

# Twista, Unsolved Mystery

[Twista]

I know a whole bunch of motherfuckers thats prepared whoop  
Leave a body bloody red to scoop  
Poppin off lead for loot  
Shot the pussy up from head to boot  
Just for talkin dramatic when it was static you was scared to shoot  
Police prepared to swoop  
To catch a nigga on the runway but don't none stay for the white chalk  
If aired out your tip whatch your lip niggas pipes talk  
I you wasn't seen then you might walk  
Even if it ain't the time of day niggas will find a way like locos off of nodos  
Cappin when you servin your blows niggas doze hoes  
Got the popos posin as hobos  
Take a photo of him please  
Tell the Chi Town he freeze they don't give a fuck if it was DT's  
They be up like the sea breeze on CC's  
And they handin out these murders like free cheese  
Could you pass me the B please  
I got intercate shit to kick even though I campaign with a gang  
Bumpin though in different denominations in the nations,  
and the nations racin worried bacause I'm slingin the thangs  
If you can ahng up at my town up a K Town  
if you dissin them then you dissin me  
Niggas actin like they glad to die so if you had to try,  
if they faded you it wouldn't mean shit to me  
just a unsolved mystery

[Chorus 2x]

Before I saw his body lyin down  
I heard a motherfucker crying now  
Have you ever seen a bitch nigga give into mysery  
And left an unsolved mystery  
Before I saw his body lyin down  
I heard a motherfucker crying now  
Call the popo the man and mess  
Shot up his head and chess  
Put to rest now the rest should be history  
Before I saw his body lyin down  
I heard a motherfucker crying now  
Have you ever seen a bitch nigga give into mysery  
And left an unsolved mystery  
Before I saw his body lyin down  
I heard a motherfucker crying now  
Niggas actin like they glad to die  
So if you had to try  
If they faded you it wouldn't mean shit to me

[2nd vesre]

In a hoopty shorty's will design a spot  
So when the get pulled over them people wouldn't find the spot  
But if you ain't got it hid you have the flowest  
if you can throw it and motherfucker its a nine to knot  
Just go back to where your thang lay  
Cause lo key niggas they started out in the gang way  
But if you wild when your aim spray  
Them niggas that you aired out is gonna be comin back the same day  
In the middle of a war you ain't on the tip  
if you get the guns and clips to keep doin what you doin  
Is it the same chiefs that got the same beef  
claimin they ain't been doin the bruh be givin it to 'em  
Flamboyant niggas must be slow  
If your bitch ain't get popped then its a blessin she a lucky hoe  
Cause no matter where the fuck he go  
In K Town they will dress him in a casket and tuxedo

Cause you can't be actin thug roof  
Because of Hennesey and drug use these niggas love juice  
Some don't even considered gettin caught  
cause when you talk up some shit the gonna be quick and let the slugs loose  
These motherfuckers heart is love boo  
Especially like them niggas up at Ghostown Windy City snipe  
Cause its a pitty when hype  
For niggas wanna get witty  
For comin too pretty  
Get the chilli filled and desipher  
To pay the piper and bow to viper  
Twice is rough  
Now is what I'm kickin hype enough  
Cause everytime I puff and write this stuff  
I kick a frenzy facin fuckin and fury cause I dont like to bluff  
So if we ever get into it and let the static get to me  
Lets squash it and make it history  
Niggas actin like the glad to die  
So if you had to try  
If they faded you it wouldn't mean shit to me  
Just an unsolved mystery

[Chorus]

[3rd verse]

Now listen they be kickin hocus pocus  
I done said shit to put your motherfucking eyes out of focus  
So writing what I wrote is hopeless  
If you see our base and you said then you better be ferosheous  
And matter fact I hope the dopest  
For to try to cope this is hopeless  
Cause my lethal rhymes  
Is the kind that can beat you blind  
And pre-design  
I pee through mine  
Like I see through lines  
Check the brain and see define  
The reason I'm gunnin I tried the runnin  
Cause I should have let you know  
I don't give a fuck you was fronted because you was blunted  
West side to the hunters you can't step to hoe  
In the state of emergency urgenlty the ambulance will come  
And then the law will come demand the gun  
But bullshit irrelevance they need evidence  
or trippin on elegance they be holdin out they hands for some  
If anything they'll hand 'em some  
Or get wit him here come the victum he be shot up in his pants and lungs  
Cause he actin hard and ran his tongue  
Don't mean another nigga he meet in the street gonna be the man to run  
Cause a prison is some shit to see  
Matter of fact fuck the talkin my lip let me hit the B  
Niggas actin like they glad to die  
So if you had to try  
If they faded you it wouldn't mean shit to me  
Just an unsolved mystery

[Chorus 2x]