

Malevolent Creation

"In a Twist"

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[WC]

You niggaz can't fade this nutty-ass cutthroat Maad
Circle villain
Leanin, schemin in the Gremlin
Sippin on Mak Duk, on my way to Compton
to pick this nigga Coolio up
Two ski masks, on my left a nine
Nigga on my breath, money on my mind (yeah)
You god damn right motherfucker it's on again
Coolio what's the plan?

[Coolio]

It's a motherfuckin come up, nigga load ya gun up
It's gonna be a stick-up, came up on the liquor
You know that bitch that I used to fuck -- named
Theresa
(Yeah nigga, with the big ass butt)
Well her brother was a client of mine
Drive some turnaround trips back and forth to Vegas
part time (yeah)
Well anyway I got a caper (uh)
And if we pull it off right we can come up on a stack of
paper
Here go the plan: me, you, and him
cause the nigga drivin the bus is down with us
Call Crazy Toones and tell him to give you a ride
and drop you off on Manchester and Broadway, at half
past five
Since old people don't trust young niggaz none
you gotta be disguised like a senior citizen
Don't worry about escape cause it's OK
I'll be chillin close behind all the motherfuckin way loc
And I don't wanna see you act up
but if anybody trip you better handle that shit

[WC]

Nah man fuck this, this shit sound shady as fuck
You gon' fuck around and have us all stuck
motherfucker

[Coolio]

Quit actin like a hoe, and go get yo' fo'-fo' nigga
and let's make some dough, check this:
Nuttin plus nuttin equal none
Fool grab the motherfuckin money and run

[WC] Right come on

Chorus: WC

Diamond in the back, sun roof cracked
Tank on E, niggaz low on cash, oohh-woo
(some R&B sample) "Straight jackin"

Chorus

[WC]

So now it's goin accordin to plan
I'm on the back of the bus dressed like a senior citizen
Sittin on a bus full of old motherfuckers
Wavin they bibles singin, "I love Jesus!"
And now my concious is fuckin with me
cause I'm about to rob the entire gospel choir
And I ain't askin no questions
Whoever don't reply, I'm sendin em hollow point
blessings
Cause I was told at seven on the dot
No matter the spot, to execute the plot
And my watch read 6:59
So aww shucky ducky, quack quack it's yo' time
Hands in the motherfuckin air! *pop pop pop*
This is a jack nigga, and I'm startin from the back
Necklaces, anklets to bracelets
to the Rolexes, I'm takin all they shit, huh
I had em shakin, steady fadin, money breakin
fillin my bag up with bacon
Lookin out the window at Coolio
yellin out a car on the side of the bus, "Nigga c'mon!"
Yo, we gon' handle this loc
I told him like Janet Jackson, I had it under control
But really I was bein greedy takin too long
So peep the next verse but first the chorus of song
goes

Chorus

[WC]

Standin in the middle of the aisle
A rag full of papes and jewelry, bout to make my
escape
Coolio wavin, "C'mon nigga hurry up
before one-time swoop, and you get us all stuck!"

Aight so now I'm on my way to the front
Bus driver, pull to the side or I might have to dump
He was down with us on our shady operation
So he pulled the bus over with no hesitation
But that's when the drama kicked in
"Motherfucker take that!" *blam* Damn I got shot in the
back
Looked up and who did I see?
This bitch-made ass bus driver puttin slugs in Dub C
Twistin afflicted, burnin like syphillis
Lookin at death and I'm coughin up flesh
Ran to the car, "Coolio I've been hit" "Huh?"
"I told you the shit sound like a motherfuckin twist!"

[Coolio]

Wait, what's wrong, what the FUCK GOIN ON?!
This nigga must be trippin, we gon' have to kill him

[WC] Cool here come nigga grab your gun

[Coolio] Alright, I'm gonna have me some fun

Forty-four in the right hand, nine in the left
So I put twelve rounds in his motherfuckin chest
I don't know if it's yo' birthday, but bitch here's yo' gift
That's what you get for the twist, yea

Chorus 2X

[WC] Maad Circle nigga

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