

Crisis (feat. Tech N9ne)

Twista

Everybody got the memo, Michael Myers man I'm mental
Messy murder monumental mixed my mind
Metamorphosis made it mainly my many maneuvers
Missin' my malice malevolent mister N9ne!
Mediocre motherfuckers my motive makin' minimum
Maniacal makin' me mash my line
MONSTER! Musical massacre
Metaphysical minion may never match my grind
When I'm bustin' you think of poppin' the E
Hoppin' to Nina Boppin' need no stop and lockin' the B
We droppin' off and a couple's talkin' to me
But I flee, never see, Tecca Neez, I be, forever
Look at the K.O.D. demolish, I'm polished
I get dollars, I get more guala mixologist and many I sell
You will never see the light of day right away
You will die but I hide away, say goodbye, I'll see you in Hell
True shots, a-who's got the crew's water?
You soft, I move rocks, a Mustafa
Boondock ya boo, Soo-Woo what a
Two chakras, you lost the new nana
Out with the weak and in with the raw
Put you in deep and have your mama seekin' the law
Freaking the beat, I get to peekin'
Leavin' you off with the saw
Ain't nobody beatin' me in the brawl
Y'all got to know, I stop the show
Pick you off of the pillar, you know I drop the fo'
Sick and I this is sick as suckas, sock a ho
Oh, you ain't even in my optical
I shock ya though, I rock the flow
Nah, not so low like burnin' optimo
Wassup to Joe from my block, the MO
I did it to death and my nigga I got to go! It's a crisis and a murder whenever you see both of us in the booth
It can be an interpretation of a catastrophic event
Of verbal annihilation if you don't know the truth
It's a crisis and a murder whenever you see both of us in a rage
It can be any murder scene, making you have to evacuate the premises
Killing the audience up on the stage
We are an anomaly, coupling, coming stopping up in the gut

You got to be loving the cut em or fucking em up
Or probably busting em up
Or vodka be up in the cup and drama be nothing to us
A combination of some oddities, coming to crush
And y'all won't be nothing to touch
Ya body, we cutting em up
Twista ready to bang, and Tech got his face painted
Like he bout to go and do a robbery up in the truck
Whenever you recollect at me, a table taco
Bitch I see it like Liam Neesen in Taken
No Taken 2, better yet Tekken two
Wrecking you like I was vehicle Eddie
Or ready to reappear like I was Yoshimitsu
From the darker side of the universe
Universal predator is what you didn't know
And they will go and get you
And I'm immediately about to punish ruin a invitational
Whether I treat you like a bitch or hit you
But Tech, me and you could speak on the evil type of terminology
Em heard our music but didn't know we were an odyssey or an oddity
It's a murder probably, if not then I bet you we cause a verbal lobotomy
Tell them niggas to make a move that when they move I will abuse
I'll show em they finna lose and I refuse to be a fool
I kill em, I keep em cool but I'mma do what I'mma do
Because I'm breaking the rules, let's go
Bust you under lyrics, that's how I shoot this
They so evil we gon fuck'em while chunking up the deuces
It's the goof, it's what a lyric proof, it's on the roof, it's
I could leave your whole team skadooshis, it's a nuisance
Ooh it's, somebody you don't really want to get into it with
I'm mythical, difficult when I don't know if it'll be
A wise thing for you to do as far as playing with the unusual
Orien, and I am a scientific
Indivisibility within the infrastructure of the family that I created is inevitable
Especially if we committed to getting money
So fuck the haters because it's the paper that you better get you
Take a mental with the spatial, leave it alone
My album dimension because I can get deep with a song
But look of a fiend, I'mma put him asleep with the chrome
Or lock a machine, fuck him if he ain't breathing alone, die
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us in the booth
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Songwriters

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