Warm Embrace

Twista

It's like I got the 4-4 cocked
On the block in it, two door dropped
And my spot is keeping but hot
The pussy-ass cop throw some murder in the lot
My nigga got popped
With a bullet that was meant for me
The adapt by T's and B's and the regencies
Fuck what the reason be, I'ma start squeezing these
Them niggas ain't G's, they wanna be thugs
And it ain't shit to slang these motherfucking slugs
The fools ain't plugged, plus ain't no hoes over here
I done dropped more dead bodies than tears
Brought to life momma's worst fears
Pictures of a son dying from that hot ones flying
Baby mama's crying at the funeral
'Cause the magnum lit him like a Black & Mild
When I rolled out on his ass on the solo
I caught him up on mo mo cooking up co-co
I got to tip on the low-low
Busted in like po po taking lives with the, oh no
It's a 4-4, mini-missile with a silencer for the whistle
My favorite pistol 'cause when I let that bitch ride
I know the homicide is being carried out in official
Niggas steady bumping gums but don't want none
Because of these hot ones that explode on contact
A manic that's prepared to die in combat
Besides all that a 4-4 keeps me laced
Don't be petty to say
I can see the fear in your face
As I reach my waist for this warm embrace
I got plenty love for the 4-4
But when I pick it up, I don't wanna let it go
Because a nigga straight loving your warm embrace
I got plenty love for the 4-5
But when I pick it up, I don't wanna let it ride
But still I bust 'cause I survive from your warm embrace
I got plenty love for the nine-mill
And when I pick it up, I don't really wanna kill
But still I bust because I'm needing your warm embrace

All you motherfuckers better duck and hide
Before I let it ride, the sucker stepped aside
Still I bust because I'm loving your warm embrace
I love the element of surprise when I'm taking these hoes lives
With my customized 4-5
Get enough ammunition to knock off you
Your crew and some more guys
You motherfuckers better get wise
Make sure your first shot is sweet, trying to kill the elite
'Cause you ain't getting no more tries
Hate to make a Nubian mother weep but fuck it
Long as I don't hear the hoe cry
Split a beam between his eyes and make that bitch nigga so wise
No matter what the size of the warm embrace of my 45
Make sure the nigga crossed dies
You don't wanna throw them thangs
'Cause when I cocked and aim it's time to think in a split second time
But Mayz ain't new to the game
I use the spark when the shots light up this tunnel of crime
But niggas get bucked for dime and it's like you're a magnet for sin
Punk pretend to be your friend 'til they get close enough to your ends
To do you in, that shit puts me on ten
And make me wanna put the barrel of this solid fiend
Upon under that nigga's chin, plus he talking big shit about war
Like he don't know my Speedknot Mob gon' win
But I dare one of you niggas to say my name
'Cause I put a fucking bullet into your closest kin
Just to get under your skin like a dirty syringe
Plus I know you can't win with a gun or a pen
So when you see Mayz come in the place you better say your grace
Before I fuck up your face like a can of mace
Before I get disgraced, I'ma catch a case
Maybe you hoes fear the wrath of my warm embrace
I got plenty love for the 4-4
But when I pick it up, I don't wanna let it go
Because a nigga straight loving your warm embrace
I got plenty love for the 4-5
But when I pick it up, I don't wanna let it ride
But still I bust 'cause I survive from your warm embrace
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And when I pick it up, I don't really wanna kill
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With you my passion, Nina squeeze off seventeen, for sure
Hold you ever so tightly, I love you Nina and never wanna let you go
Miss Millimeter's making a mockery of motherfuckers gotta be ruckus
When I get my clutches upon this hoe
Itching to let the barrel blow
Like a sparrow, how it flow, like an arrow, Geronimo
Spit 'em up and swallow slow
I reload, clipping' your ass crack, you constantly blast back
Payback from flashback, some bitches know
Bust 'til I see the chrome from the intro
You was fucked from the phasing, deep with the cuts and abrasion
Erupts and amazing, nigga, my Nina bucked
Fuck the gazing and enemies get tore up from the blazing
Fool you be burning them with your black ass
Murderous hips, hurting the grips, ride on personal list
Deposition die for serving them six
Everyone of 'em with a hit but some are missing of a jerk to the kick
'Cause I be working my bitch
Trying to pimp her but she a wild and a tame thang
Kick a static on when she gang bang, blast in the fullest moon
Niggas better pull it soon or else suffer hellafied bullet wounds
And even though I stay clubbed with some thugs, why call 'em stug?
When it comes to her love, it's none above she drawing blood
Static under the bra 'cause every time I take a hit at the bud
And give you a hug you gon' pop up a slug
Drinking Remy on the block, gotta bust the glock
When the Henny hit the chest, busting Smith & Wess
Fuck the discussion, I'm busting 'em all, clutching my balls
If I see y'all be laid to rest, let me hit the sess
Loose revolver used to be a problem solver
But the Nina made me a baller
No strap could take the place of the black nine
Leave 'em flat lines, feeling fury, you was born to taste
From my warm embrace
I got plenty love for the 4-4
But when I pick it up, I don't wanna let it go
Because a nigga straight loving your warm embrace
I got plenty love for the 4-5
But when I pick it up, I don't wanna let it ride
But still I bust 'cause I survive from your warm embrace
I got plenty love for the nine-mill
And when I pick it up, I don't really wanna kill
But still I bust because I'm needing your warm embrace
All you motherfuckers better duck and hide
Before I let it ride, the sucker stepped aside

Still I bust because I'm loving' your warm embrace
I got plenty love for the 4-4, 4-4, 4-4
Warm embrace
I got plenty love for the 4-5, 4-5 , 4-5
(4-5, 4-5, 4-5)
Warm embrace
I got plenty love for the nine-mill, nine-mill
(Nine-mill)

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