

## Jimmy Ruffin

### "Twilight"

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[Chorus Nas x2]

I be dippin in the twilight, with gangstas  
Smoking weed up in my ride life, the same stuff  
Its still a bitch living like I'm rich, bang broads  
Call me Mr.International ghetto stars

[Nas]

Yo I talk like a champion, walk like a champion  
Body like a god and I promise that Nas a hit you off  
Flow like a gangsta, Brum bum bum bum bum  
Bustin like dummies so mommy you come and lick it  
off  
I stay right, purple hazed out, fifth stay on my hip  
Blunt stay in my mouth, Patron layed out  
Tequila sunrising, five sixes, surprise bitches  
Nas from the trenches how does he survive  
This is ten years, here for good, rep for my thugs  
Plumper than last summer stomach stretch from the  
grub  
Good livin, good women, I fuck wit straight stallions  
Bowleg stances go-head handsome  
What they all scream, my cars lean  
Hit up every state town city, wit my Braveheart team  
Pretty face round tits and ass stay my queen  
Keep a burner in the trunk, AR-15

[Chorus x2]

[Jungle]

If you see me, on MTV  
Don't forget I'm the same nigga from QB  
Sitting on the block, hungry and starving  
Imagining preforming at Madison Square Garden  
Or Radio City, and New York City  
Bring the whole hood wit me, gallons of Henny  
My homey got shot right before my eyes  
I got shot too but I survived  
I was just a teenager, never had a pager  
I always had flava, chasing that paper  
I need them diamonds new clothes pretty hoes  
That Bentley coupe all red like a rose

And everybody knows, my gun goes off  
In the west coast dirty south and up north  
Jungle the boss, a natural born hustler  
I Dissed by suckas and punk mothafuckas

[Chorus x2]

[Gwiz]

Nigga I'm high wit high hopes fuck the bullshit  
Stand up in front of that you get the full clip  
I beat a nigga senseless his skin is missing  
Listen, my knockouts is six so serious  
Bang wit a B on my chest yall niggaz is bitches  
You touch me and I'm pulling your dress, a snitch is a  
snitch  
And I hate yall niggaz, stomp you out like roaches  
Cant you see I'm here to get this paper just like I'm  
supposed to  
I've been a Braveheart since semen cesspool my pops  
scheming  
One thought to get up in my moms jeans  
And it came to this It feel like a mothafuckas dreaming  
But I'm here, fuck anything another nigga thinkin  
See them Bravehearts, damn, those my niggaz  
You got drama wit em sleep with you gun under the  
fucking pillow  
This is real thangs, I know shit feel strange, how dem  
QB niggaz do thangs  
Check this shit nigga

[Chorus x2]

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