

Nv Sicc "Twizted"

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-Intro-

Verse 1

NV Sicc

Get twiztid like NV when you need to..Till you can hardly breath dude..Never get high, get low so they can't see you..Trust me I believe you, want it like a fiend do..I'mma get twiztid till I can barely speak coo..Dizzy in the club scene twiztid ladies love me..Girls get twiztid off your daquries and bubbly..Dudes try an mugg me I'm twiztid but luckily..NV wasn't sober, cause this could get ugly..Smashin in my new whip, twiztid color cool whip..Never leave home without a pint of twiztid fluid..Really nothin to it, find you somthin too sip..Till you feel twiztid and you feel you bout to lose it..Dance and tear the floor up, till that feelin show up..When you grab ya stomach and you feel you bout to throw up..Tell you what, there's no luck, hurlin and you so stuck..But you feelin better keep it twiztid kidd, sho nuff!..

-Chorus-

We gon get twiztid at the spot order a Remy or two..Don't got my Mr. Martin then the Henny will do..Get twiztid blowin dro or you can twist with ya crew..We gon get it twiztid till there aint no twiztin to do.

(Repeat 2x)

Verse 2

We gon get it twiztid roll that thang up..Pack and fire blaze dutch..Take it to the head and hold ya breath until you stay stuck..Exhale when you blazed buck, dro or sticky same stuff..Gaggin while you token must mean you don't really blaze much..Buy it by the QP, twist it tight not loosely..Twiztid on the dro, it makes you feel all loosey goosey..Indonesia soothes me, twiztin really moves me..Never get to poppin, then I'll smoke then pop the Oozie..Chop it in the blunt wrap, go in half on fat sacks..Twizt with philly's finest empty out the shell and pack that..Light it up snatch that, I gotta O match that..Twiztid if you don't smoke you will smell and catch a contact..K-town got me crazy, twiztid cause I'm blazed B..Hotbox while we twiztin got my vision feelin hazey..Cigerello's fade me, hydro smellin deadly..Like

I'm blowin Grace, because this twizt is so amazing!..

-Chorus-

Verse 3

Hitz The Beat Man

Hitz the Beath Man, hell I did the beat man..Twiztid in the club and the styles so street man..Tez you can smoke too, Syke fill me up boo..I don't need that Remy cause that Goose still in me..And a Dunn Deal, uuuhhh, that'll get you twiztid..Call her Mrs. Santa cause the girl is so gifted..It's like a buffett, with nothin but alcohol..Over at our table it's all you can drink yall.And keep ya cups to yaself if you aint puttin in..The only ones drinkin for free is closest to kin..And that's on my folks who so Samoan..That's Quality's fam and yall aint knowin?..We party, like it aint shit else to do..So we duck huntin, like it aint no niggas to shoot..So good evening, yall aint gotta go home..But it's 3 o'clock so get ya drunk ass on..

-Chorus-

(1x)

Shout out my peeps, Syke, Tez, and Mae holdin me down..Me and Shine sip the Vodka, leavin Kipi the crown..I know Royce, he get my back, and Darin ready to clown..When Grove or Tone play our CD just know we shuttin it down..

-Outro-

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