

Twista & Drag-On "Twisted Heat"

Visit "[Twisted Heat](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Swizz Beatz:

We know y'all out to drink 'til y'all throw up

We know y'all sittin' on 20's

We know y'all reppin' your hood

But how many y'all KILL!!!

[Twista]

Bounce that ass, load them cribs,

let me see the mobbin' niggaz that, uhh, talk shit

While these muthatfuckaz be scummy and'll go for the
money,

ready to ride when they holdin' 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 freaky niggaz, with the 'fedi,

let's get buck up in the club

And all my soldiers, FALL OUT, gangstas, MOB UP

All the homeys on the block,

anny up on the fin and let's go get us a sack

Serve too, we got a custom 'Lac, hustlin' pack,

til a nigga bust, they bustin' back

Guys that'll roll them dice and win,

girls with '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 bombs

Chorus: Twista (Drag-On) (2x)

Gotta kick that shit for the fine bitches and all my nugz

For the ones who smoke pot, do stick ups, and ball in
our hood

What do a nigga say when he say Drag-On and Twista
(Wanna kill me)

Gangsta (Let's ride), hustla (Feel me)

[Drag-On]

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 muthafuckin' 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 muthafucka 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 boots by watchin' 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 the Roc is E-N-Y-C-E, in the NYC with the white T
All I really do is argue,
double F, R-Y-D-E, D-R-A-G, to the dash O-N
Catch me, smokin' potent, bet it leave y'all, niggaz
soakin',

with your insides open

Chorus: Twista (Drag-On) (2x)

Swizz Beatz:

ERRRRRRR!!!!

Hold the fuck up!

Slow down!

Drag, Twista, listen up

These muthafuckaz don't know what's real out here

(They damn sure don't)

This is volume 2 (volume 2)

Nigga, so, get ignorent!

Chorus: Twista (Drag-On)

[Twista]

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 momma cry there's nothin' I could do

Should not've fucked with Mr. Illogical

When I'm in to clubbin', clubbin', shake it don't you
break it

You booty to shapey, can't take it, wanna see you
naked

I don' drunk a boo muthafucka, so you know I'm lit up

Everybody get up, spin witha a Twista, it's a stick up

Drag-On (Swizz Beatz):

This where the shit pick up, let me load this clip up,

lust pour me some liquor, Flame-On and Twista,
let's see if you murdered who'll miss ya
I love the dirty south, that's why I gotta dirty mouth
that'll burn you out
Tell your bitch I got a dick that'll turn her out,
especially when I tell her turn around
I don' hurt her now
Shit'll come back, and I think it's time to get murdered
now
I'm tired of silly clowns, spittin' out weak shit, sound
like my shit
You gon' make me pull a all nighter
Standin' in front of your crib with that gasoline and that
lighter
Now hit, we won't miss ya, Drag-On and Twista
(Puttin' it on 'em!)

Visit [Twista & Drag-On](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.