

Adrenaline Rush The Saga Continues...

Twista

Killa, Psycho Drama, Twista,
Chi-Town to Harlem what's really good?
What happens, when you combine the darkness, with the light? Yeah, I am more than compelled and honored to
expel
This hell that's inside of my shell for fuckas who want it
Violence, yeah that bullshit right up my alley, chasing you right up the alley
With a gun fixin' to kill you 'cause I feel you was the one fuckin' with my family
I roll wit a gang of go-getters, and them ghouls and them gorillas
Who be quick to put the Glock or the gauge to the gut of one of your niggaz and pull it
The trigga aimed, deliver you niggaz these rigorous bullets
It's so rivid and to see you livin' in vengeance and see the trouble you're put in Fuckin' wit niggaz you
shouldn't, these menaces and villains and hoodlums
That'll give you the business and in an instant be diminishin' whoopin'
'Cause it ain't no type of jokin' or jivin' comin' off of this
You done somersaulted and dived in a coffin of shit
So if you ever get the notion to just motion forward and get on some ho shit
You niggas remember that I got that potion
To bore your brain in a bag and give you a new perspective on who the realest why all
You just can't kill one you stupid bitch, you got to kill us all What can I say to make you see how the fuck I feel
To make me want to run up in ya home
Shoot you in the dome, if you bustin' my body up wit the chrome
I still a be in the zone like Capone
Better leave me alone, 'cause I represent the city known for killin' motherfuckers
Makin' plenty money and layin' mack down Cam buckin' Twista spittin' gritty competition what a pity
You ain't fuckin' wit it then put ya stash down
Come at the family you touched uh, I'll shoot up ya V-12 even if you wit ya female uh
You was talkin' shit nigga wassup, fuckin' up ya Sprewell's and ya new interior detail
And a nigga standin' too tall to fall, comin' so I hope why all can crawl
Bloody up the vest all the wall
Sacrifice my body screamin' Kamakaze, I can take all of why all Why all niggas play around, guns I wave
around
Nigga better stay down, lay down, weigh pounds
Put 'em on the Greyhound, ride it up to K-Town(Sha Town)
The boy get nasty, To law enforcement blast me
Sawed-off and I'm happy, or where the crack be
Put it right all for Polaski
Cross street, don't need to be said Code red I already got beef with the feds
Put three in ya head, from the street full of lead
Fuck knee-deep you'll be six feet when ya dead

Street sweeper when I creep creep, nigga fled (Philli, Philli)
When ya sleep sleep, nigga dead
Why you on the back block, fightin' in the crack spot
Jackpot, ask not yes why not [Chorus: x2]
(It's your adrenaline rush)
Like when the motherfucka have to go and pick up the pump
To make his opposition chest kick up and jump
When you lit up the gun, to make ya body get up and uh
(It's your adrenaline rush)
Like when the motherfucka have to go and pick up the pump
To make the trigga pick up and dump
So turn the bass kick up the bump, and let the rhythm hit off the trunk
Ya bitch is a ho, she chill at the Rucker,
you really a sucka
Big Will tryin' to grill her and cuff her
And Killa done fucked her, in love wit the chick, the slut was a fish
Threw her bait, reeled her in and gutted the bitch
And now she, up in Pokip's dick, huggin' the strip slick
Fifth tucked in her hip, she will mug you for kicks
And word to, mother I'm rich, hit ya mother with bricks
Cocoa why don't ya build buildings with concussion the bitch
Come and feel wit the balla who's the nicest and causin' the crisis
Got the ammo and agility that says rewind means growin' before
And this livin' and pause and this likeness
I can spit it for some who for nigga represent the call of the righteous
Or gang bang to the rhythm when I spit it
I'm a kill 'em wit the technical precision that'll be fuckin' up all the devices
Get sick wit it like I'm lit off the wet, if it's beef, get the shit off ya chest
Don't take off ya vest, all my niggas make you jump off the set
And always get the prints of the tech, straight off the deck
Mobbin' up and makin' niggaz duck, knowin' I'll still open up the trunk
Guns nigga we get 'em and bust
Murderin' the enemy is the ultimate adrenaline rush [Chorus: x2]

Songwriters

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