

Got It Twisted (Remix)

Mobb Deep

Yo, yo ain't no party once we crash the party
I'mma scoop shorty then vacate the party
You keep grillin I pump-pump the shotty
Put you in the trunk then dump-dump the body
Nigga you don't know, you better ask somebody
Ya'll get down, we gonna clash probably
Peel snowflake outta that Abercrombie
I'm tryna grip Britney, so I made Jive sign me, nigga
Catch me in the club with a double edge banger
I'm the wrong one to fuck with
Nah I know the promoters I'm in with the musket
Pound of that haze and a box of Dutches
High to the cottonmouth, paranoid
Make the wrong move, bitch, and your ass is out
Like M.O.P., nigga, I'll mash you out
If I can't get you here, swing by your house, muthafuckaYa'll niggas got it twisted, huh?
That liquor up into to you, charged
That truth come out when you drunk
Your ass won't make it to see tomorrow
Ya'll niggas got it twisted, huh?
That liquor up into you, charged
That truth come out when you drunk
Your ass won't make it to see tomorrow
We step up in the club with one thing
On our mind, that's leave with something
Get rid of that ring, get rid of those cuffs
We about to... girl
We about to... girl
We about to... girl-girl
We about to... girl
We about to... girl-girlParty over here, ain't shit over there
Them Mobb Deep boys got it locked right here
Wherever we at we keep the blix right there
So wherever there's beef, it's gettin fixed right there
And they can't stop us...they too scared
They know our caliber of thugs shoot at heads, nigga
QB drop you off of that bridge
Show you how we do it in Queens where murder ain't shit, nigga
This is P talkin, show you where I live

You can come right to my crib and get it for shiz
You bein manslaughtered, right in front of my kids
A little blood get on my daughter, it's nothing, she'll live
Got cops shook to death of us...we don't like D's
You never catch us runnin with the police
Ya'll niggas get your vest-es up
And ya'll better invest in some real heavy bullet-proof paneling Ya'll niggas got it twisted, huh?
That liquor up into to you, charged
That truth come out when you drunk
Your ass won't make it to see tomorrow
Ya'll niggas got it twisted, huh?
That liquor up into you, charged
That truth come out when you drunk
Your ass won't make it to see tomorrow
We step up in the club with one thing
On our mind, that's leave with something
Get rid of that ring, get rid of those cuffs
We about to... girl
We about to... girl
We about to... girl-girl
We about to... girl
We about to... girl-girl

Songwriters

JONATHAN KERR, THOMAS ROBERTSON, KEJUAN MUCHITA, ALBERT JOHNSON
Published by
Lyrics © CARLIN AMERICA INC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents
pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>