Twilight

Electric Light Orchestra (elo)

Uh, yea, yea, yea
Let's go niggas
C'mon nigga, c'mon nigga
I be dippin' in tha twilight, wit gangstas
Smokin' weed up in my ride life
The same stuff, it's still a bitch, livin' like I'm rich
Bang broads call me Mr. International, ghetto stars
I be dippin' in tha twilight, wit gangstas
Smokin' weed up in my ride life
The same stuff, it's still a bitch, livin' like I'm rich
Bang broads call me Mr. International, ghetto stars
Yo' I talk like a champion, walk like a champion
Body like a God, and I promise that Nas will hit you off
Flow like a gangsta, blum bum bum bum bum
Bustin' like dummies, so mami you come and lick it off
I stay right, purple haze'd outfit stay on my hip
Blood stay in my mouf, petron layed out
Tequila sunrise and five 6's, surprise bitches
Nas from the trenches, hot as he survived
This is ten years, here for good, rep fo' my thugs
Plumper than last summer, stomach streched from tha grub
Good livin', good women, I fuck wit straight stallions
Bowleg stances, go 'head handsome
But they all scream, my car's lean
Hit up, every state, town, city wit my braveheart team
Pretty face, round tits and ass, stay my queen
Keep a burna in tha trunk, ate all fifteen
When I be dippin' in tha twilight, wit gangstas
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Yo' if you see me on MTV, don't forget
I'm tha same nigga from QB
Sittin' on tha block, hungry and starvin'
Imaginin' performin' at Madison Square Garden

Or Radio City, in New York City
Bring tha whole hood wit me, gallons of henny
My homie got shot right befo' my eyes
I got shot too, but I survived
I was just a teenager, never had a pager
Always had flava, chasin' dat paper
I need dem diamonds, dem new clothes
Pretty hoes, dat Bently Coupe all red like a rose
And everybody knows, my gun goes off
In tha west coast, durty south, and up north
Jungle tha boss, a natural born hustler
I despise suckas, ya punk muthafuckas
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Nigga I'm high wit high hopes, fuck tha bullshit
Stand up in front of dat, you get tha full clip
I'll beat a nigga senseless, his skin is missin', listen
My knockouts is six, so serious
Bang wit a "b" on my chest, ya'll niggas is bitches
Ya touch me and I'm pullin' ya dress from stitches to stitchin'
I hate y'all niggas, stomp you out like roaches
Can't you see I'm here to get this paper just I'm suppose to
I been a BraveHeart since semen, cesspool my pops schemin'
One thought to get up in my moms jeans and it came to this
It feel like a muthafucka dreamin', but I'm here
Fuck anything another nigga thinkin', see dem BraveHearts
Damn, those my niggas, you got drama wit 'em
Sleep witcha gun unda ya fuckin' pillow
This is real thangs, I know shit feels strange
How dem QB niggas do thangs, check dis shit
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