

Tela "Twisted"

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Uh, ahhh yeah, right right now
Let's drop, dedication to the kings of hip-hop
Shit, thank you ha

[Verse 1]

It was this bitch named LaQueesha, met her on the
Eastside
Rollin' in my boat while pullin' her over with the p-sign
Spit the competence, and confidence in conversation
Chances on point and I'm not in violation
See hoes are like the value of a fraction
With me, I just proceed to do my deed to go to askin'
em' relaxin' em'
Spit that game that drain from Imperial, she said a
nigga be cereal
Like Cheerios, we live for hoes, here it goes
I'm rollin' with Suave and I ain't givin' a fuck
Employed with some voids is doin' jobs to us
A must, I can bust from a hundred yards plus
But St. Gal is the rough, got in the Seville and mushed
(Nigga hush)
Now who's sweeter, the nigga Tela
5-0 be the leader, speed of a T to Vida
Switch the bitch, enlisted dicks
I'm love she up to this, no contradicts
I'm givin' a fuck about man understand this

[Chorus]

Keep on rollin' from the danger
And I'm loadin' one in chamber
Ain't nobody out there ridin' close to me, not for free
Keep on rollin' from the danger
And I'm loadin' one in chamber
Ain't nobody out there ridin' close to me, not for free

[Verse 2]

Now I'm makin' her mind cum off steak and rum
Abaci whites and henny whites and plenty umm, plum
Candy, man she understand me
See the name of the game is to be enchanting
Listen to those, I suppose that's the catch
In the beginning tryin' to get in, naw that's a childish

act

Laid back, play that, roll havin' control over ya beau for
a minute

Give her a hold and touch her titty

A pity someone gotta spit it intellectual

And give it the sexual meaning, keep it warm and dick
it

I'll get it, the chick like I'm supposed to

Makin' a toast to the evening as we leavin'

I told ya she's gettin' social

Sayin' she's around the smoker of the doja

And she knows the soap and close to

Super tight, teeth white like liquid paper

Versace jeans, got the Beamer schemes on that ass

Shake her, take her silk from the fit that I just ripped

From the boss, see God finally pick on the other car off
of the

[Chorus]

I'm sittin' here tryin' to figure if sweetie wanna dick up

My eyes on thighs that gotta slide in thicker, picker

Questions apart from solutions

From dark ways back to Houston, I shoot competin'

Now loosen up the lips between the hips

Clutchin' on my nuts like grips

Gettin' full of this eclipse

Slips, it's something more loungin' than see-through
gowns and

Got me clownin' in a tight town housin'

A thousand thangs on my brain as I recline

Dick these whores down from the crease in panty line

I guess I'm gonna seek through ya pines

I'm pressin' down the blinds to see reflection of super
signs

A bitch goin' on out cha' gates

A nigga just pulled off his plates and ran up the
staircase

Plates till seen like a scene from a tale

And nigga thinkin' she a queen so he ain't physically
well

I can tell from the cussin' he talkin' about bustin'

He grabs a galss and hits my ass with the bloody stubs
and

Now you runnin' down the hallways tryin' to get to the
stairways

Gon' and bust his ass between Winchester and Airways

Get paid, never take murderers, take no services

If they got cho' bitch then you feelin' kind of nervous

[Chorus x2]

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