

One Last Time

Twista

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Mobsta shit, gangsta shit You don't wanna see these murder guys
Princess cuts hurt ya eyes
Got tha chicks that work them thighs
Pull the top back on the prowler like tha car ain't circumcised Burglarize hoes, leave ya eyes closed
Bricks in my truck while I ride slow, smoke yo fire dro
No repercussions, he was disgusting
Turn my volume under ten to keep my speakers from busting If them people come rushin', can't say I froze
Won't open the doors, 'bout the time they caught up
I done exposed of my outer clothes, car in tha garage
I say good God, my day was hard Call two freaks up for tha mnage trios, parlaying hard
Sade was suave when we was screwing
Sheets was ruin if beef is brewing
I'ma put slugs deep into, money they be pursuing The nerve of these jealous bastards fo hatin'
Master my patience, them custom wood grain caskets is waitin'
Passion for satin, they must have, gave them a blood bath
Had to show them who really holdin' shit down wit they tuff ass We alias, they wishin' they be us, can't three
eighty us
'Cause we'll wreck everything within a ten-block radius
When ya see me betta speak
With love or leak some blood I got connections
With all type of B M Chiefs, and Gov's
Deeply plugged who gotta retire from crime
'Bout to hit that big lick so we gonna pull it (One last time)
I got some good news man, some good news
We gone come up if we just make this quick move
(Lay it all on the line) Hit 'em in the body and da dom
Left tha after party wit tha chrome
Come up wit a milly
Soon as everybody know that I'm gone
(One last time) 'Cause I made it mama, your son he's a success
Now you ain't got no reason to stress
(Lay it all on the line)

Gotta keep it gangsta, 'cause I'm a hustla
Do it like a balla, 'cause I'm a mobsta 'Cause it only takes a second to pop me a snitch
Call up my connection and cop me a brick
And he sent a Chezovocean chick
She was actin' cocky and shit, she like watchin' blow at the hotel Wit big dreams to never stop being rich
And she wasn't too sloppy wit dick
Said when she get on she was gonna cop me a six
Platinum blue Spreewell shoes, detail smooth On some Mickey and Malery me and my female crews
Type of demo what's tha beno, I gave her two six plus ten four
That's twelve five for the brick
And five hundred for the plane and Limo Plain and simple called my guy
And told 'em thanks and send more
Meditating plot on my lick when I smell them Frankensen blow
Do my thugdizle I ain't scared of this Fly ya head like Peaguses, bloody up that necklace
Hoe I'ma Aries, them terrorist fucked up tha lick
When sendin' chicks on tha plane
Put a major glitch in tha game but I'm get me them thangs As I come wit new ways to travel watch my shorties
get on 'em
Comin' back wit pound and packages
Wit tha Scorpions on them
Of course we been on them Niggas know they two for forty and want 'em
I done seen truck load wit more keys than accordions on 'em
And you think I'm past up that quick fast dust, let me mask up
That ain't a fast truck, get yo ass stuffed (One last time)
I got some good news man, some good news
We gone come up if we just make this quick move
(Lay it all on the line) Hit 'em in the body and da dom
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(One last time) 'Cause I made it mama, your son he's a success
Now you ain't got no reason to stress
(Lay it all on the line)
Gotta keep it gangsta, 'cause I'm a hustla
Do it like a balla, 'cause I'm a mobsta I spit words that be gangsta shit, make hustla tip and ballers rich
Hatters sick mobsta hitz, I'm tha shit
You can't see me visit the optometrist
Cars I flip unorthodox like Dr. Bonovich Prada lic but nigga got whooped, should of seen shit was funny
My old connection he got reason to gun me
I know he took tha money, even if I probably wrong
Turn down tha volume Shoot him on plastic to lay his body on fuckin' marcon
Two to tha caveza, pincha puto
That ring on your pinky was too cold
Got pinch for two O's, and a half brick my staff is sick Had him confess like a Catholic
Always thought things was funny now you don't laugh at shit

Stupid bastard bitch
Never fuck wit Twista, Turtle Banxxs, and StokesComing up dro flowin' slangin' dope
I tried to chill
But when I see a lic to make the world mine
On tha love, I think I got to pull I(One last time)
I got some good news man, some good news
We gone come up if we just make this quick move
(Lay it all on the line)Hit 'em in the body and da dom
Left tha after party wit tha chrome
Come up wit a milly
Soon as everybody know that I'm gone
(One last time)'Cause I made it mama, your son he's a success
Now you ain't got no reason to stress
(Lay it all on the line)
Gotta keep it gangsta, 'cause I'm a hustla
Do it like a balla, 'cause I'ma a mobstaMobsta shit, gangsta shit

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