

Twista

"Emotions (feat. Johnny P)"

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[Johnny P]

I can get inside your head
all day everyday, and play with your emotions..
Let me get inside your head
all day, everyday, and play with your emotions..

[Twista over P in background]

Huh.. yeah it's Twista again y'know
These females be trippin me out y'know?
Certain stuff they be sayin
Like this other female she came up to me
(This other female she came up to me)
She said a little somethin like this
(She said a little somethin like this)

[Twista]

I thought you love me though? Now how you gonna be
wrong
just cuz you know you got me gone in the head?
You be twistin with the lovely flow, but whatchu actin all
ugly fo'?

Left me alone in the bed
Where you goin cause I'm not done, cool til you got
some
Trippin when I got sprung, but you ain't fly love
You da shit but your petty money can't but love
Is that what I does? My reply was, you know why cuz
I could tell you was prone-to-bone niggaz I hang
around
But the reefer I was zonin on, make me the one you
freakin on da mo'
from how I lay you down
Now you trippin cause I'm not attached, hangin with a
lot of rats
Her concerned whether I'ma act
Now you the momma mack, comin back with a lot of
scratch
Go on witch a bad ass, but I gotta catch
I done peeped the way you look into my nigga's eyes
I done recognized that I won't be hypnotized
Criticized, no more inner cries, now I'm ener-gized

with my eyes on the prize just a flick of thighs
I can't let nobody ride with me that'll lie to me
Smokin stanky up and play with me the way you do
And you trippin cause I played you too? Sho' you right
Take the whole thing in stride like the way I do
and let me play with your emotions slow

[Chorus: Johnny P, Twista]

I can get inside you head
All day, everyday, and play with your emotions
[T] Let me play with your emotions slow
to the rhythm of a kick-drum, take a body get sprung
Let me stimulate your mind, body, and soul
You know I got a quick tongue, so if you want some get
some
Let me get inside your head
Everyday, all day, and play with your emotions
[T] Let me play with your emotions slow
to the rhythm of a kick-drum, take a body get sprung
Let me stimulate your mind, body, and soul
You know I got a quick tongue, so if you want some get
some

[Twista]

Now tell me how you gon' act though? I saw you creepin
out the backdo'
Whatchu run up on my mack fo'?
Lay you on your back slow cause you know I got you
with my lasso
Blow your mind like an afro
Come and take a glimpse of the stairs
It's the aroma of a pimp in the air, I bet you notice the
smell
It's like a lotus when I flow this, cause my eyes be the
lowest
If you didn't notice, then you bogus as hell
I'm puttin woman under my spell, lock them up in the
brain
Pimpin her vain with games with the anatomy that's
feminine
Then fillin them up "Adrenaline"
Got 'em geekin we're speakin approachin up a pimp
like a gentleman
Submission and surrenderin and ain't no end in it
if it's on with a blunt from my bomb sack
In the right place with the right mind and the right line
you can get a lifetime contract
Then be wise until I look into your eyes
Now shorty freaked when she spotted mine
Took her over to my crib laid low hit it raw from behind

then she signed on the dotted line, and she was like..
(Ooh daddy.. don't make me feel like this..
I don't want nobody else, you got the bomb!)
Your mind I don't mean to make a disaster of
like when daddy mastered love
But if a bogus brother breakin you for every penny you
earn
then how could you still show the bastard love?
I guess I'm with a cold clique
Thought you was gon' be spendin me? I bet you think
you sho' did
But game recognize game now you lame in the brain
stupid trick
That's what you get for tryin to gold-dig
Now let me play with your emotions slow

[Chorus]

[Twista]

Whassup girl? It's the Twista and the Verbal Tantrum
once again
with a sack big enough for me and a friend
You do know how to roll B's don't you?
Well let's fill one up with a dub and a little bit of love
And take it to the head
for some of this long-lastin blunt passion

[Twista]

I know you think it's blasphemy
but won't you show my boys and pass for me, after he
past the B?
Since you said I was your majesty, I had to see
and when you get paid then push some cash to me
Is it a tragedy, that I can get her so gone
that she be trippin talkin up "I love a lot"
But the only love I got, is when I grip a mic
or when I hug the glock or when I rub the twat
I'm pickin up a dub in spots, skip the studs in the clubs
and the phony perpetrators with jobs
The Speedknot, Psycho Drama shocked the world
Triple Dark, there's a Conflict, be pimpin 'em with
gators n darts
Collectin papers n gobs
Playa haters remarks'll get smoked to a blunt dust
So keep walkin and next time you hear grown folks
talkin
other people better shut the (fuck) up
Cause I make the women suck up
You insist to be trippin when we be gamin like Don Juan
Without the filet mignon and Grey Poupon
The thieves just ain't the charm because I made the

bomb?

Now I don't mean no harm; but either come on in or get
on gone

Now watch me live a kosher flow

In between your thighs come take a pull and divide

but let your tongue go coastin low

Now let me play with your emotions slow

[Chorus]

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