

## Warm Embrace

Twista

It's like I got the 4-4 cocked  
On the block in it two door dropped  
And my spot is keepin but hot  
The pussy-ass cop throw some murder in the lot  
My nigga got popped with a bullet that was meant for me  
The adapt by T's and B's and the regencies  
Fuck what the reason be, I'ma start squeezin these  
Them niggas ain't G's, they wanna be thugs  
And it ain't shit, to slang these motherfuckin slugs  
The fools ainn't plugged plus ain't no hoes over here  
I done dropped more dead bodies than tears  
Brought to life momma's worst fears  
Pictures of a son dyin from that hot ones flyin  
Baby mama's cryin at the funeral  
Cause the magnum lit him like a Black & Mild  
When I rolled out on his ass on the solo  
I caught him up on mo-mo cookin up co-co  
I got to tip on the low-low  
Busted in like po-po takin lives with the, oh no  
It's a 4-4, mini-missile with a silencer for the whistle  
My favorite pistol, cause when I let that bitch ride  
I know the homicide is being carried out in official  
Niggas steady bumpin gums, but don't want none  
Because of these hot ones that explode on contact  
A manic that's prepared to die in combat  
Besides all that a 4-4 keeps me laced, don't be petty to say  
I can see the fear in your face  
as I reach my waist for this warm embrace

I got plenty love for the 4-4  
But when I pick it up, I don't wanna let it go  
Because a nigga straight lovin' your warm embrace  
I got plenty love for the 4-5  
But when I pick it up, I don't wanna let it ride  
But still I bust 'cause I survive from your warm embrace  
I got plenty love for the nine-mill  
And when I pick it up, I don't really wanna kill  
But still I bust because I'm needin' your warm embrace  
All you muthafuckas better duck and hide  
Before I let it ride, the sucka stepped aside  
Still I bust because I'm lovin' your warm embrace

I love the element of surprise when I'm taking these hoes lives  
With my customized 4-5  
Get enough ammunition to knock off you, your crew and some more guys  
You muthafuckas better get wise  
Make sure your first shot is sweet, tryin to kill the elite  
Cause you ain't gettin no more tries  
Hate to make a nubian mother weep, but fuck it  
Long as I don't hear the hoe cry  
Split a beam between his eyes and make that bitch nigga so wise  
No matter what the size of the warm embrace of my forty-five  
Make sure the nigga crossed dies  
You don't wanna throw them thangs  
Cause when I cocked and aim it's time to think in a split second time  
But Mayz ain't new to the game  
I use the spark when the shots light up this tunnel of crime

But niggas get bucked for dime and it's like you're a magnet for sin  
Punk pretend to be your friend til they get close enough to your ends  
To do you in, that shit puts me on ten  
And make me wanna put the barrel of this solid fiend  
Upon under that nigga's chin, plus he talkin big shit about war  
Like he don't know my Speedknot Mob gon' win  
But I dare one of you niggas to say my name  
Cause I put a fuckin bullet into your closest kin  
Just to get under your skin like a dirty syringe  
Plus I know you can't win with a gun or a pen  
So when you see Mayz come in the place you better say your grace  
Before I fuck up your face like a can of mace  
Before I get disgraced, I'ma catch a case  
Maybe you hoes fear the wrath of my warm embrace

With you my passion, nina squeeze off seventeen, for sure  
Hold you ever so tightly, I love you nina and never wanna let you go  
Miss Millimeter's makin a mockery of motherfuckers gotsta be ruckus  
When I get my clutches upon this hoe  
Itchin' to let the barrel blow  
Like a sparrow, how it flow, like an arrow, geronimo  
Spit 'em up and swallow slow  
I reload, clippin' your ass crack, you constantly blast back  
Payback from flashback, some bitches know  
Bust 'til I see the chrome from the intro  
You was fucked from the phasin', deep with the cuts and abrasion  
Erupts and amazin', nigga, my nina bucked  
Fuck the gazin and enemies get tore up from the blazin  
Fool you be burnin' them with your black ass  
Murderous hips, hurtin' the grips, ride on personal list  
Deposition die for servin' them six  
Everyone of 'em with a hit but some are missin' of a jerk to the kick  
'Cause I be working my bitch  
Tryin' to pimp her but she a wild and a tame thang  
Kick a static on when she gangbang, blast in the fullest moon  
Niggas better pull it soon or else suffer hellafied bullet wounds  
And even though I stay clubbed with some thugs, why call 'em stug  
When it comes to her love, it's none above she drawin blood  
Static under the bra 'cause everytime I take a hit at the bud  
And give you a hug you gon' pop up a slug  
Drinkin' remy on the block, gotta bust the glock  
When the henny hit the chest, bustin' smith-n-wess  
Fuck the discussion, I'm bustin' 'em all, clutchin' my balls  
If I see y'all be laid to rest, let me hit the sess  
Loose revolver used to be a problem solver  
But the nina made me a baller  
No strap could take the place of the black nine  
Leave 'em flat lines, feelin' fury, you was born to taste  
From my warm embrace

I got plenty love for the 4-4, 4-4, 4-4  
Warm embrace  
I got plenty love for the 4-5 (4-5), 4-5 (4-5), 4-5  
Warm embrace  
I got plenty love for the nine-mill (Nine-mill), nine-mill