

## Twista

### "Front Porch(feat. The Speedknot Mobstaz)"

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[Danny Boy]

On the porch, on the porch

Smokin reefa

Hmmm yeah

[Liffy Stokes]

I woke up early Saturday morning sick off Rhemy and  
brews

Wit a hang over from blues

Hurl on my clothes and shoes stomach on wooz

From this killer weed that's so fired it made your nose  
bleed

I had me so high, my brain was fried movin at slow  
speed

This thick bitch chose me and was stickin like liquor

She look to tight that bodies right my heart and mind  
was like "Dick her"

But wit my body aching from hurl sensation that's got  
me shaken

I swiftly took the number and passed on ass that was  
for the taken

I remember wakin up at the flat fucked up in the back  
Checkin on my weed and scratch I damn near fell out  
the lat

I hit the sack to sleep it off woke up woozy and still  
smoking

Twista's wishes thinking about last night and the bitch  
that was scopin

Fuck it lets get 'em on I grabbed the phone "Girl call  
your friends"

Then I hit Twista and Maze and them bout the bitch in  
the Benz

Nigga push only cause I see them already been in the  
block

You know the lit niggas you'll find us in my favorite spot  
And that's on

[Chorus 2x]

The front porch smoking reefa

The weed got 'em feelin umm hmm

On the front porch getting deeper

Ghetto love got 'em feelin, umm hmm yeah yeah

[Maze]

In the summer I hit the front porch wit a morning B  
Sippin on the duce duce OZ  
And I be killin me how many thick fees I see  
Getting bubbly waitin for Stokes and T, I spit a little  
game at three  
Tryin to talk up on the shoppin spree  
Or a B of that stinky green free  
Straight getting, to puff puff pass  
and drive up my gas hittin all the hot blocks  
Bumpin "Legit Ballers" to "Rock Y'all Spot"  
Everybody know the shit 'bout to drop  
See from Northbound to Ten Row in it go tryin to get  
they props  
Pollutin the air wit squares, blunts, and tops  
Settin up shops for lots comin back nots  
Each and everyday of the week  
the Mobsta Elites be on somebody porch dumpin heat  
Bustin flows in the ciphers getting deep  
While we cheat something sweet to Legendary beats  
'Till we reached our peak  
Scummy aloud attractin crowds to the street  
Then it's time to retreat grab something to eat  
And head to the late front to get up wit some freaks  
Wit a treat under the seat  
For the cats who get the sudden urge and wanna try to  
jack  
Cause when your pockets is fat  
It seems like all the haters and hood-rats want to attack  
And when the park close we hit the liquor store  
for a box of Sitches and a fifth of Yak  
South on the corner and get a few sacks  
Or betta yet the whole pack so we can get back  
On the

[Chorus]

[Twista]

One morning I  
Woke up next to a chocolate fee and a red bone  
My dick was hard I started stroking and poking  
After toppin I tell them to role the blunt  
Cause on the front I hear them niggas steady smoking  
and jokin  
I heard it's gonna be hot outside gotta get up and lay  
my clothes out  
It's gonna be too many hoes out  
Before my ladies rolled out I got 'em to clean up the  
whole house

Then I threw my fit on look in the mirror get on gone  
"Nigga you looking dope because you got a knot"  
Ain't no cruising up out the hop  
I'm hangin by the spot cause I had to put the Lexus off  
up in the shop  
But it's all to good it's a hood thang  
Never too bogus notice the love on the block that nigga  
coolin  
Aiming the radio out the window steady grooving  
Tip by the corner store wit the indo steady movin  
Niggas who flippin new 98's is steady cruising  
Bumpin up the block flossin for the chicks cause they  
rich  
But I ain't leavin off the front with the blunt  
Set a switch just to pull in all the thickest btiches  
At the crib I can't get caught wit heat  
If it's some static I shall chalk and sweep  
I go and get the B's up off but chief  
"Come get me if the phone for me I'm at the party  
across the street"  
I'm enjoying the breeze high degreez and no ease  
Pockets be full of G's smoking B's hiding the fees  
Making no enemies the po P's yellin out "Freeze"  
Serving niggas wit ease staking cheese so nigga  
please  
Tell me 'bout some ghetto love  
Homies around smoking Newports 'till the brew drunk  
short  
You can travel the world can't find a place like home  
With a crib on the front with a skunk torch  
Ain't nothing lie

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