

Twista "Back To The Basics"

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Here I come
The Perfect Storm
Twista

I'm about to take everybody back to the basics
I'm historical an oracle event is about to occur
Because a motherfucker put these raps in the matrix

And I'm a terror when I spit it on tracks full of hatred
But it's beauty in the dark
Just put it into your mouth and the flow is
Like that when you taste it

Come at niggas like a disciple of death
You would think I'm poppin' a rifle or tech
I'm aimin' right for the neck
Your momma might as well call up the funeral home
So she can write 'em a check, a vile of dialect

That's why they feelin' me a trilogy
A horror is what I become
So they call me Jason Vorhee
Oops, I mean chasin' more cheese
Niggas gotta pay some more fees

Hot enough to break a thermometer from another
planet
I kill 'em from here to Andromeda
A comet will hit the planet when I'm in the middle
While rappers swallow you a diabolical astonisher

Astronomer, because I'm outta the galaxy
Challenge me I will disintegrate your body like a
particle
Follow you into a corridor at four in the mornin'
So I can horrify you right before I slaughter you

My boys sayin' they don't think I'm comin' with it
So you know a nigga gotta get 'em all
Then I'ma be, murderin' them like a serial killer
Then I'ma hide 'em in the ceilin' and the wall
Fuck 'em all

Niggas will never get next to this
I rock a rollie so I flex the wrist
I'ma blow up and sit in your place
And throw up shit in your face
Like the exorcist, you can't mess with this

Now let's take shit back to the basics
How we used to do shit
With the original sound
But still somehow comin' with that new shit

Talk about the way it ain't no morals
Or respect in the streets no more
Don't pause with the heat no more
'Cause there really ain't nothing out here to eat no
more

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Nowadays niggas actin' like they lovin' the dime
Used to be some respect
But now they just kill 'em and stack 'em
'Cause Benjamin Franklin a governor now

Theoretically you better be ahead of everybody
Around you 'cause a nigga might fuck you
Don't need to be nothing but killers
In your family that always surround you
'Cause a nigga might touch you

Since the recession it been hard on the streets
So a nigga comin' hard on the beats
No order in the hood
I remember when niggas would get into it
They gone have to take problems to chief

Now they don't give a fuck who they be shootin'
Or who they be robbin' or what you ride
All they really care 'bout is who got that
And if you let one of these knucklehead bitches
Know you're sittin' on something

Motherfuckers is gonna be at that

South side murderer
It's the west side killer

Up north and over east is a beast
What they release, be leavin' you deceased
Fuck up anybody that try to do damage
The block is the planet
And shawty's is too buck for it to be peace

So I carry a piece but I don't wanna shoot it
'Cause I already wanna see some
Of my niggas locked up in jail home
Instead of hollerin' at 'em on a cell phone

RIP 'cause my little brother Rell gone
Got to show a different way to get it
Instead of bein' on the attack full of hatred
Or get smacked in the face with the reality of death
If we don't get back to the basics

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