

Artist: ugod

Title: Turbo Charge

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Rocket on...to the break of dawn...elevation yo...

(Verse)

Elevation smell the vibration mystique beneath the beat cave in  
Super freak meaty bone tones discreet goncha leave is a sweet sensation  
(egg is I) forsaken take over in  
the making live wire retire all great men  
mic-pope rope-a-dope (ma-des-en) intention  
Broke through your fences now this is the redemption  
Nerve wrechin unstoppable high colossal  
tossil obstacle-able hard to true bobbin  
Shopping through no question  
honey I'm sexual intellectual (vamp) rhyming professional  
Swing all the ladies in I directional potential bright clever and soft  
Whatever more encore the shit you adore hard

[Chorus]

Cause its hard turbo charge and I'm doing shit my way  
Bon Voyage Shoalin dodge nigga I'm going shit my way  
Turbo charge nigga its hard cause I'm doing shit my way  
Yes its hard praise to god nigga I'm doing shit my way

How it sounds now hold it down right down to the ground...

(Verse)

Pleasure the light mic the treasure strangers in the night  
Can't fight the spinning (lining) of pearl from left to right  
Have guns (yo will) travel milky way dripping in the brisk  
At your own risk silver shadow  
That might lurk in the image in the Pharaoh when the road gets narrow  
An hour off after hour devour with the power the background amp  
Wine (your mission) to the party mix champ  
Wu stamp genie out the lamp cramp sex position  
Exposition body count technician bets deep rising ask killa-shit  
Wax \_\_\_ize this courage of the fearless wu enterprise sent to risen  
Grand prize landslide pipe in holy lighting told me I'm frighten  
Goldie the only \_\_\_ speaking that excitement

[Chorus]

(Verse)

I feel the earth moving under my feet  
I feel the crowd come tumbling down how it sound all around now  
We going to party now hold it down  
we going to party-hardy right down to the ground

[Chorus]