

# Art & Life (chi-roc)

## Twista

Yeah, Young Chris, M Eez, my nigga Free Wheez  
The boy, Twista, holla, my life on the track, okay  
Up an' comin', State Prop Chain gang, that's right  
Get low, it's the Roc in the building, nigga, holla  
It's the motherfuckin' Roc, bitch, who hotter than us? Okay, okay Ayo, ever since a young buck, I been on the  
come up  
Known to dish the raw, dish the law if they come up  
An' cheddar 'till the sun up, if there's a ransom  
An' the law get involved, then we never get it summed up Never put ya gun up, ya come round me  
I go to war wit' niggaz 'round the corner from 'round me  
You could front 'round me, but I read through that  
Wit' the mili an' I ain't talkin' 'bout no Segal macNiggaz, see, shoot back, we can see to that  
Hit yo front letters see through back, bring yo peoples back  
An' I used to grind out on my friend's spot  
'Til he's mom wanted my Tim bots Now my paint got me discounts  
Or trans-quo all around the world, like I was signed to Pimp dot  
An' if it's ten targets an' I got ten shots  
I'm tryin' to leave at least nine out of them ten shot I got my mind on my money, money on my mind  
But some say it's a gift, I don't write but I rhyme  
I complete songs with just one try  
Tell 'em it's no lie, I be flo' all my life, dog I never think, it's already there  
I find ways to say it, so you motherfuckers hear it  
An' when you hear it, you feel it, you know it's real  
So this is how I live it, how it's pictured for real, niggaz I'm shittin' for real  
Diamonds against wood, underground king for real  
Big crib when I lay, yeah, I'm livin' for real  
Trust me, the guns come off the shelf whenever shit'll get real Automatics an' extended clips, that's what I'm  
hittin' wit'  
Dummies in the black rhinos, yeah, they be killin' shit  
Masked up, kidnap shit, that's how my niggaz get  
Chi town, NYC, that's how my niggaz get Yes, just picture me rollin'  
The Smith an' Wesson'll stay goin', put a hole in yo' chest  
It's just another hustle paper gettin' made an' fold  
Get mad, you street niggaz finally made it I swoop five, he know the ride, heavily loaded  
Deliver pies like cake, they go straight through yo payment  
Yup, chump, you don't really wanna war  
With the State Prop clique, if ya clique shot us, squad up S.P. game so damn tough  
The fo' fo' in the 5th tucked ya'll can't hang  
Transporter turned rapper, get a camcorder, film my life

Still accomplished, tryin' to fill they cups  
The rap version of Mandela, call my bluff  
We still the street dwellers, feel my pain  
I spit a verse an' split a clip in the rain  
A foolproof when the full force open you up  
Twista will rock you, you don't want the thug apostle to pop you  
Hostile when I drop you, turnin' everything colossal to fossils  
I speak street gospel, all they life I spit words an' paint portraits  
For real niggaz that hold down they fortress an' serve off of porches  
Hit 'em in the body wit' the powerful  
forces, that'll end all your doubt  
Make you clean up your house, bag up an ounce  
Hit the dance floor an' bounce  
We blessed wit' the talent, fuck wit this clique, it ain't gon' be easy  
'Cause you fuckin' wit' Twist if you fuck wit Chris  
Bleek an' Free Wheezy  
So speak an' breath easy or the scutches my future in 3D  
I like wars, I'm from a city full of Vice Lords an' GDs  
Breeds an' Souls, two sixes, Kings, BD's an' Stones  
Spanish cobras an' all the true soldiers, survive an' I'm gone  
Watch me spit if for the killers an' hustlers  
Flippin' all the pounds an' bricks  
Hate on me, I'ma bust at you hoes an' I put eleven down wit' a clip  
Niggaz servin' fiftys an' hundreds, when I see you an' I'm on yo tip  
Twista an' this East Coast regime, it's that Chi Roc shit

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