

## Copywrite

### "Twist It"

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[Copywrite]

Call me Snoopy, top dog on the roof  
Snoopy Iceburg on, I'ma mute, bird followin', too  
Pied pipe, minus the child song on the flute  
Single file line, pile dimes all in the coup  
Let's go, the one I liked was tryin' to be defiant  
Thought the only way I'd get her wet was by a hydrant  
Then I told who I signed with, my eyes squint  
The brain was so good, she blinded me with science  
Let the rental whirl, spinnin' and I earled reckless  
Gave your flirty bitch a thirty inch pearl necklace  
Said girl, check this, I lied when I said I was signed  
But lifes a bitch and the worlds sexist  
So take it in stride  
My boys burn blueberry, you hear me? I don't mean  
bakin' a pie  
Shit was so hot we started introducun ourselves to each  
other  
Smoke it all from good trees to cheap lumber  
I'm the man, so pump up the jam  
I up jump the boogie to fuck up your plans  
Freaks open, hoes stayed are depthroatin'  
And I came, got hot, but okay I'm reloaded

[Chorus]

Y'all niggaz 'bout to twist it, huh?  
Club fight crew leave a few scars  
Your ass dumbs out when you drunk  
Your ass won't make it to see tomorrow  
Y'all niggaz 'bout to twist it, huh?  
Club fight crew leave a few scars  
Your ass dumbs out when you drunk  
Your ass won't make it to see tomorrow  
We step up in the club, we're unclean  
Drug fiends turn a club to a drug scene  
Get rid of that drink, get rid of that dutch, we about to  
earl  
We about to earl, We about to earl  
We about to earl, We about to earl

[Tage]

Either side of the coin, I'm hard  
Reason I'm regarded as pointguard  
Of all joints, I guarded the ball point  
Your whole joints I snored through, face it  
Bring a force of hatred to complicate shit for these  
basic  
Off trees and a concoction  
Just one option cause not one of who your accustomed  
Make way for the bust, we'll hustle the foundation  
Do math, tryin' to travel the path without satan  
But some cats prefer to be learned  
Certain these shots will leave you with more spots than  
a dalmation  
Y'all cats ain't heard of me, but that didn't occur to he  
He was hopin' the surgery was out-patient  
Nope, my flow game is so sign cocaine  
Saxaphone Coltrane, Hank Hill on propane  
Don't provoke me on a toke of that special  
Toke choke that'll have you out twistin' a pretzel, let's  
go

[Chorus]

[KingDom]

Twist 'em up, yup, y'all some sittin' ducks  
Mind it, might try to find another bitch to fuck  
I'm in the club hazed out, not concerned with others  
Roll a dutch, light it up, let it burn like Usher  
Fucker, plus your hoe, she's tryin' to ride  
Stay fresh to death like my soul was cyanide  
Yep, and that's the king, he's the choice of freaks  
One verse and Kay Slay'll lose his voice for weeks  
But y'all fake and counterfeit, y'all don't know Dominic  
The shit the kid be spittin' I'll have y'all trickin' in  
astonishment  
And once the chronic's lit your bitch is gettin' honest  
Quick talk bout she love how he get down on her plus  
she's he's on his dick  
All kinda shit listen to twice and you're rewindin' it  
Inclined to spit, still can make the owner of those  
diamonds sit beside your bitch  
And if she's fast with the game  
She gettin', broke off like a claspimy chain  
Ain't cuttin' slack for no lames, half of y'all rappers just  
suck  
Against the King, you take an L, like I passed you a  
dutch  
Feel the agony, I'm never shook to peel caps, dog  
I got my strong arm steady and will blast y'all

[Chorus]

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