

Twista "Nun Ah Y'all Can Hang"

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None of y'all can hang
None of y'all can hang *[repeated]*

[VERSE 1]

Hype! You better pipe down, or a fight's found
I know you can tear the mic down - huh, sike, clown
Say I'm phony like Christmas cause I twist this
Diss and hiss this, I'm pissed, come and kiss this
Butt of mine, you ain't but a blind muthafucka
Duck tail, one tail, dum tail, try to run, snail
Untangle your dreadlock, I mean deadlock
I'ma rock and hope your ears get the point like Mr.
Spock
Them sucker wack rappers whippersnappers think I'm
new to this
I been true to this, give me somethin to chew to this
Like bubble gum bums that think I can't hum to a slow
drum
Don't think I know where I come from, dumb-dumb,
uhm -
I flow to rhythms of all sorts, different sports
Give me some pants with them hands, I ain't takin
shorts
Tired of them tiny turds and nerds, absurd words
I think I rock too quick, cause at my pace they ain't
heard words
But I know one thang
None of y'all can hang

None of y'all can hang
None of y'all can hang *[repeated]*

[VERSE 2]

My style I kick, "You're flowin too quick"
That's what I hear from the vicks
I bet I don't flow as quick as you lick chicks
Please, think I'm sweeter than peas? I flick em like fleas
At ease, and even overseas they flip over these
Scall, I break em like a fall, my lead stops em all
I put em in headlocks, dreadlocks and all
I'ma scuff vicks with lyrical ruff tricks
Tuff kicks, put em at the end like a suffix

You better maxwell and get smart

Cause I'ma flow and kill em and let the angels play the harp

I'm sharp, Tung, I be rollin like bicycles, I slice pickles
Should I say cucumbers, newcomers, I flip em like nickels

And dimes, cause nickel-and-dime rhymes I find from blind minds

This time they all wanna diss mine

Why? Because I let the funky lyricals fly like this

Come get with the lyrical manifest that'll be flowin, and I

Rock, they still wanna diss a pro because of my quicker flow

You suckers get played like a piccolo

And I let you know one thang

None of y'all can hang

None of y'all can hang

None of y'all can hang *[repeated]*

[VERSE 3]

Check, hope you're ready, singers, for steady ringers
And humdingers, bum slingers cut from Freddy's fingers

Slice, nice, twice: he sliced ice and sliced mics with spice

So precise, don't sacrifice, take my advice

Jihad is on the twelves turnin giants to elves

Puttin twelves on the shelves, makin em hate themselves

Cuts like his, you lack that

Records were tossed, and then he crossed the fader like a black cat

Holdin the beat like a hostage

Think it's a joke? Try to poke, then suckers get smoked like a sausage

DJ Jihad be stickin cats

Turnin em sucker ducks' cuts into chicken scratch

...get the catch?

Suckers' hearts are ripped apart

For tryin to get with the god Jihad

Punk, that wasn't smart

Yo, ain't it a damn shame?

None of y'all can hang

None of y'all can hang

None of y'all can hang *[repeated]*

(Get busy)

(Get busy)
(Get busier)

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