

# Turnt (feat. Beyoncé & 2 Chainz)

## The-Dream

People think im crazy but I love you cause you crazy too  
Radio Killa  
Red light special, undress me under the candle light  
Turnt up in this business  
Watch me do all of them things you like  
I'm ready to go, ready to blow like grammy night in the back of that limousine  
Billy bob, and Angeline  
All you gotta do, is the say the word  
And I'll be right there on it  
All you gotta do, is the say the word  
And ill be right there for ya  
Do this while I do that, we like good judda,  
Gon baby be you, get on it while I tweet you  
Turnt up, all the way to the ceiling  
Burn up, till you ain't got no feeling  
On my phone, Like Siri.  
Talkin bout you gon kill it  
Beat it up, until I black out,  
Cash out, boi!  
I need that  
Sexy, ratchet, sophisticated, ratchet  
That Black leather when it's hot outside in the summer time, ratchet  
She need that cocky ratchet  
Ready to cock back, ratchet  
That drop top, in December, on mid winter, ratchetTurnt up, turnt up, turnt up, wuh  
Turnt up, turnt up, turnt up, wuh  
Loving everything you do, baby im in love with you  
Turnt up, turnt up, turnt up, wuh  
Turnt up, turnt up, turnt up, wuh  
People think im crazy but I love you cause you crazy too  
My black light special  
She hotter than a flame tonight  
Burn up in this... and watch her do all them things I like  
Say you the reason why all of these rap niggas start singing  
She say you the reason why all of these cute girls got baby  
All you gotta do is say what's happening  
And i'll be right there baby (turnt)  
All you gotta do is say what's popping  
And i'll be right there shorty  
On the phone, like Siri.  
I told you I was gon killed it  
Got my chains all on that jelly. Where Michelle at? Where Kelly?I need that

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 People think im crazy but I love you cause you crazy tooI got picnic table, my automo  
 Pull up blow the horn cuz we gotta go  
 You come out lookin like a pot of gold  
 Now they tryna cramp our style, Charlie Horse  
 I'm like what yo name? What yo phone number?  
 I kill? that thang Whoa, manslaughter  
 You so sexy man, I ain't flexin'  
 Shawty I'll drink yo' bathwater.  
 Ferrogamo's on my loafers  
 Got my loafers on the sofa  
 And I'm drinkin out a bottle  
 Man I'm gonna need a bib  
 Lookin like a kid, Tell you what it is  
 Tell you where to go man, I'll tell you what I did  
 Yeh Kickin it, You gettin Kicked out. (Ouch)  
 I don't bring sand in my beach house (true)  
 And yo body must be anticipatin cuz it already done licked out.I need that  
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Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>