

# Twisted Heat

Dmx

We know y'all out to drink 'til y'all throw up  
We know y'all sittin' on 20's  
We know y'all reppin' your hood  
But how many y'all kill  
Bounce that ass, load them cribs  
Let me see the mobbin' niggaz that talk shit  
While these muthafuckaz be scummy  
And'll go for the money  
Ready to ride when they holdin' a lick  
Thugs with the Chevy's, thugs with the trucks  
The real gun runner never run when he bust  
Henny and he mobs in the front, smoke a 'dro blunt  
Sippin' with a fifty sack under the nuts  
Hoes with ass and no gut  
Let me see you jiggle it from side to side  
Niggaz if it's static then pass me the strap  
Gonna ride 'til my ride  
All the hoes that'll freaky niggaz, with the 'fedi  
Let's get buck up in the club  
And all my soldiers, fall out, gangstas, mob up  
All the homeys on the block  
Anny up on the fin and let's go get us a sack  
Serve too, we got a custom 'Lac, hustlin' pack  
Til a nigga bust, they bustin' back  
Guys that'll roll them dice and win  
Girls with 'fits that show the skin  
Real niggaz mind your best friend at the pen  
Real hoes let your best friend know about men  
'Cause I be squeezin' ass  
And'll make a full glass disappear like a genie  
Move to the LOX and Beanie  
While them hoes backin' that thang up on my weenie  
It's like no nigga in the world could see me  
When I Ruff Ryde with Drag-On  
Rollin' up big babies in a Mercedes  
If you want herb we got bombs  
Twista  
(Drag-On)  
Twista

(Drag-On)

Gotta kick that shit for the fine bitches and all my nugz  
For the ones who smoke pot, do stick ups and ball in our hood  
What do a nigga say when he say Drag-On and Twista?

(Wanna kill me?)

Gangsta, let's ride, hustla feel me  
By know everybody should know, that the kid spit tight  
And this kid spit fire light  
And the bitch I don' fucked like last night  
I don't give a fuck 'bout a 2 and a half mic  
'Cause the only muthafuckin' magazine that I read  
Is when I buy my gun from it  
How many bullets you could digest in that one stomach?  
I suggest y'all run from it  
And the click-click from the Calico, I gotta go  
Make it, pimp, with a lot of hoes  
I'm the same muthafucka that's countin' that dough  
Cookin' that coke to a pot of gold  
'Cause my rainbow is every color top that crackhead cop  
I don't care I gotta cap me a cop  
As long as I got enough money to cop me  
A drop, pop enough glocks  
Drag, open up boots by watchin' co-op's in convo at condos  
Keep the heat up in jeeps, in case y'all creep upon me  
I run up on y'all in a cab with a meter on me  
And the only on leavin' is me  
And the only one bleedin' is you, tryin' to breeze with me  
All the Roc is E N Y C E in the NYC with the white T  
All I really do is argue  
Double F, R Y D E, D R A G, to the dash O N  
Catch me, smokin' potent, bet it leave y'all, niggaz soakin'  
With your insides open

Twista

(Drag-On)

Twista

(Drag-On)

Hold the fuck up, slow down  
Drag, Twista, listen up  
These muthafuckaz don't know what's real out here  
(They damn sure don't)

This is volume 2

(Volume 2)

Nigga, so, get ignorant

Twista

(Drag-On)

Twista  
(Drag-On)

Whether murder or bouncy beat, my flow be philosophical  
Smokin' on tropical, achievin' all missions impossible  
When I up the block at you, I'ma pop at you  
If your momma cry there's nothin' I could do  
Should not've fucked with Mr. Illogical  
When I'm in to clubbin', clubbin', shake it, don't you break it  
You booty to shapey, can't take it, wanna see you naked  
I don't drunk a boo muthafucka so you know I'm lit up  
Everybody get up, spin with a Twista, it's a stick up  
This where the shit pick up, let me load this clip up  
Lust pour me some liquor, Flame-On and Twista  
Let's see if you murdered who'll miss ya  
I love the dirty South that's why I gotta dirty mouth that'll burn you out  
Tell your bitch I got a dick that'll turn her out  
Especially when I tell her turn around, I don't hurt her now  
Shit'll come back and I think it's time to get murdered now  
I'm tired of silly clowns, spittin' out weak shit, sound like my shit  
You gon' make me pull a all nighter  
Standin' in front of your crib with that gasoline and that lighter  
Now hit, we won't miss ya, Drag-On and Twista  
(Puttin' it on 'em)

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