

## Twista "Adrenaline Rush"

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What happens when you combine the darkness with the light?

I'm bringing pain like two bad nurses  
And the pain from these here, motherfuckin' verses  
Ridiculous thirstses involving hearses to the dirt, shit  
First picks and use 'n autos to work with slugs to the  
shirt, shit  
(Just to squirt shit)

A wicked hit with an expert kick and burst 'til the earth  
split  
Leave you hurt bitch, show you how worser than worst  
Get in the zone, see the vein when the pain repel  
And then they closin' the curtains, bitch  
(When adrenaline's pumpin')

I don't understand discussion, only hear certain shit  
I'm a misunderstood niggga and I'm off my square high  
Got me reversin' clips and dispersin' shit

What can I say to make you see how the fuck I feel  
To make me wanna jump off of the edge  
I'm charged off of suckers gettin' shot up off the ledge  
No pain, instead of 'caine I took a blunt off to the head  
(So tell me what it said)

Retaliate with lethal repercussion, I feel the reefer  
rushing  
To go into thangs, like it's a wicked stick  
Took the Benadryl, hot like I'm fin' ta steal  
To get the kickin' shit for niggaz and bitches that I kick  
it with

I was born to get you pumped up  
It's like some lead bust 'cause I give motherfuckers a  
head rush  
Then yo' head bust when you jumped up  
'Cause what I said must've got you geeked, my eyes  
red puffed

From smokin' shit that niggaz hit on to die

Make me wanna slip the clip on the side  
And if you act like a bitch on the side  
If we have to then the whole Westside'll  
Let the shit go on and ride when the trigga bust

(Let your adrenaline rush)  
Like when a motherfucker 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 your body get up and  
uhh

(Let your adrenaline rush)  
Like when a motherfucker have to go pick up the pump  
To make a trigger pick up and dump  
So turn the bass, kick up and bump  
And let the rhythm hit off the trunk

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Pullin' up and bailin' out like we're carsick, I'm ready to  
start shit  
Start up buryin' some heads like an ostrich  
And unload the whole cartridge and throw the shells in  
the garbage  
The hardest of motherfuckers could never achieve  
What I've accomplished

Yungbuck's my accomplice  
Located his existence with my sixth sense like a  
compass  
And starting on a journey established to stop this  
Rushing up the hearts of other niggaz to get 'em  
charged

What's the real reason?  
All you haters try to murder me so now it's kill season  
And even though I'm still bleedin'  
I'm comin' after you cause I'm still breathin'

And y'all can't trace me  
I bury my victims in the wall like Gacey, too lyrical  
And since its nipple my umbilical these flows is critical  
My music is miracle like I'm biblical

Killin' like I'm nuttier than buddy love  
And still wouldn't leave a bloody glove and start the  
truck up  
And speed the fuck up getaway smokin' this blunt  
Dump the adrenaline eruptin' my veins I'm pumped up

And I'm calibrated at 360 degrees  
See that's 300 niggaz that's gon die about 60 slugs to  
do this deed  
(Psycho Drama)  
We too much for the industrialistic fuck  
With this on the brink of fuckin' up some shit

Dismantle, deduct some shit  
It's hard to imagine what niggaz got nerves to do  
(What niggaz got nerves to do)  
So I guess I'll just take that fuckin' nerve from you

Then think what I'm on the verge to do  
And I got the urge to ooh, let semi close yo curtains  
fool  
From killin' the verses fool, I be one of the worstest  
dude  
(You, the who?)  
I'm the worstest workin' about 9 millimeters above your  
surface  
Unleash these thangs then I defeat yo purpose, bitch  
you hurtin'

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