

## Dj Khaled "Destroy You"

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(This is, this is, this is  
Yeah... yeah, uh-huh, uh uh, c'mon)

Yeah check it out y'all, it's them Bone Thug niggaz  
In the house with that nigga Twista, DJ Khaled  
Duece-double-oh-six, we 'bout to do it like this - yo

Just like that 9-millimeter comin to heat ya  
Nigga we come straight for ya, out to destroy ya  
They better believe as soon as they creep up  
Niggaz gon' see how my tongue kill just like my gun,  
gun

Twista spit it for hustlers, Twista spit it for hoes  
But I'm 'bout servin these haters like I'm servin that 'dro  
Spit for my gangstas and killers that'll put one in yo'  
dome  
Spit it for my ballers and thugs that's addicted to  
chrome  
Either rims or the thumper, now you ain't gotta wonder  
What a Twista and here I go and never on drama  
With purple 'bout a pound, and my truck I pound the  
sounds  
And my 24's got blades on them that spin round and  
round  
Back on the scene now, and I'm always seen high  
Still flow motion overdosin, smokin on green now  
When I'm on them Jordans, 20's look like 17's now  
Sportin throwback Jordans from when I was 17 now  
Still I'm steady +Po' Pimpin+, still spinnin and hustlin  
Still +Adrenaline Rushin+ like when the pendulum's  
cuttin  
Album comin out soon, but I already had props  
Pullin Benz's up on the block before I met yo' pop

The Twista, playa balla, slash pimp MC  
Straight from Chi-Tizzle my nizzle, never gon' get rid of  
me  
On some (this is, this is) and they call us C.M.T.  
When they drop on how pop on about how it's so fly  
bein me  
With a lethal chemistry, put them in your memory

When you want that original sound, it's either him or  
me  
The most underrated artist in this whole industry  
If rappin was the NBA I'd be Michael Finley  
Still I'm bendin and grinnin, still I got pull in the club  
Still I'm poppin my collar, grindin on girls in the club  
Servin 50's, rims is bigger but I got love for the dub  
They love the Twist' like love for the chief, and love for  
the thug  
Cause I got that com' game, and I got that bomb flame  
Let alarms ring when you hear the don's name  
I copped the H-2-1's, some throwbacks like LeBron  
James  
This time around I'm a let my nuts and my platinum  
charms hang

T be poppin them tags, T be coppin them Jags  
And if the T do a stick-up you be droppin them bags  
And I'm from where they cock hats instead of rockin  
them rags  
And if they ain't cockin them hats they be cockin them  
mags  
T be thuggin and clubbin, "Oh Twista that look tight"  
Don't every time he step in the party he look so nice?  
I'm officially fresh in my gear as I'm rockin mo' ice  
And the Mitchell & Ness from the year when I used to  
flow like  
Annilisms are my verbal metabolisms  
Shadow's prisms and my thug mannerism's of  
cataclysm manor  
Causin some dis-establishment-arianism  
I vary in wisdom, wins only cause I'm carryin ism and  
um  
A street lyrical phantom, full of verses when I chant 'em  
When this shit here hit the street it's gon' be the  
ghetto's anthem

Bone Thugs, Twista, DJ Khaled, LISTENNN!

Shouts out to Steve Lobel  
Krayzie Bone, Bone Thugs, Swizz Beatz I see you  
Twista, shit's crazy right here  
Cool & Dre on the track  
It's DJ Khaled, historical, I'm a problem!  
LISTENNN!

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