

Twinz

"Don't Get It Twisted"

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Cuz I got a little money, can't see it for
the likes of my eyes. (2X)

Chorus

1st Verse:

Damn! Can't even get out the door good,
she's on my line hittin' me on my hip at least
about five to six times. Tryin' find a way to
slide in to my busy schedule she say and what's
up for the day but um, being the player that I
am I keep my game face on, paper's not long
it's mandle my hustle's strong, so it's off to
scoopski got a G, got a homie that'll give us that
love on the quota-P, but when the mission is
complete the baby week and see if it's really
all good like you say, don't play with me. Got me
fucked with the wrong dick and the wrong clit,
crossin' my path and no doubt will get that ass
kicked, still on a mission therefore I gotta have it
trick nothin' but yourself the sucka's at the store
on the shell schemin' for the wealth that you know
is on the way but back on up, I'm not the payer, I gets
paid.

Chorus

2nd Verse:

Back in the days it was you that wouldn't speak,
now you breakin' your neck to see what's up for
the week, you should have been down, that's on
the real right from the jump, but now I got to treat you
like a toss-up who's caught up. You got some nerve
to be actin' like it's all good, I see your phony side as
I slide through the neighborhood. Miss Goody-Good
I wish you would think would get some love from this
way,
you better keep away. Man, didn't they know that they
eyes are the window to they soul, you dirty-low-down
ice water cold, person that I used to see, eating my
dust as I mash, it's all about the family makin' cash.

Non-stop for us got that business deal to work, sign
some autographs give away a grip of shirts.
I know it hurts to see a nigga doin' his thang, you
shoulda' maintained the road to fame, now you get
a X by your name.

Chorus

3rd Verse:

Now, what makes you think that you can play some
real playa's play, nights on the phone with your girl
truth or dare? (Truth). You was gobblin' up a gang
of shit on the down low, mister phisticated top rated
gettin' headphones. Now it's on and I lay back
watch'em jock, go up and down the block,
(where the homies?) on the spot servin' berry, cuz
Mary ever get you like high, why try when I, brutalize
our spys. Now lately I been hangin', just thinkin' bout'
my knot, should my hammer just go pop on them
suckas that don't stop. Yakkin' at the mouth
buckmouth jaw jackin', I'm seein' through the makeup
undercover hood flatten. I'm after, the dollas and
the cents you gon need to realize the drama that the
twinz bring indeed. Proceed to make you jump,
got a whole of spunk, mama didn't raise no punk
gettin'
all up in funk. (what?)

Chorus(3X)

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