

# Twista, Adrenaline Rush

(feat. Yungbuck (Psycho Drama))

What happens when you combine the darkness with the light?

[Yungbuck]

I'm bringing pain like two bad nurses, and the pain from these here  
motherfuckin verses ridiculous thirstses involving hearses  
to the dirt shit first picks and use'n autos to work with  
Slugs to the shirt shit (just to squirt shit)  
A wicked hit with an expert kick  
and burst 'til the earth split leave you hurt bitch  
Show you how worser than worst get in the zone  
See the vein when the pain repel  
and then they closin the curtains bitch  
(when adrenaline's pumpin')  
I don't understand discussion, only hear certain shit  
I'm a misunderstood nigga and I'm off my square high  
Got me reversin clips and dispersin shit

[Twista]

What can I say to make you see how the fuck I feel  
to make me wanna jump off of the edge  
I'm charged off of suckers gettin shot up off the ledge  
No pain, instead of 'caine I took a blunt off to the head  
(so tell me what it said)  
Retaliate with lethal repercussion  
I feel the reefer rushin  
to go into thangs, like it's a wicked stick  
Took the Benadryl, hot like I'm fin' ta steal  
to get the kickin shit  
for niggaz and bitches that I kick it with  
I was born to get you pumped up  
it's like some lead bust cause I give motherfuckers a head rush  
Then yo' head bust when you jumped up  
Cause what I said must've got you geeked, my eyes red puffed  
from smokin shit that niggaz hit on to die  
Make me wanna slip the clip on the side  
And if you act a bitch on the side, if we have to  
then the whole Westside'll let the shit go on and ride  
when the trigga bust

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

That's your adrenaline rush  
like when a motherfucker have to go pick up the pump  
to make his opposition chest kick up and jump  
when you lit up the gun to make your body get up and uhh  
That's your adrenaline rush  
like when a motherfucker have to go pick up the pump  
to make a trigger pick up and dump  
so turn the bass, kick up and bump  
and let the rhythm hit off the trunk

[Twista]

pullin up and bailin out like we're carsick, I'm ready to start shit  
start up buryin some heads like an ostrich  
and unload the whole cartridge and throw the shells out the garbage  
the hardest of motherfuckers could never achieve what I've accomplished  
Yungbuck's my accomplice  
Located his existance with my sixth sense like a compass  
and starting on a journey established to stop this  
rushin up the hearts of the niggaz to get em charged  
what's the real reason?  
All you haters try to murder me so now it's kill season  
And even though I'm still bleedin

I'm comin after you cause I'm still breathin  
And y'all can't trace me  
I bury my victims in the wall like gacey too lyrical  
and since its nipple my umbilical these flows is critical  
This music is miracle like I'm biblical  
Killin like I'm nuttier than buddy love  
and still wouldn't leave a bloody glove and start the truck up  
and speed the fuck up getaway smokin this blunt  
Dump the adrenaline eruptin my viens I'm pumped up

[Yungbuck]

And I'm calibrated at 360 degrees  
See that's 300 niggaz that gon die about 60 slugs to do this deed  
(Psycho Drama) we too much for the industrialistic fuck  
with this on the brink of fuckin up some shit  
Dismantle deduct some shit  
It's hard to imagine what niggaz got nerves to do  
(what niggaz got nerves to do)  
So I guess I'll just take that fuckin' nerve from you  
then think what I'm on the verge to do  
And I got the urge to ooh let semi close yo curtains fool  
from killin the verses fool I be one of the worstest dude  
(you the who?)  
I'm the worstest workin about 9 millimeters above your surface  
unleash these thangs then I defeat yo purpose bitch you hurtin

[Chorus]