

# Twista "Stories"

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**(feat. Fiend, Lifty Stokes, and Oobie)**

Yo Fiend, what up man? (Yo, yo)  
You rollin' with these Legit Ballaz right? (Whomp)  
Aight, well check it out  
Won't you tell these muthafuckaz a lil' bit about where  
you come from

*[Fiend]*

Fire arms, sounds of alarms  
Consistency in bodily harm  
Where I'm from that's the norm  
Fiend the ?  
Lil' nigga ain't no man of creaton  
Once we encounter the killin' spree we on  
My defects have G's bet on  
Niggaz dollars get they rep on  
Speakin' with heat ? could bring death on  
Nigga I'm called the killa  
Cause every time he get it, it brought chills  
Lead that's what made 'em take his ass for real  
I done ? survivor  
He never wrote the name of his drivers  
And wondered that the man can deprive ya  
It's there in black ink  
With millions in dirty green had to think  
Lives depreciated over drinks  
Call me twisted  
Rope burns to the neck was insisted  
And all his hope turned to "I guess should I risk it?"

*[Fiend talkin]*

And that's why the law is laid down  
You know what I'm sayin'?  
From Fiend to N.O. to Chi, Twista  
Pimp run it now

*[Hook - Fiend (Oobie)]*

Now to my hustlaz slangin' cain  
I said some survive the game  
Some just get they names in the stories to be told  
Why the young never make it old  
Now to my hustlaz slangin' cain

I said some survive the game  
Some just get they names in the stories to be told  
Why the young never make it old (Why the young never  
make it old)

*[Liffy Stokes]*

I live my life drownin' in homicide  
Never let the drama slide  
We killaz quick to let it ride  
Send a nigga beddy-by when I let it fly  
Niggaz be yappin' but they scared to die  
Talkin' plenty shit till I cap off with the .45  
Look into these smoke red eyes, feel me starvin'  
Feel me shakin' up that dope in my apartment

And picture me on top of the world and still servin'  
Blessin' all my shorties with birds to keep 'em workin'  
As long as my hood is tight, my mind is right  
Look at the dope line tonight, just doin' aight  
For the nugs  
Y'all got paper, I got paper so let's find some ass to jug  
This struggle for power keeps us all up to no good  
With constant heat, we cruise the streets like cops on  
D's  
With the itchy sittin' dead on the seat  
For the wicked and weak, tryin' to get down on what we  
put down  
For this grid-ound, that's why we stand firm with these  
rid-ounds

*[Hook]*

*[Twista]*

Never thought that the cries of my people would get  
louder  
When Chief first came home with that glistenin' white  
powder  
But it gave us power  
Never thought them ? packs that had us buyin' clothes  
and pullin' hoes  
Would have our new Starter jackets filled with bullet  
holes  
(That's how it goes)  
And who would have ever thought that when we would  
rock this shit  
That we would end up gettin' our whole block lit  
By-standers got hit up  
And who would have ever thought that women would  
be up on silent nights  
Lightin' pilot lights  
I would be crept on my a mask on silent nights

Now I'm wonderin' and thinkin', how can a man make a  
sack ??  
Flip a new Lac with his work  
End up in the back of hearse  
Then be packed in the dirt  
? over turf, can you hear the Mack when it burst  
He get cracked where it hurts  
Feel the automatic when it jerks  
Comin' up in the land where the white and blue  
Dracula's lurk  
Is that what it's worth naw, niggaz got the chrome in ?  
in the whip  
Never let the law get the low on the licks  
Bet they got a mob and they mob full of tricks  
You ain't on yo P's, you gotta be  
Fuck a ? strategy, don't be punked like no lame  
You just a Bone in the game  
Steady baggin' work, hittin' licks, and stackin' cain'

*[Hook]*

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