

# Twisted

Tela

Uh, ahhh yeah, right right now  
Let's drop, dedication to the kings of hip-hop  
Shit, thank you ha  
It was this bitch named LaQueesha, met her on the Eastside  
Rollin' in my boat while pullin' her over with the p-sign  
Spit the competence, and confidence in conversation  
Chances on point and I'm not in violation  
See hoes are like the value of a fraction  
With me, I just proceed to do my deed to go to askin' em' relaxin' em'  
Spit that game that drain from Imperial, she said a nigga be cereal  
Like Cheerios, we live for hoes, here it goes  
I'm rollin' with Suave and I ain't givin' a fuck  
Employed with some voids is doin' jobs to us  
A must, I can bust from a hundred yards plus  
But St. Gal is the rough, got in the Seville and mushed (Nigga hush)  
Now who's sweeter, the nigga Tela  
5-0 be the leader, speed of a T to Vida  
Switch the bitch, enlisted dicks  
I'm love she up to this, no contradicts  
I'm givin' a fuck about man understand this  
Keep on rollin' from the danger  
And I'm loadin' one in chamber  
Ain't nobody out there ridin' close to me, not for free  
Keep on rollin' from the danger  
And I'm loadin' one in chamber  
Ain't nobody out there ridin' close to me, not for free  
Now I'm makin' her mind cum off steak and rum  
Abaci whites and henny whites and plenty umm, plum  
Candy, man she understand me  
See the name of the game is to be enchanting  
Listen to those, I suppose that's the catch  
In the beginning tryin' to get in, naw that's a childish act  
Laid back, play that, roll havin' control over ya beau for a minute  
Give her a hold and touch her titty  
A pity someone gotta spit it intellectual  
And give it the sexual meaning, keep it warm and dick it  
I'll get it, the chick like I'm supposed to  
Makin' a toast to the evening as we leavin'  
I told ya she's gettin' social  
Sayin' she's around the smoker of the doja  
And she knows the soap and close to  
Super tight, teeth white like liquid paper  
Versace jeans, got the Beamer schemes on that ass  
Shake her, take her silk from the fit that I just ripped  
From the boss, see God finally pick on the other car off of the  
I'm sittin' here tryin' to figure if sweetie want to dick up  
My eyes on thighs that gotta slide in thicker, picker  
Questions apart from solutions  
From dark ways back to Houston, I shoot competin'  
Now loosen up the lips between the hips  
Clutchin' on my nuts like grips  
Gettin' full of this eclipse  
Slips, it's something more loungin' than see-through gowns and  
Got me clownin' in a tight town housin'  
A thousand thangs on my brain as I recline  
Dick these whores down from the crease in panty line  
I guess I'm gonna seek through ya pines

I'm pressin' down the blinds to see reflection of super signs  
A bitch goin' on out cha' gates  
A nigga just pulled off his plates and ran up the staircase  
Plates till seen like a scene from a tale  
And nigga thinkin' she a queen so he ain't physically well  
I can tell from the cussin' he talkin' about bustin'  
He grabs a galss and hits my ass with the bloody stubs and  
Now you runnin' down the hallways tryin' to get to the stairways  
Gon' and bust his ass between Winchester and Airways  
Get paid, never take murderers, take no services  
If they got cho' bitch then you feelin' kind of nervous  
[Chorus x2]