

Death Before Dishonor

Twista

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Always ever all days death befo
Always ever all days death before this time
Comin' back as though I can still see if you got static
Fuck tryin' to steal me, shit you gon' have to kill me
And if somebody cappi' I'ma tell 'em what happens
When my emotions erupt, shots make me duck
That's when I'ma have to fuck you up
It's like uh, ah, muthafucka can't fight the feelin' the way I'ma fuck 'em
Have an orgasm but for the orchasm, killed 'em as if a 4-5 buck 'em
Talk about a man being scared
I done killed him be dead in his tomb still shakin'
Hit 'em in his body and his head
Now be found in heaven with the wound still achin'
I wonder if his voice still breakin'
Better be 'cause I steadily
Hit him with gats and styles that heavily
Armed and dangerous and deadly
That ahead of me receive two holes like the letter B
Better you instead of me
Breakin' peace can increase your chances
To delete your advances for slate
I can paint this piece on canvas
With a paint brush that a nigga can't truss
Like a God so I can't rush, won't crush
If you ever heard about a crew that can't bust
Then motherfucker it ain't us
Don't touch a Mike or a gun if you ain't gonna use it, do it
Claiming your weapons and tecs
And you gonna be checked and fluid, prove it
'Cuz no matter who it is can't tell the westside
To leave a bitch shedding tears
The young kill everyday the old itchin' to kill
'Cuz they ain't offed a nigga dead in years
Shoot him dead in his, this style of flow is a verbal calico
Make a chest ripple
They get a call from the sky sayin' they all gonna die
Don't leave the rest crippled
Always ever all days death before this time
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Fuck tryin' to steal me, shit, you gon' have to kill me
And if somebody cappi' I'ma tell 'em what happens
Once my emotions erupt, shots make me duck
That's when I'ma have to fuck you up Mikers, Mikers be tryin' to take mine
And leave a motherfucker cold as a crisis
With a technique as cold as isis
And mikes as my control devices Or do I gotta get off some nigga shit
Show the biggest dick with the biggest clique
That be hazardous, if I let the trigga click
You don't benefit if a nigga get from the rage
If he live it just a little bit, so go on with the riddle shit If you got something to stress then get it off your chest
We can take it to the middle, bitch
And go on get it on and I bet you that the outcome
Is that I'm leavin', niggas out done, cut up
But it's odd to see a motherfucker outrun
Just because he let his mouth run so shut up And sit back if you know what's good for you
I can still overthrow you, I don't give a fuck about the fact
That the hood know you, don't make a nigga have to show you
That I'ma die before you make an ass of me
Stop as if you took a blast at me and cause tragedy
That was how it was that was how it is and that's the way it has to be Always ever all days death before this time
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Once my emotions erupt, shots make me duck
That's when I'ma have to fuck you up It's like uh, ah, sit back and let the shit just straight marinate
I pull the stage curtain back like Norman Bates
Performin' hates, smokin' on some reefer performin' fate
It's a constant struggle for us white boys With the shit hittin' licks in the scuffle for us
My nigga lucky made him bleed fear is if to proceed to bust
If he a different type of breed from us
So petty niggas y'all need to hush Two straight to you brain means pains inflicted
Even if it ain't things to taunt pain like rage till my brain is wicked
Ain't even lived out a quarter of your lifetime, tryin' to push product
And ain't servin' the right kind and ain't strivin' the right rhymes
But I'ma shorten your lifeline Through the pipeline I vocal cold bust 'em plus them with killers
Jaw stealers throw dealers rushin' parties bloody body chillers

Pretty casket fillers

'Cuz those niggas got they shit together

We come pay to Creator's way

And don't gotta be but then again whatever Always ever all days death before this time

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