

# Got It Twisted (Remix) - Dirty Vocal Up

## 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 panelingYa'll niggas got it twisted, huh?  
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Songwriters

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