

# Don't Get It Twisted (feat. The New Birth)

## Twinz

Cuz I got a little money, can't see it for  
the likes of my eyes. (2X)

Chorus

1st Verse:

Damn! Can't even get out the door good,  
she's on my line hittin' me on my hip at least  
about five to six times. Tryin' find a way to  
slide in to my busy schedule she say and what's  
up for the day but um, being the player that I  
am I keep my game face on, paper's not long  
it's mandle my hustle's strong, so it's off to  
scoopski got a G, got a homie that'll give us that  
love on the quota-P, but when the mission is  
complete the baby week and see if it's really  
all good like you say, don't play with me. Got me  
fucked with the wrong dick and the wrong clit,  
crossin' my path and no doubt will get that ass  
kicked, still on a mission therefore I gotta have it  
trick nothin' but yourself the sucka's at the store  
on the shell schemin' for the wealth that you know  
is on the way but back on up, I'm not the payer, I gets  
paid.

Chorus

2nd Verse:

Back in the days it was you that wouldn't speak,  
now you breakin' your neck to see what's up for  
the week, you should have been down, that's on  
the real right from the jump, but now I got to treat you  
like a toss-up who's caught up. You got some nerve  
to be actin' like it's all good, I see your phony side as  
I slide through the neighborhood. Miss Goody-Good  
I wish you would think would get some love from this way,  
you better keep away. Man, didn't they know that they  
eyes are the window to they soul, you dirty-low-down  
ice water cold, person that I used to see, eating my  
dust as I mash, it's all about the family makin' cash.  
Non-stop for us got that business deal to work, sign  
some autographs give away a grip of shirts.  
I know it hurts to see a nigga doin' his thang, you

shoulda' maintained the road to fame, now you get  
a X by your name.

Chorus

3rd Verse:

Now, what makes you think that you can play some  
real playa's play, nights on the phone with your girl  
truth or dare? (Truth). You was gobblin' up a gang  
of shit on the down low, mister phisticated top rated  
gettin' headphones. Now it's on and I lay back  
watch'em jock, go up and down the block,  
(where the homies?) on the spot servin' berry, cuz  
Mary ever get you like high, why try when I, brutalize  
our spys. Now lately I been hangin', just thinkin' bout'  
my knot, should my hammer just go pop on them  
suckas that don't stop. Yakkin' at the mouth  
buckmouth jaw jackin', I'm seein' through the makeup  
undercover hood flatten. I'm after, the dollas and  
the cents you gon need to realize the drama that the  
twinz bring indeed. Proceed to make you jump,  
got a whole of spunk, mama didn't raise no punk gettin'  
all up in funk. (what?)

Chorus(3X

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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