

# Twista "Emotions"

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Let me play with your emotions

Well, a motherfucker could never control me  
Only squeeze me and hold me  
That's what the hoe came up and told me, now is she  
bold G?  
But in my mouth is where the gold be 'cause I be  
pimpin' her like Goldie

Gotta get paid in this age my fingers ain't made  
Just to be choppin' up confetti with, if it's already thick  
You better study nigga if you ain't with it you can get it  
'Cause I ain't even on that petty shit, so who the fuck do  
I compete with?

The rhythm I kick, is like a rhythmly-wicked-arith-a-  
metic  
Pick 'em up quick and then give em the dick, thinkin'  
I'm innocent  
They up in the mall shoppin' for me pickin' a fit  
I got them Heifer's nose red

And when we get in the bed, I be leavin' em with rose  
legs  
Stuffin' that made 'em wanna pose dead  
But you already got 'em until you get up in them hoes  
head  
I don't mean to sound bogus or nothin'

But it's the bomb when I be havin' them cuties thinkin'  
I'm in love with 'em, when I'm rubbin' 'em  
Be gettin' pub with 'em, in a club with 'em  
Smokin' dub with 'em, huggin' 'em, freakin' in the tub  
with 'em

After gettin' paid from her she ain't trippin'  
'Cause she know she got what she paid for  
She honor my name, I gotta tame, here it go  
Now we speakin' with the game on ways to make mo'

Let me play with your emotions hoe  
To the rhythm of a hi-hat, take a puff and lie back

Let me stimulate your mind, body and soul, I know you  
want to try that  
Now motherfucker can you buy that, tell me baby can  
you buy that?  
I got you under my complete control, you know it's  
worth more than  
Diamonds and gold, now don't be bogus and deny that

Emotions hoe  
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Now how the fuck you gon act hoe, I saw you creepin'  
out the back do'  
What you runnin' from a mack fo' ? Lay you on your  
back slow  
'Cause you know I got you with my lasso  
Blow your mind like a afro, come and take a glimpse of  
the stairs

It's the aroma of a pimp in the air, I betcha notice the  
smell  
It's like a lotus when I flow dis, cause my eyes be the  
lowest  
If you didn't notice then you bogus as hell  
I'm puttin' women under my spell

Like I'm up in their brain, pumpin' their vein  
With game for the anatomy that's feminine  
They're fillin' 'em up with adrenaline, got 'em geekin'  
We're speakin approachin' up a pimp like a gentleman

Submission is surrenderin', it ain't no endin'  
If it's on with a blunt from the bomb side  
In the right place, with the right mind and the right line  
You can get a lifetime contract

They be wise until they look into your eyes  
A shorty freaked when she spotted mine  
Took her over to my crib, lay low, hit her off from  
behind  
Then she signed on the dotted-line

The hoe was like, "Ooh Daddy, why you doin' me like  
this?"

I'd do anything to be with you, you got me gone in the head"

Ya mind, I don't mean to make a disaster up like my Dad to master love

But if a motherfucker breakin' you for every penny you earn

Then how could you still show the bastard love?

I guess it's 'cause I'm cold, shit

Thought you was gon' be spendin' me I betcha think you sho' did

But game recognize game, now you lame in the brain

Stupid bitch that's what you get for tryin' to gold dig, now

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Emotions hoe

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Yeah, this be Hype, the Verbal Tantrum

Kickin' it with my man Twista

If you should suck my soul, I should make your funky emotions

Nothin' is good unless you play with it, play with me baby

I know you think it's blasphemy

But won't you give up when she ask for me after he passed the beat

Since you said I was your Majesty, I had to see

And when you get paid, there is some cash for me, is it a tragedy?

That I can get her so gone, the hoe be trippin talkin' up

her love a lot  
But the only love I got, is when I'm grippin' like I wanna  
hug the Glock  
Or when I rub the twat, or pickin' up a dub at spots  
Fuck the hoe thugs, the clubs, and the phony  
perpetrators with dimes

The speed knots match Voo-Do or Die, Psycho Drama,  
Crucial Conflict  
Be pimpin' with 'em gators and dons, collect the papers  
and dolls  
Player haters remarks will get smoked to a blunt dust  
So keep walkin' the next time you hear grown folks  
talkin'

Motherfuckers betta shut the fuck up  
'Cause we make the women suck up  
You insist to be trippin while we be gamin like Don Juan  
What up the Filet Minion, the Gray Poupon

Them hoes are staked to charm, because we make the  
bomb  
Now I don't mean no harm, but either come on in or get  
on gone  
And let me pull my pouch of snuff in between your  
thighs  
Come take a pull and vibe and let your tongue go  
coastin' low, now

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Let me play, oh babe  
I wanna play with your emotions

Can I play, ooh, all I wanna do girl  
Is play with your emotions

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