Get It How You Live

Twista

Double S, never less baby
Twista and Scott Storch in a dropped Porsche
That new shit, check it out
My neck on bling, wrist on chill
Standing on the corner steady, trying to make 'em kneel
When it come to hustling, got to get it how you live
And I'm on the come up, so motherfuck how you feel?
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Standing on the corner steady, trying to make 'em kneel
When it come to hustling, got to get it how you live
And I'm on the come up, so motherfuck how you feel?
My fingers on frost, ears on froze
Hanging at the club while hoes slide down the pole
Rolling with the g's and the foes and the souls
With two bitches on my arms, sporting thousand dollar clothes
Looking kind of stunning, so the cameras on flick
Ain't no motherfuckers out here that can do it like this
On top of my game and when a hater's all fall
I'ma be smiling, revealing my grill from Paul Wall
Shake it for me bitch, let me see you get loose
Let me see you sipping on some shit that's 80 proof
Let me see if I'ma let you get up in the ?Lac
Bend over so I can see how I'ma hit it from the back
Hustle wit the rhymes but I'm better wit the keys
And I'm clubbin' wit the pees, I get cheddar wit the fees
I'm always on the hustle, so don't ask why I succeed
I got flows, I got dro, I got whatever you need
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And I'm on the come up, so motherfuck how you feel?
Tires on shine, rims on gloss
When it come to mobbing, I'ma motherfucking boss
I stay making paper, behind the mic and on the tipping
I ain't stingy wit the dust, the whole crew ride slick

Think you shitting on the nigga T, I doubt that
My flow will make your booty move like a house track
Have 'em at the party screaming, ?Get the doe, get the doe?
And if I ever go broke, I guarantee to bounce back
If beats was like a tipper, then my flow would play the cane
Got shit to make you float off the floor like David Blaine
You rich because I spit it universal to the drums
And I circle with some guns, blow out purple out my lungs
I pimp and fuck a bitch, I don't need to buy her ?Lacs
I be on the move, staying paid pushing Cadillacs
Investing in my raps, if I don't make a quarter back
I throw eight balls to my homies on the corners like quarterbacks
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And I'm on the come up, so motherfuck how you feel?
Let me break your back, shawty
Show me what you got, shawty
We some motherfuking killers
Chicago made niggaz making figures
Let me break your back, shawty
Show me what you got, shawty
We some motherfuking killers
Chicago made niggaz making figures
Teeth on bling, rolly on flick
Standing on the stage while I'm holding on my dick
'Bout to spit a new verse off out the Mobstaz new shit
Holla walla pop the colla on my new outfit
If you want war, you think you got rounds to come get me
I think you better go smoke a whole pound of that sticky
Keep on talking that you're not hate around your committee
I'm dodge that nigga that put it down for the city
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