

# Twista "Loyalty"

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**(feat. Speeknot Mobstaz, Shock The World)**

*[Toxic]*

Saw a little motherfucker and y'all was ready to bend  
Left the mob for something petty but then fetti got thin  
Now you back where you begin while I'm livin on ten  
Got inns sittin in a Benz wit rims sippin on Hen  
Wit Stokes, Twist, and Mayze while you broke bitch I'm  
paid  
Should of stayed but betrayed look at the cheddar you  
could have made  
You started with the mob thought you was harder than  
the mob  
But ain't no one motherfucker larger than this mob  
Swear to god, for y'all C-Wall ain't got love  
No only one that's gonna be on you side is this hot slug  
For the dead and locked I'm throwin my mob up  
Cock and bust to all y'all bitches die for crossin us

*[Liffy Stokes]*

I smell some bitch niggas amongst us, now they gone  
And when you see me on the streets be strapped cause  
I'm at you dome  
And that's wit or without a mask on, cause I'ma blast on  
sight  
Even if it's in traffic in broad daylight  
The only way you live if it don't spray right  
But you out your death wish so if I miss you'll be facin  
barrels by midnight  
And that's on these four fingers I hold high  
Anybody who crosses my mobsta family they die  
I hollered at my boy James to bless me wit some mo'  
thangs  
A mobstaz hard to kill like stopping off of cocaine  
I'm leavin out sweated no dynasty clicks crushin  
bitches wit this  
Nigga your songs ain't shit, they can't even fade our  
skits eat a dick

*[Chorus]*

Nigga cross the mob so what's up  
In every destination retaliation gotta fuck 'em up

Nigga cross the mob so what's up  
In every destination retaliation gotta get 'em up  
Shit are y'all about ready to die for this fetti fuck  
everyting that's petty  
Down to do dirt lets put in work  
Stay together whether we rappin of slangin ye together  
Get the paper but don't cross the mob and get hurt  
loyalty's first

*[Traxster]*

When everything was all good y'all niggas threw the  
wall up  
But when the shit hit the fan I watch you bitches ball up  
Now you time is all up, fuck who you call up  
My niggas all bust, my killas all nuts

What the fuck you call us, what you say about C-Wall  
Playa hatin how we ball, nigga we'll be to see y'all  
And you mob gonna end up the same homie, put this  
pain on you  
No love my slugs got them thugs name on 'em  
If he wit his kids I'm blow his brains on 'em, put the  
chains on 'em  
Go insane on em', guess he done wit that work range  
on em  
Rain over, so nigga respect my mob like royalty  
'Till I'm dead y'all hoes dred my love, life, and loyalty

*[Twista]*

When you come strapped in a circle  
No I'm finna hurt you  
Cause the mob put me peeped all of your loopholes  
Cause the trigger work you  
Bust all of you bitches and all of you hoes  
When the bruh come  
Thugs betta run shit look at what thugs want  
See what drugs done  
When held the gun got you runnin from a loved one  
Thought you was down to die but you been found to lie  
So fuck you can't trust you, gotta bust you  
Crush you now you can't lick hits and hustle  
Try to flex your muscle  
But my criteria gotta over comes yo strategies  
Try to make a mob out of peas  
I can ride on you wit Money-T and an amount of cheese  
Plus I had a lot of bud in 'em  
I get mad at the budgin' 'em  
Whippin out the stud in 'em  
But I ain't even studying  
If again and it's on I just put a slug in him  
Duggin him dead and headin hoes off at the pass

Open up a can of kick ass  
Toy wit me loyalty die quick blast

*[Maze]*

I roll wit straight mobsta leaners  
That always carry beamers  
And exercising trigger fingers on niggas who come  
between us  
Shockin' the world wit young slingers  
And we can't be defeated, even if you triple team us  
Cause this game got my mod deranged if you in pain  
Kamokaze like my nigga Lo if we loose to you man  
So ready to aim cause it ain't shit to explain  
Shots to exchange plenty of paper in the game  
To help us remain on top of the world until we go bang  
Doin our thang while y'all niggas just hate and  
complain in vain  
But it'ws still gonna be the same we gonna mob forever  
And out shine all you bitch ass niggas together

*[chorus]*

*[as lib by Liffy Stokes]*

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