

Twista "Creep Fast"

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(feat. T-Pain)

[Knocks]

POLICE! We have a search warrant!

[Twista]

Come on, come on

Aye T-Pain, T-pain its twista

Come this way come on we gotta creep fast

Come on

[Verse 1: (Twista)]

Watch as I

Hit it thru the middle of the city in a chevy

And im ready with the woofers that'll pimp yo block

And I got em takin the machete for the niggus that get
paid to the talkin imma hit up yo block

If u wanna bring yo boys better bring the toys better
bring the noise

Imma about to full of ammunition

Bodys that be hittin when I get to spittin everybody
shOula brOken in nobody listen

So now I roll on 24's when im on your tip

They all know who I am aint nobody talkin shit

Tell me when if ever they think that I was a hoe

Cuz I got killas with me crips bloods g's and fOes

And we be focused on the paper when we be up in the
kitchen

We thinkin bout the money on the steady come up

And I got the niggus that be ready for whatever

With tha whole war chest if a nigguh run up

A-k 47 desert eagle s-k mack 11 for the nigguh that'll
try to run up

Nigguh what you want im a baller get you where you
sleepin cuz you all creepin on tha come up

[Chorus: (T-Pain)]

Hey

Motherfuckers actin like they dont know me but they
know jus who I am

I'm a motherfuckin killa gorilla nigguh

You better act like you understand

Cuz I'm a killer
A masked murder
The realest niggah that you ever heard of
Motherfuckers actin like they dont know the deal
But they know just what to do
Everybody talkin on the streets so you know that im
comin straight for you
Cuz I'm a killer
A masked murder
The realest niggah that you ever heard of

[Verse 2: (Twista)]

Try to play a niggah and get over on the twista
Imma see you when I see you and I wouldn't wanna be
you
Got the desert eagle and I'm rollin' in a regal
When I'm lookin at you evil through the eye of a needle
Not a misdemeanor but a murder wit a millimeter
Feel the heat of twista when I'm bustin at ya whip
I became a burglarer when I'm comin for your shit
Imma get chu for your goods when I run up in ur crib
Tell me where your jewelry at
Where your safe (where yo safe?)
Dont make me have to smack this ugly bitch in her face
(shut up bitch)
Is it behind the pOrtrait or is it in yo floor? (uh huh)
Just let me so that I can hit it up cuz I gots to go
Cuz I got up on it so hit a lick on them niggahs cuz it
use to be if I gotta get em imma get em

Never ride a burgandy lamborghini masialago through
the city because I know that'll kill em
Averagin a hundred yards a game
My competition better back up I'm tha key runnin back
Niggahs that aint ready get the machete for the lyrical
chase in the rap imma keep comin back

[Chorus: (T-Pain)]

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[Verse 3: (Twista)]

The lyrical assassin
A mack and it gotta be attack on a track if I gotta pack
tha cheddar good
T a legendary representa for the city
Cuz I put it down every since I been rappin for the hood
17 years I go and I flow on the show on these niggus
when it comes to beatin me nobody could
I been spittin venom every since the days ugk been
rappin and talkin bout puttin diamonds on
The wood
Rollin in a old cadillac before I got some flames
I done got that gwap got a little mOre slot now I ride a
range
Maybe cuz I spit that crack is the reason we got some
change
And if we aint makin money off rap then we got them
thangs
Got the 8 dollar hollas 2 for 15
And 4 when I split the 9 piece so u can get the whole
brick
How about when I was makin a hundred every summer
Pullin up in the hummer can make a nigguh so sick
I would constantly come up wit hits and steady be
gettin fed jus only because a nigguh flow
Sick
So theres no debate everybody know im great
Any mother fucker that hate can suck my dick

[Chorus: (T-Pain)]

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