

## Twista "Mista Tung Twista"

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Heeeeey

What's happenin, y'all?

This is Tyrone Chillinfoot down with the funky Tung

Twista, baby

*[number]* inches of straight stupid, straight ignorant

dope funky stuff for ya, baby

So turn up your radio and get down to the Tung Twista

Kick it, gee

Let the Cavalier Tung kiss ya, it's the Mista Tung Twista

Pumpin a rhythm, a lyrical styler

My tongue'll be flingin a funky pile of

Lyrical rhymes that's breakin em off in the mind, I be

flowin em holy, I'm

Kickin the funky Islam, my lyricals slippin em like

petroleum, slowly I'm

Pumpin the flow of the lyric, I'm breakin em off with the

radical texture

I'm one brother you could never get next ta

Flex your style, I'm gonna give em a lyrical pump of the

rhythm of Cav

And crackin em up with the word of the wise

I be bringin em up in the flow of the funky dialect

I elect a flow for suckers that try a wreck

I spark the light of a head and be wakin em up and then

cause a fly effect

I insist ya lay with the path of my rhythm and follow me

like a scripture

Flowin this from my lung, a tongue twister

Mista, my style'll be makin a dent and be leavin the

tracks bent

Steppin is the lyrical black gent, my Nubian accent

Breakin em up and then makin em take in the smell of

my funk I be kickin up in em

And then I'ma give em a lick of my lyrical lollypop, I'm

gonna bring em into my doctrine

Rock, then the rhythm'll makin the clock spin

backwards

The funk of the rhythm'll snap, crackle and pop, then

flow, oh

I'm makin em follow the path of a God and my track'll

be blacker than Cocoa

This lyric I'm makin is dope, don't call it so-so  
Don't dis the Tung Twista  
Leavin the suckers soft as a whisper, Tung kiss ya like  
a sister  
Then I'ma let it be known that it's the way that I throw  
That's makin the funk of the lyrical glow  
And how I tell it, yo Cav is kickin a funkadelic flow, and  
oh, my fist'll  
Swing at the rhythm of suckers, then I'm gonna give  
em a Tung blister  
It's the Mista Tung Twista

Ha-ha-heeey  
Boy, that's Tung Twista for ya  
Comin at ya in 3d  
Ha-ha-ha  
?? funkier than that, boy  
Check it out  
Kick it again

My tongue is spinnin  
I follow with Allah and the Father be stoppin the  
Cavalier from sinnin  
The lyrical rhythm beginning and then in the endin  
I ratatattat tactics, give em black kicks  
Flow of the lyric I'm pumpin and rappin em up is dope  
as a crack fix  
Wack? It's - funky, I'm greater  
Never to step at the lyrical dictator, a state of  
Shock is what I put a sucker into, then to mentally  
Go with the smell I be stylin, gee, funky is what the  
scent'll be  
Harmin this? Uh-uh, the Cavalier's kickin my charm in  
this  
Simply because I'm in this, I'm as dope as a pharmacist  
Calmin this? Hype as a rattle be shakin and rippin the  
rhythm  
And breakin up into a sweat, I be workin the lyrical  
servin a sucker  
So never come near a, lyricist Cavalier - ah  
Rock the flow of the lyrical rhythm be shinin like a  
mirror

Hear a sucker step at the Twist, ya gotta be goin like  
this to beat me  
The funk of the lyric will flow from me like peepee  
You caught a work of my tongue as I be flow flowin like  
water  
Crackin em up with a flow and sort of slaughter I  
oughta  
?? I'm bracin Nubian nations, race and chasin

My tongue your tastin, a quick pace and facin lyrical  
wastin  
Tungs'll be cut like Jason, racin  
Tung Twista rocks, your lip'll lock  
My tongue'll be makin a tick tick or tick tock to Nubian  
hip-hop  
Flip-flopped, a flow when I wrote this  
Kickin and makin some hocus pocus, focus  
Tongue will be flippin just like this I'ma locus  
Givin a diagnosis for Twisterosis  
Crackin a mouth and them makin em ache I'ma put em  
up into a coma  
You're sniffin dope aroma  
I'm blendin  
I'm able to break up a sucker that you might send in  
The funk of the lyrical rhythm beginnin  
Spinnin the suckers around like a dollar  
Be makin em holler kickin the funk of a lyrical scholar  
I pray to Allah, I'm makin this funky like I'm a hobo  
Throw better than bolo, ya thinkin that he can battle my  
solo  
Just say oh no cause that's a no-no  
When I be smellin the funk of my flow, jo  
I'm pumpin this up and breakin this in with a lyrical,  
then say haha  
Take titles, then say ta-ta  
I'm rippin a rap and then rockin a rhythm and ring in my  
tongue I'ma bend em  
And flow with a lyric it's steppin inside em  
And get with the funk I be pumpin up in em  
With this and it's the  
Yeah - Tung Twista

Oooooweeee  
Haa-haa  
Boy, if that ain't bad, my name ain't Lewis Tyrone  
Chillinfoot, baby  
Haa-haa  
But we finna get the Boogiemans ??  
Go head, kid

The Boogiemans was speaking, he said, what's up Mista  
Twista  
Don't you know that Nubians ain't never supposed to  
whisper  
Talkin behind my back is makin it seem like it's a rumor  
So tell me fact to face when you can decide to come to  
Juma  
Don't say your name backwards because you don't like  
Cav  
Played to the left by def and I'm gonna eff up the right

half  
The sucker descendant of Canaan, I'ma let my pizzazz  
wreck  
I'm speakin this to the devil that calls his self an Aztec  
You ain't a Puerto-Rican, know what I'm speakin, Islam  
you're seekin  
You might as well open the doors of a church and  
become a deacon  
Don't step to me, speakin the pep to me about what  
your rep'll be  
Crept to me because I let them see that you had  
leprosy  
Them suckers that be dissin me I simply just insist ya  
Stop steppin against the Mista Tung Twista

He-heeey  
Now that was bad, baby  
But if you think that was somethin  
Wait till you hear the album  
He-he-hey  
I like to give a shout to my son *[Name]*  
And ?? to Eric the Wiz  
Cavalier  
Of course Cavalier, it's his album  
*[Name]*  
My man *[Name]*  
Kooley  
And the DJ Cut  
And the whole entire hip-hop nation  
We Audi 5000  
Take the mic, y'all  
Ha-haa

Do the robotic robot

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