

Turn Me On

Kevin McCall

We work it, you're watch it
It's the Definition
Kevin McCall DJ I
Let's get em!
When you drop it to the floor, don't let turn me on
Don't let turn me on, don't let turn me on.
When you pick it up slow, don't let turn me on
Don't let turn me on, don't let turn me on.
And when, and when you smile down that poe
Baby that turn to me on,
And when you wind in it slow moe, baby that turn me on.
Yeah, listen
I got the baddest for bitches so do their shit in the kitchen
After right hit it she cook it, chicken and washing the dishes,
You hoe should learn some about the trill me,
She don't need my money got she got her own shit,
Sax pimps flirting with that money she got me working the night
So I might just dress her up and diamonds her body colder than night
Know that turn me on, tell the DJ holiday to play her favourite song 'cause when you drop it to
the floor, don't let turn me on
Don't let turn me on, don't let turn me on.
When you pick it up slow, don't let turn me on
Don't let turn me on, don't let turn me on.
And when, and when you smile down that poe
Baby that turn to me on,
And when you wind in it slow moe, baby that turn me on.
All these niggas tight, all these niggas lies,
Pullin up with five cent all their f*cking dimes,
If winnin is a crime, y'all gonna lock me up quick
I'm with the illest birdie, give my duck sick,
Real is all I fuck with, 'bout that cash money
Open the game hope that truck fit,
Diamond lay republic, hoe I do it for I'm coming
I say it and she does it, I stay playin the game
Hater me lovin. Let me see you pop it, pop it, pop it
Pop it, pop it, pop it
Then let me see you drop it, drop it, drop it

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>