

Twista, Art & Life (Chi-Roc)

(feat. Memphis Bleek, Young Chris & Freeway)

[Intro: Young Chris]

Yeah...

Young Chris, M-E's, Free-Wheez... Tha boy Twista...

Holla...

My life on tha track... (Okay...),

Up and comin'... State Prop...

Check game... (That's right...),

Get low... (Get low...),

It's tha Roc...

Better than ever (Holla)...

Yeah...

It's tha motherfuckin' Roc bitch, you hotter than us?

(Okay, okay)

[Young Chris]

Ever since a young buck, I been on tha come up,
Known to dish tha raw, dish tha law if they come up,
And cheddar 'till tha sun up...

If there's a ransom and tha 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' niggas 'round tha corner from 'round me,

You can front 'round me, but I read through that,

Wit' tha mili' and I ain't talkin' 'bout no Segal mac,

Niggas 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 friends spot, 'till he's mom wanted my Tim-bots,

Now my paint got me discounts, or trans-quo all around tha 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 hit 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 its 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 tha guns come off tha shelf whenever shit'll get real,

Automatics and tha extended clips, that's what I'm hittin' wit',

Dummies in tha black rhinoes,

(Yeah...) They be killin' shit,

Mask up kidnap shit, that's how my niggas get,

Chi-town, NYC, that's how my niggas get...

[Freeway]

Yes, just picture me rollin',

Tha smith and wesson'll stay goin' put a hole in yo chest,

It's just, another hustle paper gettin' made and fold ya,

Mad, you street niggas finally made it,

I swoop five, he know tha 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, (Why us...?),
S-P game so damn tough, tha 4 4 in tha 5th tucked ya'll cant hang,
Transporter turned rapper, get a can for to fill my life,
Still acclompished, wanna fill they cups?
Tha rap version of Mandela call my bluff,
Well still tha street dwellers feel my pain (My pain...),
I spit a verse and split a clip in tha rain,
A fool-proof when tha full force open you (What...?),

[Twista]

Twista will rock you, you don't want tha 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 niggas that hold down they fortress and serve off of porches,
Hit 'em in tha body wit' tha powerful forces, that'll end all your data,
Make you clean up your house, bag up an ounce, hit tha dance floor and bounce,
We blessed wit' tha talent, fuck wit this clique, it ain't gon' be easy,
'Cuz you fuckin' wit' Twist if you fuck wit Chris, Bleek and Free-wheezy,
So speak and breath easy... Or to shoot ya's my future in 3D,
I like whore's, I'm from a city full of Vice Lords, and GD's,
Breeds, and Souls, 2-6's, Kings, VD's and Stones,
Spanish cobras and all tha true soldiers survivin' are gone,
Watch me spit if for tha killers and hustler's, flippin' all tha pounds and bricks,
Hate on me I'ma bust at you hoes, and I put eleven down wit' a clip,
Niggas 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