

The Dark Horse (feat. Tyme)

Twista

Did you forget about me?
How you gon' forget about me?
Should've bet it all on me
Now you wanna fuck with me They wanna put a chink into Twista's armor
But I didn't even blink in that fiscal karma
I just be stuntin' on these niggas and ballin' on 'em
Tellin' 'em I'mma be forever young
'Cause ain't no motherfuckin' artist alive fuckin' with me
You know it, they compare to none
I am a Dark Horse
Creatively comin' from a dark force
Closin' the unexpected turn of events as I commence to
Givin' you another definition of hardcore
Lord have mercy on the souls that competed with me
And didn't know what I was capable of
Let a nigga on the track and I attack and snatch and
Beat and murder it, especially off of an eighth of the bud
Now recognizing me is an abomination
Speaking on the coldest and I'm not in the conversation
Overachiever, forever the underdog
I spit it but still omitted from every writer's congregation
When I ain't on the list with the mic splitters
Every once in a while I do be quite bitter
?
Dark Horse, Ray Allen, Mike Miller Did you forget about me?
How you gon' forget about me?
Should've bet it all on me
Now you wanna fuck with me I did it myself, my nigga
Didn't need your help, my nigga
Played the the cards I was dealt, my nigga
Now I got the belt, my nigga
And they screamin' out "That's my nigga"
Did you forget about me?
Now you wanna fuck with me Can't forget about 'em, cause he stuntin'
OG ? now forever runnin with a pocket full of hundreds
Spit it how I get it and they want it cause I flaunt it
Because I get to the money
If I get to that honey, I'mma have 'em all hatin' on me
Screamin' out "that nigga just don't stop"

Intricate part of my style is the way I swag on 'em
When I'm goin' so fast and still it be so hard
And when I do I know these niggas can't fuck with me
Style, it be ugly, they don't want none of me
And if we do get into it, it's gonna be
Just some shit that's in front of me
I'mma come gunnin', we conquer all obstacles
And if it's possible, I'mma get money, we
Welcome haters and challengers, fakers not down with us
Takin' our sound from us, we can get it on if
They want a rhyme from us and I...
Be takin' 'em out of the faith of a doubter
The face of a coward, who's bravery's forsaken for power and then I...
See if he learned his lesson, not to bully the lil' one
Cause he don't want it
Probably get the pistol off a molly that'll hit you
A one that'll come with a side of another phenomenal that'll be turnin' up the
Party when he diss you, it'll probably be an issue
If you think I'mma let you forget about the way
I can throw flames on 'em
Trinidad, I'll gold everythang on 'em
Pull a Juelz and go all cocaine on 'em Did you forget about me?
How you gon' forget about me?
Should've bet it all on me
Now you wanna fuck with me

Songwriters

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