

# Twista, Art and life

[Intro: Young Chris]

Yeah..

Young Chris, M-eez, my nigga Free-Wheez

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)

[Young Chris]

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..

[Memphis Bleek]

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..

[Freeway]

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 acclompished, 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]

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