

Twista, Overdose

Shit, niggaz got me higher than a motherfucker off up in here, man
Damn, the fuck y'all get this weed from?
Motherfucker overdose or some shit off this shit, god damn
Check this shit out though..

[Twista]

Now pussy player haters say that I'm too raw with it
but y'all thinkin cause I be talkin shit
them hoes say that nigga cold as hell
Fuck what the punks are talkin bout
I wanna get up with that big ballin bitch
plus niggaz feelin what I'm on as well
Blunts got my mind in the zone
The one that's rocking fresh Pelle Pel's
True to the shine on his bone
Somebody beatin up the block on fresh rider rims
If it's me hell, you can tell by the design on the chrome
Crying on the phone
Hoe thinkin I'm in love with her
cause she took me shoppin and had me tryin on cologne
So I left her on the line with the tone
Got up with this other bitch
Brought no weed cause she firin up her own
So hurry with the Phillie bitch, I'm really sick
off of some illy shit
Here go a rusty razor blade, but still it split
and fill it with the killer shit so I can really trip
It's like the bud was tailor made for milli-clips
and mac-10's, I lit the bead from the back end
Straight to the chest and it got me sprung
My lungs started collapsing - shit nigga what's happenin?
The sess got me trippin off the drums and guns, ready for action
Duck and swang on either upper thang
Try to be tougher, bang, scuff and hang
Suffer pain, left deranged then youse a bogus m'uhfucker mayn
System be struck a vein, I'm too strange
for m'uhfuckers to compete with
I'm on some infrared heat shit
with a deep clique, what I eat sleep shit
Well if it's a freak bitch, she can suck a sweet dick
til she's seasick; blockin niggas out like an eclipse
When smokin them devils put your hands together
like you know the host
Cause ain't no nigga that can resist the words from the Twist'
Leavin niggas comatose from my overdose

[Chorus: Twista]

I done put the fuel on it, take a pull on it
Me overdosin on weed and sendin all y'all off into a thang
Kill off all enemies while makin G's, catch you off on your knees
and snatchin fees now that I'm up in this game
I done put the fuel on it, take a pull on it
Me overdosin on weed and sendin all y'all off into a thang
Kill off all enemies while makin G's, catch you off on your knees
Niggas rollin me beads just so they can hang

[Twista]

Can you figure out the cause and effect?
Niggas comin on your set
Thugs comin out they drawers with a tec
Victim bleedin from the neck
Shirts is getting wet, shorties yellin threats
Lookin for the one who called for the deck

Now they airin out the hall in the spot
Hitting stomachs leavin niggas pinched up
Bodies balled in a knot
Bullet holes in the wall from a glock
Searchin for the one who called in the shots
Hypes crawlin for rocks
Goin all in the socks of the recently deceased
from what was released
From the chrome beast to the dome piece
Visions in my mind bein increased by inner beef
with some grief, but when I chief on some strong leaf
I'm snappin hard enough to make a nigga try to check his own chief
Violate him but can't annihilate him
Pickin up his own teeth and it's on with the microphone deep
Stimulate him with pistols penetrate him
Nerves still jumpin cause adrenaline pumpin is a m'uhfucker
Hit him with the steel bloodsuckers
Murdered the bud lovers makin sure every one of you hoe studs suck us
And I bullshit you not if it was full clips, two glocks
you would still die or you'll get too hot
Cause when my fuel kick you'll drop
Hypes is trickin on you
Tell me where he at bitch and you'll get two rocks
(Okay!) Cause when my tool click you'll pop
Can't this hype nigga stop shit, I'm hazardous
Makin musical miracles like I'm Jesus of Nazerath
Yet disasterous, smokin on halves and hash, fuck if it's cancerous
Bust ass to the beat cause I mastered this
It's hard to breathe, I'm bustin like an A-bomb
cause I'm in the zone, twenty-two a cold shit up my sleeve
It's hard to stay calm thinkin about the bitches that I'm fin' to bone
Hittin my enemies and competition up with lethal blows
that's damagin, flows that's callous and we're leavin
thick ladies frantic and people in the industry panickin
I thought we got in this to get out of pistol handlin
Now it's possible m'uhfuckers could start vanishin
Fuck the Anacin I be toking plenty and stankin from stress
and flowin over notes; them studs thinkin they can get close
I know I got you trippin off the shit
a nigga said off a overdose

[Chorus]

[Twista]

C'mon and toke on a dub with me; I love cities with parties
that's full of bitches where they let me rub titties
Be able to pack a snub with me; in case we get in some static
and gotta start leakin blood from stud skinnies
So don't ask if it's the bud in me; because for some reason
I smoke on some weed and get too wicked and raw
It can't be nickel or soft the way it's chokin me
potency'll have me rockin mics
and givin your bitch dick in the jaw, I'm hookin the law
You're lookin in awe, took what you saw
Got the B's pen and pad out the bottom drawer
Then got to bitin and formulatin some shit you called your own
but take it to the rehab cause you got a flaw
To put it simple you ain't cold enough
Trippin out like you can't control the stuff
Lackin rhythm like you known to bust
In a different zone from us
You niggas need to sit the fuck down
get a swisher and roll this up
If you think I'm speakin too bold, whassup?
I ain't even on no hoe shit; plus the mob is so thick

I'm the type of nigga you should wanna get up close to
and take a smoke with
If there's static then check yo' clique; my mind is so sick
I be tweakin with speakin releasin energy to show I know the ropes
Cause when it comes to this rap shit
niggas will choke til I'm ghost
while I breath reefer smoke from my overdose
Try to put me to the test, gimme some buddha bless
I'll show you who the best
Release the vocal trilogy..

[Traxter] Aight T god damn slow it up mayn!
M'uhfuckers done felt you mayn! We can go to the next shit
[Twista] God damn man you stoppin muh'fuckers and shit
Man I'm tryin to get my zone on
Let niggaz hear what the fuck I'm doin man
[Traxter] I mean you done zoned man, let's go to the next cut baby
[Twista] Man, fuck that shit