

# Young Turk, Its In Me

1-When I start to spray  
Clear the way ducking shots  
Cause once my gun cock  
I then aim and pop  
Im a donkey nigga, look here a untamed guirrella  
Wilder than willa TC representer  
Known for spending big spitting about 50  
Plus Im quick to ride and give it to you bitches  
A low down nigga  
Always have always will  
Uptown nigga, young and thuggin,  
Ready to kill

In my blood and my veins be the way that I be  
All I know is killin  
Murder, drama, no peace  
Lil nigga 19 got off the porch early  
I don did it all believe that ya heard me  
Nigga like testing ya nuts dont ya do it  
I dont hesitate especially if ya blew it  
Ya set I run through it like a mad man  
Dont think I wont do it  
Leave ya mama sad man

Chrous: Its in me my nigga to be the thug dat I be  
Its in me my nigga to wear beagats on rollies  
Its in me my nigga to wear T's, Baud's, and Ree's  
Its in me my nigga, its in my nigga (2x)

2-Its in my blood stream whodie to be the nigga that I am  
Tought gats, flips hats, take a nigga from his fam  
Nothing but streets shit is all a nigga know  
Knocking you off your feet quick is all a nigga know  
Drive bys and pull ups Im prepared anyday  
Thugging as usual I do that everyday  
Bitch niggas get roasted if they not from round my way  
In the middle of the Quarters in one of them hallways  
Quick to steal ya look Im real I aint fake  
Give ya ass a murder scene in the middle of yellow tape  
Put a hole in ya thinking cap  
You wont be thinkin no more  
Nigga you'll be put to nap  
A young nigga play it raw raw  
And X your bitch ass out  
Me and my nigga Rack quick to run up in yo house  
Fuck it I goes out cause its in me my nigga  
When its a coke drought I told em send me my nigga

Chrous:

3-Im the one they talking about  
Original hotboy, lil Turk nigga  
Run up and get shot boy  
With a long gun, a K with rounds in it  
Nigga show that ya done  
When Im spinning or grillin  
None stop cousin that chopper a fool yea  
Get a nigga mind right thats what it do yea  
Blood and brains all over the streets  
Is what ya see nigga fucking with me  
Ill do you something awful  
Split ya shit real deep  
Close casket what ya have  
Front row for ya peeps  
I gear up in black  
Somebody dying tonight  
Look load up the Mac  
Its time to ride tonight  
Im disguised like a woman

Mask over my face  
Gloves on my hands  
Look no evidence for the case  
Look thats how its gotta be done  
Did smart and smooth  
If you dont want trouble  
Nigga betta be cool  
Chrous: (til the end)