

Twisted Heat (feat. Twista & Drag-On)

Ruff Ryders

Aowwwwwwww!
We know y'all can drink 'til you throw up
We know y'all sittin' on 20's
We know y'all reppin' your hood
But how many y'all kill!!! Bounce that ass, load them cribs,
Let me see the mobbin' niggaz that wanna talk shit
Rowdy motherfuckers that be scummy and'll go for the money,
Ready to ride when they rollin' a lick
Thugs with the chevy's, thugs with the trucks,
The real gun runner never run when he bust
Henny and he mobs in the front, smoke a 'dro blunt,
Sippin' with a fifty sack under the nuts
Hoes with ass and no gut
Let me see you jiggle it from side to side
Niggaz if it's static, then pass me the strap,
Gonna ride 'til my ride
All the hoes that'll freak niggaz, with the 'fedi,
Let's get buck up in the club
And all my soldiers, fall out, gangstas, mob up
All the homies on the block, ante up on the fin,
And let's go get us a sack
Serve til we got a custom 'llac, hustlin' packs
'til a nigga bust, then we bustin' back
Guys that'll roll them dice and win,
Girls with the 'fits that show the skin
Real niggaz mind your best friend at the pen,
Real hoes let your best friend know about men
Cause i be squeezin' ass
And'll make a full glass disappear like a genie
Move to the lox and beanie,
While them hoes backin' that thang up on my weenie
It's like no nigga in the world could see me
When i ruff ryde with drag-on
Rollin' up big babies in a mercedes,
If you want herb we got bombstwista (drag-on) Gotta kick that shit for the fine bitches and all
my nuz
For the ones who smoke pot, do stick ups, and ball in our hood
What do a nigga say when he sees drag-on and twista (kill me)
Gangsta (let's ride), hustla (feel me)
By know everybody should know, that the kid spit tight,
And this kid spit fire light
And the bitch i don' fucked like last night,

I don't give a fuck 'bout a 2 and a half mic
Cause the only motherfucfkin magazine that i read,
Is when i buy my gun from it
How many bullets you could digest in that one stomach,
I suggest y'all run from it
And the click-click from the calico, i gotta go,
Make it pimp with a lot of hoes
I'm the same motherfucker that's countin' that dough,
Cookin' that coke to a pot of gold
Cause my rainbow, is every color top that crackhead cop
I don't care i gotta cap me a cop
As long as i got enough money to cop me a drop, pop enough glocks
Drag open up dope spots and co-op's in convo at condos
Keep the heat up in jeeps, in case y'all creep up on me
I run up on y'all in a cab with a meter on me
And the only on leavin' is me
And the only one bleedin' is you, tryin' to breeze with me
All i rock is e-n-y-c-e, in the nyc with the white t
All i really do is r-u,
Double f, r-y-d-e, d-r-a-g, to the dash o-n
Catch me, smokin' potent, bet i leave y'all, niggaz soakin',
With your insides open
twista (drag-on) Errrrrrr!!!!
Hold the fuck up! (slow down!)
Drag, twista (listen up!)
These motherfuckers don't know what's real out here
(they damn sure don't)
This is volume 2 (volume 2)
Nigga, so, get ignorant!twista (drag-on)Whether murder or bouncy beat, my flow be
philosophical
Smokin' on tropical, achievin' all +missions impossible+
When i up the block at you, i'ma pop at you
If your mamma cry there's nothin' i could do
Should not've fucked with mr. illogical
When i'm in to clubbin', huggin', shake it don't you break it
Your booty too sacred, can't take it, wanna see you nakedI done drunk a blue motherfucker, so
you know i'm lit up
Everybody get up, sweat for the twista, it's a stick upThis where the shit pick

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