

## Foesum "Don't Get It Twisted"

Visit "[Don't Get It Twisted](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Now come to scoop me up around 10 M&M  
don't forget the hennessey juice or gin  
we bouts to take another trip so just dip in the Foe  
I got a box of Phillies and I'm puttin em by the door  
I'm ready to get my ride on hoppin side to side  
got these hoes jockin game recognize  
rollin with my kinfolk sippin on a brew  
spittin game to skirts so tell em what we do  
Now we be keepin things on the DL so we roll late  
dippin, while I'm sippin on some gin and some OJ  
leanin to the side of the ride like the G's do  
layin low when you see some nobody see's you  
put the mash down anytime that it's called upon  
makin fools step aside cuz M&M and Dubb's on  
regulatin thangs, so check the statistics  
comin at that ass, so don't get it twisted  
(Chorus)

Don't get it twisted, for you'll never see a day again  
Don't get it twisted, baby baby baby baby, never see a  
dogg again  
Lowrider, lets get a little higher  
pass around the blunt and spark the fire  
sittin laid back in the zone  
so I'm a take two hits then I'm a pass it on  
Pass it here cuz I'll be blowin more smoke than a  
chimney  
and I'm bombed in cuz the Chronic just hit me  
creepin in a fo and the ragtop's white  
flossin with Dubb hittin switches at the stop light  
Now let me flip the tape, while we let the ass scrape  
and pump your brakes while the Dubb illustrates  
somethin for the homeys puttin it down like Gs  
cuz that's how we do it in the LBC

Comin right back at that ass, makin fools pay the cost  
gettin things heated if it's needed with the niner raw  
Think you slow ya roll so think twice when we kicks it  
so get it straight fool, and don't get it twisted  
(Chorus)  
Don't get it twisted, for you'll never see a day again  
Don't get it twisted, baby baby baby, never see a dogg  
again

Now we be, runnin game on hoes like a track meet  
got the sounds bumpin from the trunk and the  
backseat  
holdin a grip of chips while I smoke a fat J  
comin up out the West Coast where the gangstas and  
the ballers stay  
(hell yeah) stoppin and hoppin and droppin the Foe to  
the floor  
hittin a switch on a lips and we dippin homey cuz we  
like it low  
creepin up the block hoes jock cuz we're on these  
Dubb break it down for me through the eyes of a G  
Now some of y'all niggaz don't know me but you best a  
slow yo roll  
crawlin in my Chevy now I'm hittin trey wheel mo  
definitely for effect you know I'm down for my city  
when I'm rollin in my ride with some drank and a Philly  
so homey lets take a dip cuz we goin trip tonight, that's  
on the real  
here comes ? Locc in a Cadillac Seville  
with the top dropped back, full of skirts, lets handle  
business  
time to get lifted, but don't get it twisted  
(Chorus)  
Don't get it twisted, for you'll never see a day again  
Don't get it twisted, baby baby baby baby, never see a  
dogg again

Visit [Foenum](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.