uh-huh
Uh-uh-uh-uh-uh, uh-huh, uh Kenoe, Laboratory nigga
We bout to tear this motherf**king rap game up
Uh, I'm bout to get famous, hold on wait
I'm already famous nigga, respect it or check it ya understand
Uh, I get boo-yacka, boo-yacka, boo-yacka-yacka flames nigga
I'm bout that, don't get it twisted nigga
Cause I ain't missing ya heard me uh, uh-huh
Uh-huh nigga, uh-huh, uh-huh nigga
Uh-huh, uh-huh nigga, uh and it's like that