

Victory or Death

Twista

2000, no mothafuckin' mercy for the new millennium
It's Victory or Death, I'm tha Twista in this bitch
Mothafuckaz talkin' 'bout styles and shit
And who bit what and who made what, nigga fuck all y'all styles
I'm finna set this shit off like this here Chi towns murderous Mob Gothic
Hard knock it give me tha mothafuckin' ammunition I'll cock it
Respected like I'm one of Gods prophets
Gotta put it down for legit ballaz and you don't think That I'll rock it annihilate that nigga
'Cause like a lamb I was sacrificed
For this verbal murder religion imprisoned by my hunger to succeed
By the heart I be driven No shakin', no shiverin', get your shit to bleed
Reciting street literature, shall I spit tha creed
Now who them mothafuckaz talkin' 'bout bitin'
Go get me the pump-out of my trunk-I'm finna buss Y'all better run punk
Fuck where you got your style from I be the one
Rippin' the track and I'm murderin'
I'm in the middle of killin' 'em off when the guns dump With a young pump two to the brain don't even harm me
You're fuckin' every party, you wont even startle
You're the harder crew of lyrical giants
Turnin' mothafuckaz like you to microscopic particles To hype, to stop it the modules on cruise control
Ride out on these niggas-bitches-ho's
Ain't takin' no titles I instantly bruise your soul
Talkin' that shit to me, trigger vicious flows Get to rippin' my clothes and start snappin' like I'm
Sniffin' shit up the nose, and catchin' convulsions
Till I'm trembling no surrendering start shootin' and
Knockin' mothafuckaz out like Benalyn Reminisce on that adrenaline, oh, now you rememberin'
Overdose 'em on poisonous poetry from the west to the wild y'all
Gangbagin' like Gotti, rockin' tha party
Straight up shockin' your body doin' it Kami Kaze style y'all 'Cause it's victory or death nigga, better stay out
the way
When my adrenaline pumpin' or you can get a
(Click-clock-blast)
Die mothafucka die
Ain't no makin' me bleed 'cause I've got family to feed it's 'Cause it's victory or death nigga, better stay out the
way
When my adrenaline pumpin' or you can get a
(Click-clock-blast)
Die mothafucka die
Ain't no makin' me bleed 'cause I've got family to feed it's I would rather die before I can't prosper I'm a

mobsta

Won't stop ballin', because it's meant to be,

It's victory or death I gotta hustle till I'm gone I would rather die before I can't prosper I'm a mobsta

Won't stop ballin', because it's meant to be,

It's victory or death I gotta hustle till I'm gone To all the folks and the lords

The bloods and the crips and every ward let's roll

You gotta go for what you know

If it's retaliation get low When you get to the calico let it flow

Make these niggaz know in the door

Make a mothafucka bleed for what you need

'Cause the families gotta eat in the last days it's hatred and greed Luv to the Gov's, B.M.'s, field marshals, elites
and the chief

Soldiers we better take heed and realize

Signs of the times, stand by yo nine

Watch out for tha haters and write yo' rhymes But the industry is set up to fuck you so you better be on the grind

Don't be one of the blind gotta stay alert

And put in work 'cause time is almost up

Twistas, hurricanes, and volcanoes erupt So we can't stop the struggle

I'm killin' my enemy, breakin' 'em off and not givin' a fuck

And I pray to the Lord my soul to keep

When i go to the sky Thank you from savin' me from a torturous life of hell

But hile I'm here I'm straight legit ballin' until I die

Let's better these years, feel the blood sweat and the tears

Organize, I'll sit back and smoke a Philly witcha Never scared of my peers, I only got federal fears

And I'm known to put it down for my city nigga

And when we get full of this indo

Hydroponics and chronic lock up ya doors and tha window Better go and call up your kinfolks

'Cause the riders that's down with this mob

Will murder when the wind blow

Don't know what you info We bring terror in this apocalyptic era

Of Armageddon we headin' in

And the only way we can survive is if we come hard

And strive to be gods instead of men 'Cause it's victory or death nigga, better stay out the way

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Songwriters

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Published by
Lyrics © Universal Music Publishing Group

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