

Twista "Adrenaline"

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(feat. Cam'Ron, Psycho Drama)

[Cam'Ron]

Killa, Psycho Drama, Twista, Chi-Town to Harlem what's really good?

[Psycho Drama and Twista]

Part 2, What happens, when you combine the darkness, with the light?

[Psycho Drama]

Yeah, I am more than compelled and honored to expel
This hell that's inside of my shell for fuckas who want it
Violence, yeah that bullshit right up my alley, chasing
you right up the alley

With a gun fixin' to kill you cuz I feel you was the one
fuckin' with my family

I roll wit a gang of go-getters, and them ghouls and
them gorillas

Who be quick to put the glock or the gauge to the gut
of one of your niggaz and pull it

The triggga aimed, deliver you niggaz these rigorous
bullets

It's so vivid and to see you livin' in vengance and see
the trouble you're put in

Fuckin' wit niggaz you shouldn't, these menaces and
villians and hoodlums

That'll give you the business and in an instant be
dimishin' whoopin'

Cuz it ain't no type of jokin' or jivin' comin' off of this
You done sommersaulted and dived in a coffin of shit
So if you ever get the notion to just motion forward and
get on some ho shit

You niggaz remember that I got that potion

To bore your brain in a bag and give you a new
perspective on who the realest y'all

You just can't kill one you stupid bitch, you got to kill us
all..

[Twista]

What can I say to make you see how the fuck I feel
to make me wanna run up in ya home

Shoot you in the dome, if you bustin' my body up wit
the chrome
I stilla be in the zone like Capone
Better leave me alone, cuz I represent the city known
for killin' motherfuckas
Makin' plenty money and layin' mack down
Cam buckin' Twista spittin' gritty competition what a
pity
You ain't fuckin' wit it then put ya stash down
Come at the family you touched uh, I'll shoot up ya V-12
even if you wit ya female uh
You was talkin' shit nigga wassup, fuckin' up ya
Sprewell's and ya new interior detail
And a nigga standin' too tall to fall, comin' so I hope
y'all can crawl
Bloody up the vest all the wall
Sacrifice my body screamin' Kamakaze, I can take all
of y'all...

[Cam'Ron]

Y'all niggaz play around, guns I wave around
Nigga better stay down, lay down, weigh pounds
Put 'em on the Greyhound, ride it up to K-Town(Sha
Town)
The boy get nasty, To law enforcement blast me
Sawed-off and I'm happy, or where the crack be
Put it right all for Polaski
Cross street, don't need to be said
Code red I already got beef with the feds
Put three in ya head, from the street full of lead
Fuck knee-deep you'll be six feet when ya dead
Street sweeper when I creep creep, nigga fled(Flii-Flii)
When ya sleep sleep, nigga dead
Why you on the back block, fightin' in the crack spot
Jackpot, ask not yes why not..

[Chorus - 2x]

(It's your adrenaline rushhhhh)
Like when the motherfucka have to go and pick up the
pump
To make his opposition chest kick up and jump
When you lit up the gun, to make ya body get up and
uhh
(It's your adrenaline rushhhhh)
Like when the motherfucka have to go and pick up the
pump
To make the trigga pick up and dump
So turn the bass kick up the bump, and let the rhythm
hit off the trunk

[Cam'Ron]

Ya bitch is a ho, she chill at the Rucker, you really a
sucka
Big Will tryin' to grill her and cuff her
And Killa done fucked her, in love wit the chick, the slut
was a fish
Threw her bait, reeled her in and gutted the bitch
And now she, up in Pokip's dick, huggin' the strip slick
5th tucked in her hip, she will mug you for kicks
And word to, mother I'm rich, hit ya mother with bricks
Cocoa why don't ya build buildings with concussion the
bitch

[Twista]

Come and feel wit the balla who's the nicest and
causin' the crisis
Got the ammo and agility that says rewind means
growin' before
And this livin' and pause and this likeness
I can spit it for some who for nigga represent the call of
the righteous
Or gang bang to the rhythm when I spit it
I'ma kill 'em wit the technical precision that'll be fuckin'
up all the devices
Get sick wit it like I'm lit off the wet, if it's beef, get the
shit off ya chest
Don't take off ya vest, all my niggaz make you jump off
the set
And always get the prints of the tech, straight off the
deck
Mobbin' up and makin' niggaz duck, knowin' I'll still
open up the trunk
Guns nigga we get 'em and bust
murderin' the enemy is the ultimate adrenaline rush

[Chorus - 2x]

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