

# Twista "Artillery"

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Restraint

Artillery motherfucker, legit balling bitch but don't get it  
twisted

Ain't no hoes over here

Yeah, we got guns nigga, aimed at all you hating  
bitches

From K-Town to the Manor, Holy City to the wild  
hundreds

The war is on, and all my killers is riding

Todd Nitty, what you got for these hoes

(Click, clock, blast)

I got that 9 double M glock, with the infrared beam dot

Aiming at your knot, making your heart stop

Yelling out, "Fuck tha po", who some call it 5-0

Better look out for when they pull that kick door

Nothing but gangstas, that's all who I hang with

Slanging them thangs with, came up in the game with

The fucking hood rats, because them some broke hoes

Me get a rich bitch and stick her for her dough

The Manor in that K-Town, that's how we put it down

Letting off fifty rounds, that's how our shit sound

Artillery up the ass, sullies and ski masks

9's and bubble masks, gunning at your ass

Motherfucking street thugs, legit ballers

Money and the power, moving that flour

Taking no shorts and taking no losses

Hauling niggas asses off in coffins with that

One, two, three, 45.'s

Six, seven, eight, nine milli-meter

Ten, eleven, twelve gauge pump nigga

One, two, three, 45.'s

Six, seven, eight, nine milli-meter

Ten, eleven, twelve gauge pump nigga

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Ten, eleven, twelve gauge pump nigga  
One, two, three, 45.'s  
Six, seven, eight, nine milli-meter  
Ten, eleven, twelve gauge pump nigga

A nigga riding with stealers, hustlers, killers all my life  
Legit Ballers bitch, don't even try to fuck with us  
gangsta's  
Because we some mobstas  
You come with that bullshit, then pussy I'll pop ya'

See it's that nigga Todd Nitty  
That be squeezing triggers like bitches titties  
Who is it, the most left on nigga  
They crept on nigga, with that Teflon nigga

And it went blow blow, body bag that bitch  
Sent his ass to the morgue with the rest of them  
snitches  
I heat 'em up like a motherfucking Newport  
Left his ass with more holes than a golf course

What you thought boy, I'm from that 9th Ward  
Where them stories are true about them Manor boys  
How we leaving 'em, bleedin' and crawling on the  
ground  
Like he's a dead nigga now

One, two, three, 45.'s  
Six, seven, eight, nine milli-meter  
Ten, eleven, twelve gauge pump nigga  
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I got that love for my nigga Twist, for aid and  
assistance  
He told me holsters, caught him up in some bullshit  
Don't even trips though, I'm heading in your route  
Soon as I roll up, we puttin' they lights out

Poppin' a clip in, with one in the chamber  
Finna' ride on a stranger, put the hoes life in danger  
Started letting off hollows, straight through they car

door  
I'm a G from Chicago, pull the game weightless where I  
go

Bustin' pistols with laser injects  
Putting holes in they Avarex  
Going straight through your tailored vests  
Now it's you or your neighbor next

Now we got your boy tied up, to the hideout we ride up  
They gonna show us the stash-pot, with the little  
handles side up  
Took the money and lello, and that's how the day goes

Get the bankroll, gotta gank hoes, and I got the 44.  
Time to leave finna' go  
Hit 'em with that

One, two, three, 45.'s  
Six, seven, eight, nine milli-meter  
Ten, eleven, twelve gauge pump nigga  
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