

Rustage - Turn the Volume Up

{Intro: McGwire}

**I swear, I'm testified
It's not all just black and white
I'll find a better line
Just give a hand to shake
You hate me, dead in line
We'll brace for better times
Just keep your head up high
And get up out my way**

{Verse 1: Rustage}

**Yeah, my tone one two in the check stuff
Short time, ain't no need for a test ran
New coat, new stains, it's a fresh blood
Burn by the flop, they gone mad when the bread crumbs
Our poisons poured 'till we get drunk
Gon' learn when the chains on our neck frome
Bring the bloodshed back, I cause red rum
Radio static, that's a tune of the dead hum
They are loving me, tuning in to my messages
Facing them out the pebble speak, means remember the educate
Dealing skulls like it's vacancy, I'm removing the pleasantries
Listening to the summary, and learning who the Devil is
You don't wanna battle me
Leaving hums a minute 'till the women saw the Devil in
Turn another body on the inside, dividend
Knock-knock-knock, when you do it, you can let him in
Hide another skeleton, my closet getting larger
Listen to the audience, they can not know the laughter
Send another heretic, so listen to your father
Way I move like wedding, I'm delivered unikarma**

I'm not a saint or a martyr, pray to your masters
Question my role, and I gave them the answer
There not a six that I'm after
Brawl cause the Hell in the astra to rain the disaster
{Pre-Chorus: McGwire}
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{Chorus: McGwire}
They all wanna hear your pain
Broadcasting stereowave
Bye now, it is getting the frame
Turn the volume up
We found is a billy, just wait
Right now it's a city of saints
All pound to be in my sake
Turn the volume up

{Verse 2: Rustage}
Yeah, OG, the Devil of bootlegs, and
My ways gon' carry the tune best, they
So scared they having a true death
Can't make a change, they reckon a few heads, ay
When I'm black, I leave it like roulette, a-ay
On the track, but never I do web, a-ay
I'mma bag, a Devil of new threats
I go ghost every note like what really do next, uh

I'mma make them shake like a trembler
Put them in the grave by the second note
Do it every day, every episode
Can we going up like a chef is toad
Have them moving motto when I set the tone
Encore, encore, I'm the best in show
Sign up for the left in notes
See the dead man hang like a telephone
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