Twisted Heat

Ruff Ryders

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 killBounce that ass, load them cribs

Let me see the mobbin' niggaz that talk shit

While these muthatfuckaz be scummy

And'll go for the moneyReady 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 bluntSippin' 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 strapGonna 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 blockAnny 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 skinReal 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 BeanieWhile 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 bombsTwista

(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 meBy 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 itAnd 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 glocksDrag, 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 meAnd 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 argueDouble 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 openTwista

(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 ignorantTwista

(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 doShould 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' drunk a boo muthafucka so you know I'm lit up

Everybody get up, spin witha a Twista, it's a stick upThis 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 outTell your bitch I got a dick that'll turn

her out

Especially when I tell her turn around, I don' 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 shitYou 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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