

Art & life

Twista

Yeah..
Young Chris, M-eez, my nigga Free-Wheelz
The boy Twista
Holla

My life on the track (Okay)
Up and comin'
State Prop Chain gang (That's right)
Get low (Get low)

It's the Roc in the building nigga
(Holla...Yeah)
It's the motherfuckin' Roc bitch, who hotter than us?
(Okay, okay)

Ayo..ever since a young buck, I been on the come up
Known to dish the raw, dish the law if they come up
And cheddar 'till the sun up..
If there's a ransom and the law get involved, then we never get it summed up
Never put ya gun up, if ya come round me
I go to war wit' niggaz 'round the corner from 'round me
You could front 'round me, but I read through that
Wit' the mili' and I ain't talkin' 'bout no Segal mac
Niggaz see shoot back, we can see to that
Hit yo front letters see through back, bring yo peoples back
And I used to grind out on my friend's spot
'til he's mom wanted my Tim-bots
Now my paint got me discounts
Or trans-quo all around the world, like I was signed to Pimp-dot
And if it's ten targets and I got ten shots
I'm tryin' to leave at least nine out of them ten shot..

I got my mind on my money, money on mind
But some say its a gift, I don't write but I rhyme
I, complete songs with just one try
Tell 'em it's no lie, I beef all my life...dogg
I never think, it's already there
I find ways to say it, so you motherfuckers hear it
And when you hear it you feel it, you know its real so
This is how I live it, how it's pictured for real...nigga
I'm shittin' for real
Diamonds against wood, underground king for real
Big crib when I lay, yeah I'm livin' for real
Trust me the guns come off the shelf whenever shit'll get real
Automatics and extended clips, that's what I'm hittin' wit'
Dummies in the black rhinoes
Yeah, they be killin' shit
Masked up kidnap shit, that's how my niggaz get
Chi-town, NYC, that's how my niggaz get..

Yes, just picture me rollin'
The smith and wesson'll stay goin' put a hole in yo chest
It's just, another hustle paper gettin' made and fold
Get mad, you street niggaz finally made it
I swoop five, he know the ride, heavily loaded
Deliver pies like cake, they go straight through yo payment...yup!
Chump...you don't really wanna war

With the State Prop clique, if ya clique shot us, squad up
S-P game so damn tough, the 4 4 in the 5th tucked ya'll can't hang
Transporter turned rapper, get a camcorder film my life
Still accomplished, tryin' to fill they cups
The rap version of Mandela, call my bluff
We still the street dwellers, feel my pain (my pain)
I spit a verse and split a clip in the rain
A fool-proof when the full force open you up (what!)

Twista will rock you, you don't want the thug apostle to pop you
Hostile when I drop you, turnin' everything colossal to fossiles
I speak street gospel, all they life I spit words and paint portraits
For real niggaz that hold down they fortress and serve off of porches
Hit 'em in the body wit' the powerful forces, that'll end all your doubt
Make you clean up your house, bag up an ounce, hit the dance floor and bounce
We blessed wit' the talent, fuck wit this clique, it ain't gon' be easy
'Cause you fuckin' wit' Twist if you fuck wit Chris, Bleek and Free-wheezy
So speak and breath easy... Or the scutches my future in 3D
I like wars, I'm from a city full of vice, lords, and GD's
Breeze and souls, 2-6's, kings, VD's and stores
Spanish cobras and all the true soldiers survivin' are gone
Watch me spit if for the killers and hustler's, flippin' all the pounds and bricks
Hate on me I'ma bust at you hoes, and I put eleven down wit' a clip
Niggaz servin' fiftys and hundreds, when I see you and I'm on yo tip
Twista and this East-Coast regime, it's that chi-roc shit