Yeah, you know it's about to go down right?
(Yeah!) Got to let them know who is this? (Ludacris!)
And who else nigga? (Twista, wo, ah!)
Uh, uh (check it out)

Sometimes I think that I got to see a little bit of brighter days
Cause I confine myself to a city near you in a solid cage
And you could look to the left or the right but I'm trapped on center stage
And I could rap to the beat, but I don't know how to change my ways
I still hear a fool and I track them, distract them, and whack them
Jack a nigga for the day to days and I yak them, attack them, and sack them
Get a weapon and I crack his brain cause I'm a hustler, baller, pro
And it wouldn't be right for me to be around busters, and crawlers, and hoes
But I'm a pimp at night, so talk shit and I'm a lift them up off of they toe

With a street sweeper regulating quarters, and ki's, and o's
In a two-seater, Ludacris and Twista with bags of dro
Smoking, choking, get them open, croaking
It's so potent - I'm hoping to keep on floating
Soaking wet and you can bet, people I'm high
I'm seeing lions, and tigers and bears - oh my!
And I can't hide it or keep it hidden, good riddance I'm felling good
I'm weapon-concealing, stealing my neighborhood
Would, could, and should break a nigga off
They'll see you later, go to the doctor, hold my balls and (cough)
You caused some vapors and I caught the throne, brain blown, honey I'm home
Give me the microphone, and fools is like, "leave me alone!"

Throw it up if you get high, get blow, get drunk If you want what I'm on, come on and kick it Let's ride, smoke dro, beat the trunk All the bad ass bitches that want to party Just shake it, great players get pumped Me and my thugs, and hustlers in the party Get money fuck hoes, get crunk

(Look out!) I put a little bit of hash on some motherfucking purple haze I feel it all over my body, adrenaline with the Bacardi Got me up and then ripping shit in a rage In the netti cofetti with a belly, Gucci Timberland stepping on the petal up in the Cadillac truck Want to get me for the wood Better get the whole motherfucking hood to come and give you some back up We can get into it and if you want to do it I'm leaking the fluids out of the bodies that want to come at this If they all get some blood for fucking with thugs that I bury My adversaries better not want none of Twis' Represent for my city, anybody that different with me Got to get him for thinking it's a game And whether you from my city or not, talk shit I'ma kill him especially if he say my name I've been up on him - I handle my business And I'm a stick him up for the scrilla, from K-Tilla, smoking on a fat piller Murder haters that don't feel a Niggaz claiming they want to bring it, but really don't be killers Balling out so hard the size of my rims grow to a hellafied sight-scene

We balling out of control, I floss on, play on, pimp on A speed demon, pedal to the metal when I'm in the zone Hang on cause here I'm gone In the motherfucking wind when I'm sippin on Henn' I got paper, you owe something And I done came a long way from letting me hold something, to roll something Find a body, then fill him up with some adrenaline And then kill him and send him to the cemetery With a flow for the whole world like a poet, Check icy cold, your Pop's so hungry, he mends a berry Shit, and when it come to shipping good Who that?, who that?, I got the sack open And the herb got the flow so strong Hot them on crack, the track is for back-to-back smoking Never come up with it unwise, and he Nigga you ain't untouchable when I spark the heat Coming at you like sharks to meat The blood is softly, I can tell when a mark is hard as we Come fully loaded cause I'm hard to beat Always screaming where a beat and the dro at? You know we love that cut up In the back of the club with purple in the back crying Twis' and Ludacris get fucked up

Pass me the
Let me smoke my
(Yeah, this a Wild style production
Twista and Ludacris collabo, get it, get it
Get it, uh, yeah)