

## Twista "Death Before Dishonor"

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Always ever all days death befo

Always ever all days death before this time  
Comin' back as though I can still see if you got static  
Fuck tryin' to steal me, shit you gon' have to kill me  
And if somebody cappi' I'ma tell 'em what happens  
When my emotions erupt, shots make me duck  
That's when I'ma have to fuck you up

It's like uh, ah, muthafucka can't fight the feelin' the  
way I'ma fuck 'em  
Have an orgasm but for the orchasm, killed 'em as if a  
4-5 buck 'em  
Talk about a man being scared  
I done killed him be dead in his tomb still shakin'

Hit 'em in his body and his head  
Now be found in heaven with the wound still achin'  
I wonder if his voice still breakin'

Better be 'cause I steadily  
Hit him with gats and styles that heavily  
Armed and dangerous and deadly  
That ahead of me receive two holes like the letter B  
Better you instead of me

Breakin' peace can increase your chances  
To delete your advances for slate  
I can paint this piece on canvas  
With a paint brush that a nigga can't truss  
Like a God so I can't rush, won't crush

If you ever heard about a crew that can't bust  
Then motherfucker it ain't us  
Don't touch a Mike or a gun if you ain't gonna use it, do  
it  
Claiming your weapons and tecs  
And you gonna be checked and fluid, prove it

'Cuz no matter who it is can't tell the westside  
To leave a bitch shedding tears  
The young kill everyday the old itchin' to kill

'Cuz they ain't offed a nigga dead in years

Shoot him dead in his, this style of flow is a verbal  
calico

Make a chest ripple

They get a call from the sky sayin' they all gonna die  
Don't leave the rest crippled

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Mikers, Mikers be tryin' to take mine

And leave a motherfucker cold as a crisis

With a technique as cold as isis

And mikes as my control devices

Or do I gotta get off some nigga shit

Show the biggest dick with the biggest clique

That be hazardous, if I let the trigga click

You don't benefit if a nigga get from the rage

If he live it just a little bit, so go on with the riddle shit

If you got something to stress then get it off your chest

We can take it to the middle, bitch

And go on get it on and I bet you that the outcome

Is that I'm leavin', niggas out done, cut up

But it's odd to see a motherfucker outrun

Just because he let his mouth run so shut up

And sit back if you know what's good for you

I can still overthrow you, I don't give a fuck about the  
fact

That the hood know you, don't make a nigga have to  
show you

That I'ma die before you make an ass of me

Stop as if you took a blast at me and cause tragedy

That was how it was that was how it is and that's the  
way it has to be

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It's like uh, ah, sit back and let the shit just straight  
marinate  
I pull the stage curtain back like Norman Bates  
Performin' hates, smokin' on some reefer performin'  
fate  
It's a constant struggle for us white boys

With the shit hittin' licks in the scuffle for us  
My nigga lucky made him bleed fear is if to proceed to  
bust  
If he a different type of breed from us  
So petty niggas y'all need to hush

Two straight to you brain means pains inflicted  
Even if it ain't things to taunt pain like rage till my brain  
is wicked  
Ain't even lived out a quarter of your lifetime, tryin' to  
push product  
And ain't servin' the right kind and ain't strivin' the right  
rhymes  
But I'ma shorten your lifeline

Through the pipeline I vocal cold bust 'em plus them  
with killers  
Jaw stealers throw dealers rushin' parties bloody body  
chillers  
Pretty casket fillers  
'Cuz those niggas got they shit together  
We come pay to Creator's way  
And don't gotta be but then again whatever

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