

## 3 Minute Murder

Twista

Uh, Uh, Ya'll already know what it is  
Niggaz talkin bout Twista this Twista that  
all I know is Twista rap I spit nigga, fuck ya'll, check it out

Twis' got skill Yes I kill  
I could ride on they ass like Buffalo Bill  
I be winnin in the game like them niggas in the south  
if a nigga talkin shit I'm quick to hit em in the mouth  
Them lyrics that's the shit I be equipped to spit em out  
and Imma make a nigga sick cause I got venom in the mouth  
Antonyms and synonyms are spinnin him out of his route  
and I got bricks of money bitch and I can't fit em in the couch  
Kill em with the ride paints hard with the deep dish  
Kill em wit syllables quick wit 8 bars in a sequence  
I am the bidness I gotta charge you to peep this  
Niggaz can't see me I'm ray Charles or a eclipse  
Stevie in the blackout see me with the Mack out  
Twista gon get money like a GD in a crack house  
When it come to flows Imma spit em like they cold  
When it come to niggaz heads Imma split it like a pole  
Take away they swag and shit on they cocky style  
cuz my lyrics be too quick they call me Twista Pacquiao  
come solo wit my k-  
olo when you see my logo come take my photo when I'm on promo  
Niggas wanna get me they better pick a new regimen  
shit too sick B somebody better go get you medicine  
Not bringin up Twista I'm makin the issue relevant  
balls bigger than mine betta go get 2 elephants  
I be getting grimy but you and yo click too elegant  
beat yo face up til yo jaw tissue look like a pelican  
I be steady whoopin yo ass just fo the hell of it  
can't nobody fuck wit me the planet is celibate  
I kick a hot flow, get it like Harpo  
brief when I rhyme teeth shine like a car show  
Wit a thick bitch, go head check out my cargo  
you know one gon be wit me wherever my car go  
Where yo baby at where yo white Mercedes  
at ill let u borrow the Bentley as long as you bring it back  
Here, a couple stacks, you ain't gotta pay me back  
me and yo boss kick it and he know where the ladies at  
Whether we comin and killin and murderin cause I beat down the block  
or because I'm like D»throw ya hands up' cause it's hip hop  
I'd rather be rappin about the streets and makin a quick pot  
but it's time to do something so the shorties don't get popped  
Meanwhile back to the lab I got the desert eagle  
come on yo muthafuckin tip and kill a lot of people  
Throw up on a priest let him know I ain't no reverend  
either dat I go where the fuck I want I'm up in heaven evil  
U ain't gotta tell me I know I spit bars sick  
e-mail, anthrax, flows kick arsenic  
G-up genie and throw it up I'm car sick  
cut raw dope deez nigga cut garbage  
Lethargic give a bitch hard dick see my niggaz and I say salute like a serge  
ant  
Can't lie I'm one of the coldest artists so I wouldn't have yo bitch up in m  
y apartment  
So I be passin out fuck you flyers da fakers and heaters and then fuck liars

If yo' shit ain't one been one minded the swine flu h1n1 virus  
Am I like Jason no I'm more like Michael Myers  
I am the shit I need to wear diapers  
When I spit it sometimes I'm all to philosophical  
blame it on the Don Julio and killer tropical  
Twista got more swag than a rich sissy  
but don't get prissy muthafuckas can get grilly  
Imma balla and a boss and yes I'm finna get paid  
takin flames to the head like I'm Nicolas Cage  
I ghost ride the whip I'm finna get laid  
any niggaz dat try to get me is finna get sprayed  
One day it's possible dat I'm finna get saved  
but for now I be getting money I'm finna get paid muthafucka  
Fucka.. ..fucka.. .. fucka.. ..fucka