

Get'chu Twisted (Remix)

Krayzie Bone

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

-Intro-Krayzie-

Guess who's back?-Chorus-Krayzie-

Let me get 'chu twisted man/ Give me some Henn, give me some GinKrayzie Bone

You see me hit the ground runnin' a hundred miles, and still gunnin'/ I might be the coldest nigga that ever done it/ I hit em with the bullet they give the pay, money, the same time in the game ya can't touch this/ Smooth with the roughness thuggish ruggish/ I put a lil' bit of singing with it and they love it, rugged/ Put 'em all in the bucket/ Busted, lyrical killa to get dusted (Dusted) I can tell how you bite my style, you can mean good/ But I'm gonna shut 'em all down (All down) All ya'll fall down, Mister Sawed-Off, raw dawg, I'm tellin' ya'll now (Ya'll now) Ya'll better get ready for Ball'R Records and ThugLine/ Caught up in the rapture, we got ya just after one rhyme/ Anybody wanna get it on? Any wanna see the Bone Bone? We can take it to the middle of the floor (Yo') Harass them niggas, get up in em like the po-po's/ Still flow, so cold/ Krayzie's Techs are raisin' at ya/ Aimed exactly at 'cha, got'cha/ Shots will drop ya, fade ya proper/ Rock the spot and make ya holler "Dollar bill yall"/ Make a mill with my real dogs/ Wet it down niggas, and I feel yall/ Nigga kick it with the trill always gotta chill with a ill squad/ That'll really feel ya'll, ya'll, ya'll/ Bone still doin' it to 'em, no matter who in the room or who in the build/ No matter who close the show, you ask the party people who stole the dough, they know-Chorus-Krayzie-Wish Bone

Now into the land of thugs, doin' it flowin' and singin'/ No matter what we breathe, it's raw with no flaws, better handle ya'lls/ Who the niggas done changed the game? Who the niggas got screamin' out "Thugsta thugsta" mic, yes, we murda flows/ Don't wanna, but let it go/ Believe me, I'm serious dawg/ You straight from the hood, good/ I'm thug, we in every hood/ They don't really want none, they don't want none, just get it crackin' get it pappin' they gon' run/ I'm up early to get my hustle on, later to get it strong and I'm gone/ Gotta take another mil for real cause I'm feelin' like any day I might just kill somethin'/ Cause you know that money, once you touch it, once you feel it, gotta keep you some money/ For a nigga thats thirsty, they pop ya then get away then ya lucky/ We can do it like the thuggish ruggish, what? They ain't no bitches over here, better show some love/ Most niggas thats skilled, straight be hoes, but it's real over here beat him like he's cold/ When ya say ya hot, yes I'm holdin' even when I'm rockin' and rollin'/ Won't get it on me, when It all goes down be the first nigga cockin' and gunnin'/ Nine mil will reach ya, they all fall down, straight shots will get ya/ Had to much of that liter, now you all fucked up/ How you nigga like that, that?-Chorus-Krayzie-Layzie Bone

So you wanna get twisted, lifted? I'm a show you who the realest in the city of the thieves, we the real cap peelas/ Better get back niggas, cause we do slap niggas/ When it comes to the figgas, I'm a go getter/ Hit around split 'em when I'm pushin' my line money hangin' out the ass didn't get it for crime/ Ain't worried about beef, but I do carry a nine/ I'm a put it on your mind when ya flippin' my mind/ Yeah yeah, St. Clair playa wit the

keys to the city, you can call me the mayor/ Give a damn about pity like this ain't fair, do I care about you lames
yall better beware/ Ain't went nowhere, still right here/ Krayzie, Layzie, Bizzy, Wish, and Flesh, money on the
wood make the bank go good/ Drop it like its hot, we'll see who's the best, yes/ I must confess, I'm a cold-
blooded nigga man/ Show me if you got some game, I'm a show you how to get some change/ Still the fact
remains, we let's em hang/ Bone will murda your clique, hit 'em again and again with a bottle of Hen off the
rict. we murdered them quick/ Twist them up like a pretzel, wit a automatic weapons we let go/ From ghetto to
ghetto you better get on my level/ I'm a Bone Thug rebel and I'm lookin' for trouble/ Twist it up like a good
double, twist it up like some fine weed/ Got beef in the streets, you can hire me, twist 'em like screws and
plyers, B-Chorus-Krayzie-Bizzy Bone

Rock the mic, givin' the people what they like/ I've been strugglin' hustlin' tryin' to make it right most all my
life/ And when I can pull up next to Five O' it's just like gamblin' dice/ Seven Eleven ya'll better be ready this'
Bizzy The Kid, I'm a be here all night/ No matter what, I'm a still support you, whenever you ready let's rock
the world/ Better believe I'm a fight for the money, if somebody die, ya served/ You don't wanna make good on
my word, you better be worried about my nerve/ I say we distribute the product and move it like Nino in here, I
push the bird/ Comin' a little faster, pump out I dump out never been no chump, I crunk out/ You don't really
want none, let's smash 'em that's how I run mine/ I'm runnin fast past that gunline, bustin at bud for one time/
Yeah, gotta keep it gangsta, feel my life is in danger sometimes blaze the flame up, make your paper/ We Bone
Thug till we die, better support it, and if you don't, when I see you just pass me by/ Hell of a ride, hood play and
I'm tryin' to be calm man, and I'm tryin' a stay on my point for when Satan come up out my way, hey-Chorus-
Krayzie- Recorded for the Krayzie Bone album Gemini: Good Vs. Evil

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