

Twista "3 Minute Murder"

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[Twista talking:]

Uh, Uh, Ya'll already know what it is
Niggaz talkin bout Twista this Twista that
all I know is Twista rap I spit nigga, fuck ya'll, check it
out

[Twista rhyming:]

Twis' got skill Yes I kill
I could ride on they ass like Buffalo Bill
I be winnin in the game like them niggas in the south
if a nigga talkin shit I'm quick to hit em in the mouth
Them lyrics that's the shit I be equipped to spit em out
and Imma make a nigga sick cause I got venom in the
mouth
Antonyms and synonyms are spinnin him out of his
route
and I got bricks of money bitch and I can't fit em in the
couch
Kill em with the ride paints hard with the deep dish
Kill em wit syllables quick wit 8 bars in a sequence
I am the bidness I gotta charge you to peep this
Niggaz can't see me I'm ray Charles or a eclipse
Stevie in the blackout see me with the Mack out
Twista gon get money like a GD in a crack house
When it come to flows Imma spit em like they cold
When it come to niggaz heads Imma split it like a pole
Take away they swag and shit on they cocky style
cuz my lyrics be too quick they call me Twista Pacquiao
come solo wit my k-olo when you see my logo come
take my photo when I'm on promo
Niggas wanna get me they better pick a new regimen
shit too sick B somebody better go get you medicine
Not bringin up Twista I'm makin the issue relevant
balls bigger than mine betta go get 2 elephants
I be getting grimy but you and yo click too elegant
beat yo face up til yo jaw tissue look like a pelican
I be steady whoopin yo ass just fo the hell of it
can't nobody fuck wit me the planet is celibate
I kick a hot flow, get it like Harpo
brief when I rhyme teeth shine like a car show
Wit a thick bitch, go head check out my cargo
you know one gon be wit me wherever my car go

Where yo baby at where yo white Mercedes
at ill let u borrow the Bentley as long as you bring it
back
Here, a couple stacks, you ain't gotta pay me back
me and yo boss kick it and he know where the ladies at
Whether we comin and killin and murderin cause I beat
down the block
or because I'm like 'throw ya hands up' cause it's
hip hop
I'd rather be rappin about the streets and makin a quick
pot
but it's time to do something so the shorties don't get
popped
Meanwhile back to the lab I got the desert eagle
come on yo muthafuckin tip and kill a lot of people
Throw up on a priest let him know I ain't no reverend
either dat I go where the fuck I want I'm up in heaven
evil
U ain't gotta tell me I know I spit bars sick
e-mail, anthrax, flows kick arsenic
G-up genie and throw it up I'm car sick
cut raw dope deez nigga cut garbage
Lethargic give a bitch hard dick see my niggaz and I
say salute like a sergeant
Can't lie I'm one of the coldest artists so I wouldn't have
yo bitch up in my apartment
So I be passin out fuck you flyers da fakers and heaters
and then fuck liars
If yo' shit ain't one been one minded the swine flu h1n1
virus
Am I like Jason no I'm more like Michael Myers
I am the shit I need to wear diapers
When I spit it sometimes I'm all to philosophical
blame it on the Don Julio and killer tropical
Twista got more swag than a rich sissy
but don't get prissy muthafuckas can get grilly
Imma balla and a boss and yes I'm finna get paid
takin flames to the head like I'm Nicolas Cage
I ghost ride the whip I'm finna get laid
any niggaz dat try to get me is finna get sprayed
One day it's possible dat I'm finna get saved
but for now I be getting money I'm finna get paid
muthafucka
Fucka.. ..fucka.. .. fucka.. ..fucka

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