

# Twista, Emotions (Remix)

(feat. Johnny P)

[Johnny P]

I can get inside your head  
all day everyday, and play with your emotions..  
Let me get inside your head  
all day, everyday, and play with your emotions..

[Twista over P in background]

Huh.. yeah it's Twista again y'know  
These females be trippin me out y'know?  
Certain stuff they be sayin  
Like this other female she came up to me  
(This other female she came up to me)  
She said a little somethin like this  
(She said a little somethin like this)

[Twista]

I thought you love me though? Now how you gonna be wrong  
just cuz you know you got me gone in the head?  
You be twistin with the lovely flow, but whatchu actin all ugly fo'?  
Left me alone in the bed  
Where you goin cause I'm not done, cool til you got some  
Trippin when I got sprung, but you ain't fly love  
You da shit but your petty money can't but love  
Is that what I does? My reply was, you know why cuz  
I could tell you was prone-to-bone niggaz I hang around  
But the reefer I was zonin on, make me the one you freakin on da mo'  
from how I lay you down  
Now you trippin cause I'm not attached, hangin with a lot of rats  
Her concerned whether I'ma act  
Now you the momma mack, comin back with a lot of scratch  
Go on witcha bad ass, but I gotta catch  
I done peeped the way you look into my nigga's eyes  
I done recognized that I won't be hypnotized  
Criticized, no more inner cries, now I'm ener-gized  
with my eyes on the prize just a flick of thighs  
I can't let nobody ride with me that'll lie to me  
Smokin stanky up and play with me the way you do  
And you trippin cause I played you too? Sho' you right  
Take the whole thing in stride like the way I do  
and let me play with your emotions slow

[Chorus: Johnny P, Twista]

I can get inside you head  
All day, everyday, and play with your emotions  
[T] Let me play with your emotions slow  
to the rhythm of a kick-drum, take a body get sprung  
Let me stimulate your mind, body, and soul  
You know I got a quick tongue, so if you want some get some  
Let me get inside your head  
Everyday, all day, and play with your emotions  
[T] Let me play with your emotions slow  
to the rhythm of a kick-drum, take a body get sprung  
Let me stimulate your mind, body, and soul  
You know I got a quick tongue, so if you want some get some

[Twista]

Now tell me how you gon' act though? I saw you creepin out the backdo'  
Whatchu run up on my mack fo'?  
Lay you on your back slow cause you know I got you with my lasso  
Blow your mind like an afro  
Come and take a glimpse of the stairs

It's the aroma of a pimp in the air, I bet you notice the smell  
It's like a lotus when I flow this, cause my eyes be the lowest  
If you didn't notice, then you bogus as hell  
I'm puttin woman under my spell, lock them up in the brain  
Pimpin her vain with games with the anatomy that's feminine  
Then fillin them up "Adrenaline"  
Got 'em geekin we're speakin approachin up a pimp like a gentleman  
Submission and surrenderin and ain't no end in it  
if it's on with a blunt from my bomb sack  
In the right place with the right mind and the right line  
you can get a lifetime contract  
Then be wise until I look into your eyes  
Now shorty freaked when she spotted mine  
Took her over to my crib laid low hit it raw from behind  
then she signed on the dotted line, and she was like..  
(Ooh daddy.. don't make me feel like this..  
I don't want nobody else, you got the bomb!)  
Your mind I don't mean to make a disaster of  
like when daddy mastered love  
But if a bogus brother breakin you for every penny you earn  
then how could you still show the bastard love?  
I guess I'm with a cold clique  
Thought you was gon' be spendin me? I bet you think you sho' did  
But game recognize game now you lame in the brain stupid trick  
That's what you get for tryin to gold-dig  
Now let me play with your emotions slow

[Chorus]

[Twista]

Whassup girl? It's the Twista and the Verbal Tantrum once again  
with a sack big enough for me and a friend  
You do know how to roll B's don't you?  
Well let's fill one up with a dub and a little bit of love  
And take it to the head  
for some of this long-lastin blunt passion

[Twista]

I know you think it's blasphemy  
but won't you show my boys and pass for me, after he past the B?  
Since you said I was your majesty, I had to see  
and when you get paid then push some cash to me  
Is it a tragedy, that I can get her so gone  
that she be trippin talkin up "I love a lot"  
But the only love I got, is when I grip a mic  
or when I hug the glock or when I rub the twat  
I'm pickin up a dub in spots, skip the studs in the clubs  
and the phony perpetrators with jobs  
The Speedknot, Psycho Drama shocked the world  
Triple Dark, there's a Conflict, be pimpin 'em with gators n darts  
Collectin papers n gobs  
Playa haters remarks'll get smoked to a blunt dust  
So keep walkin and next time you hear grown folks talkin  
other people better shut the (fuck) up  
Cause I make the women suck up  
You insist to be trippin when we be gamin like Don Juan  
Without the filet mignon and Grey Poupon  
The thieves just ain't the charm because I made the bomb?  
Now I don't mean no harm; but either come on in or get on gone  
Now watch me live a kosher flow  
In between your thighs come take a pull and divide  
but let your tongue go coastin low  
Now let me play with your emotions slow

[Chorus]

