

Death before dishonor

Twista

Always ever all days death before dishonor
comin back as though I can still see if you got static
fuck tryin' to steal me, shit you gon' have to kill me
and if somebody cappin Ima tell em what happens when my emotions erupt
shots make me duck, thats when Ima have to fuck you up

its like uh, ah, muthafucka cant fight the feelin the way Ima fuck em
have an orgasm but for the orchasm hit em as if a 4-5 buck em
talk about a man being scared, I done killed him be dead in his tomb
still shakin
hit em in his body and his head, now be found in heaven with the wound
still achin'
I wonder if his voice still breakin'
better be cause I steadily
hit him with gats and styles that heavily
armed and dangerous and deadily
that ahead of me recieve two holes like the letter B
better you instead of me, breakin peace can increase your chances
to delete your advances for slate I can paint this peice on canvas
with a paint brush that a nigga cant truss like a god so I cant rush
wont crush
if you ever heard about a crew that cant bust then motherfucker it
aint us; dont touch
a mike or a gun if you aint gonna use it,
do it
claiming your weapons and tecs and you gonna be checked and fluid
prove it
cuz no matter who it is cant tell the westside to leave a bitch shedding
tears
the young kill everyday the old itchin to kill cuz they aint offed
a nigga dead in years
shoot him dead in his, this style of flow is a verbal calico
make a chest ripple
they get a call from the sky sayin they all gonna die
dont leave the rest crippled

mikers, mikers be tryin to take mine and leave a motherfucker
cold as a crisis
with a technique as cold as isis, and mikes as my control devices
or do I gotta get off some nigga shit
show the biggest dick with the biggest clique that be hazardous if
I let the trigga click
you dont benefit if a nigga get from the rage if he live it just a
little bit; so go on with the riddle shit
if you got something to stress then get it off your chest and
we can take it to the middle bitch
and go on get it on and I bet you that the outcome is that I'm leavin
niggas out done, cut up
but its odd to see a motherfucker outrun just because he let his
mouth run so shut up
and sit back if you know whats good for you I can still overthrow you
I dont give a fuck about the fact that the hood know you
dont make a nigga have to show you
that Ima die before you make an ass of me stop as if you took a blast
at me and cause tragedy
that was how it was that was how it is and thats the way it has to be

its like uh, ah, sit back and let the shit just straight marinate
I pull the stage curtain back like norman bates
performin hates smokin on some reefer performin fate
its a constant struggle for us white boys with the shit hittin licks
in the scuffle for us
my nigga lucky made him bleed fear is if to proceed to bust
if he a different type of breed from us
so yall petty niggas need to hush; two straight to you brain means pains
inflicted
even if it aint things to taunt pain like rage till my brain is wicked
aint even lived out a quarter of your lifetime tryin to push product
and aint servin the right kind and aint strivin the right rhymes
but Ima shorten your lifeline
through the pipeline I vocal cold bust em plus them with killers
jaw stealers throw dealers rushin parties bloody body chillers
pretty casket fillers
cuz those niggas got they shit together
we come pay to Creator's Way and dont gotta be but then again whatever