

## Twista

# "He Lay F. SKO & Liffy Stokes"

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He lay, he lay, he lay, he lay  
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L E G I T Ballaz

Screamin' stop killin' for dollars  
From G I, from the South to the West side  
From the D I and where I love, Darkside, I forever got  
my pride  
Forever guide my guys to a better mind state or phase  
To replace all the wicked ideas erased  
All the fears about the payroll, what you say Lo about  
Sko

We representin' the Chi, do or die for real  
Niggaz caps gettin' twist off, they tops for real  
The conflict's in the hearts of many men for real  
The convicts in the Pen holdin' plenty steel  
Niggaz know they house bigger but they play in the  
field  
Tabasco ain't gon' let it ride though, let my brother fat  
folk  
I thrill for the kill, smoke me a [unverified]  
Never runnin' from the mill, boy, I'm runnin' the field

It's the eternal, Lord, feel cemeteries revealed  
Prophecies, propheticized stuff bein' fulfilled  
And to another man I'll never kneel  
Until I see Allah, fate's comin' from the wheel  
And baby girl, you can check it, you can dig it here  
If yo nigga try to test it, you can bet it

He'll be in a grave, he lay, he lay  
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It's Liffy Stokes with the sticky smoke  
Quick to shoot a muthafucka down if he choke  
Never see me in yo city broke, in the club spendin' 50  
notes  
Leave with 50 girls and 50 folks and we all tote scopes  
Guarded like the Pope 'cuz we got that bomb on the  
dope  
G-stacks in our coat, niggaz ask, we ain't hoes  
Just to afloat with me, I'm livin' lovely  
Baby, come on and relax with a folk

All my mackateers know why we ride down  
Cliqued-up, pick the bitch up bumpin' sounds  
Hurtin' the whole town with raw pound all around me ya  
dig  
The sounds off like a live 'round  
22's on Fleet, peep my shine now  
I got a whole fuckin' nation that'll ride out  
And put yo lights out in a matter of minutes young  
nigga  
So it's best for you to be closin' yo fuckin' mouth

Before I pull out and bust slugs in yo ass  
You lucky yo bitch here, that's why I'm givin' you a pass  
Nigga haul ass before I up and blast with no mask  
And blow off you bit of mustache with yo tough ass  
Shit everybody's bustin' down, my niggaz fallin' off all  
around  
Before I go, I got my 50-rounds  
To blaze a nigga before I hit the ground, he lay

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It's really gettin' hot on the block  
Niggaz got they glocks, niggaz, sellin' they rocks

But my mind prepared to get this muthafuckin' knot  
So a nigga ain't scared to put a nigga in the box  
If I gotta drop him down in the grave, in the grave he  
gon' lay, he  
'Cuz this shit don't stop, I shut 'me down everyday  
Everyday anyway he, anyway he

If he grown or not, wrong or not  
Niggaz better shake the spot and praise Allah  
Don't let me see yo face nowhere by the peace, Allah  
A laundry mat, niggaz better have they glocks cocked  
off  
Ready to blast off and get yo ass popped off  
With 10 hot ones when I draw from [unverified]  
When I smash off over there

It's blood on the curb over there  
And them niggaz that be actin' like nerds over there  
And my niggaz that be flippin' plenty birds over there  
For them niggaz that be gettin' on my nerves over  
there  
For my brothers that be gettin' plenty dirt over there  
For them [unverified] broads with all that weave in they  
hair  
Who ain't got no walls, pussy like bees in the air

She dropped them draws and then I zoomed outta  
there  
'Cuz I got my laws, I'ma stay strong to myself  
And I thought about y'all, that's why I ball by myself  
I don't need no mob to make me feel like myself  
I don't need no job, I'll make these G's by myself  
I'ma be aight, breakin' my hands to the left  
I can see aight, I smell death on yo breath

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