

Twista "Suicide"

Visit "[Suicide](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Verse:]

Um, them wanna test the champion, it can't be done
You walking barb wires, watch me carve liars to shogun
Cuts a duck, fuck "Naughty" I'm in that hate ya
"Nature"
Ready to break ya, (state ya), claiming I raped ya,
(faker)
Take you degrees deeper than death I get you dissed
To get you pissed, the mister split ya wrist
Thinking I bit twist now picture this
Me biting something from you, and you can't top me
Better yet stop me, or drop me, your technique is
sloppy
Check my flow autopsy
Copy yet never be cleverly my shit blows up
Leaving them froze up, straight from the toes up
Rip these shows up, in my city, we run shit like
president do
Turn you to residue, snatch you your revenue
Rip "This and That" like Dres'll a due
Vestibule, your dead bodies I feel we cut your hair
short
Dissin the Chi, why dare sport
We fly more heads then airports
Thinking you hard but when I pull your card I bet ya
stretch
Go fetch a Treach, I make him disappear like Etch A
Sketch
Wretched nigga, keep Chi out your mouth or get your
neck split
Quickly I used to wreck shit, but now punk I'm on some
next shit
Check it, the crew you tried is making sure your bluer
side
Face the beat down bitch nigga, fucking with Chi,
suicide

[Chorus:]

Suidice when you're fucking with Chi - BOOYAH
I wonder why (I wonder why motherfuckers wanna die)
[x4]

[Verse:]

I come deep as golpher tactics, pop them like
prophylactics
With flowmatics, no statics takin, breakin' punks up I'm
a pro at it
Go at it with whoever, crew never cracks, pack gats
Fuck your chains and locks, chainsaws, hatchets, butter
cutters and bats
Braids and blades and machetes, petty shit you carry
Can't scare me fairy, burn your obituary at the
cemetary
Il to a casket, heads in bread bask', was dead when
lead blast
And burn him like ashes, FUCK A GHETTO BASTARD
Huh, come with that "hey ho", better stay low
end up with a halo, spread blood like mayo
Looks like a TKO, say no, to Treachery, bet ya be
thinking you're ganking
I do the shankin', Naughty kids always get a spankin'
So uh, go diss some more emcees instead of these
Punk your better ease, or get your head filled up with
holes like cheddar cheese
Never let a breeze, slow me down kid this ain't the
season
"Tung Twist' back to Chicago"? Bitch, who told you I
was leaving?

[Chorus:]

Suidice when you're fucking with Chi - BOOYAH
I wonder why (I wonder why motherfuckers wanna die)
[x4]

[Verse:]

Selector, my DJ cuts up, B-hyper, what's up
Let's beat the nuts up, eat the ducks up
Then sweep they guts up
The things I bring will make you spring forward and
later fall back
Talking about Twisting don't impress you, like your shit
is all that
Go get your tecs I got grenadas to pack pins
Be quick to stack men, black men with mac 10s
Ready to let their finger back bend
And if I catch your dreamin, of descendant schemin'
Y'all find an intoxicated demon, sucking semen, hear
what I'm screamin?
Huh, another pussy wants to break me in a homosapian
Beat him down and wont give a fuck what type of shape
he in
Yellow is the color of cape he in, punk your style'll be
Facing fatality, split his head like a personality

While I'll be cracking heads like jokes, leave a tight
stitch
For dissing me hype pitch, fuck you and that white bitch
I'm hoping your mic switch
Remember that show in the West?
Thought I was wimp, man please, the pimp slam Gs
Swing on MCs like chimpanzees
Get your nose bust, bones broke, make rappers split
with this shit
Talking shit about the Chi behind me back, now you get
this bitch
What's up nigga, come on step, unless you just a
sucker
Fucking with Chi, suicide mission motherfucker

[Chorus:]

Suicide when you're fucking with Chi - BOOYAH

I wonder why (I wonder why motherfuckers wanna die)

[x4]

[scratching]

Visit [Twista](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.