

# Twista "The Recipe"

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[Intro]

Reloaded

That's right, Twista dot com

Shut the thick short drum

Dru wuddup

Ruby Hornet

Who you know do it better

Than the number 1 co-signer?

That's right

[Hook]

You might catch me in that leather

Looking like a baws

No one thinks they'd never have me

But he hit me up

Texas, I be screwed up

Shot town, I be really getting it

But nothing like my own town, I'm forever living

They come for (on the way you runnin' for the wind  
when we together)

Women we wanted got that wonder we weather

Know that sound, they were coming big

What what more can I say?

Well welcome to LA

[Verse]

We live in the city, the shire's cold

Cold, woa, when the winter cold I feel every bit of dope

I feel like a gyroscope

So off balance is a challenge to be runnin' from  
murder

You bitch upon yourself

From the inner feeling spirit that burning that

Can have a taste of butter for me

How I never try 'em though

Religiously realest

But if runnin' my opponent if he want it

A product of my environment though

Can see I'm a cook

I'm on the front porch blowin' eons of kush

A G, I'm a G, I'm a G

Genius, I run with the money like kids will cross me on  
his book

Nickin' 2-50 2 cards in the deck

Then if at the way you want it, November season the  
winter  
Said youâ€™™ ll fill your heart with respect  
Fin the knuckles if you donâ€™™ t the situation could be  
pretty icky  
Nigga what lâ€™™ m back  
My niggas we dine in my city then when lâ€™™ m in the  
whack  
Go pimpinâ€™™ then lâ€™™ m feeling like lâ€™™ m that  
You scarinâ€™™ the violinist and go take a little bit of  
that  
Too â€™bove when lâ€™™ m on the west side  
Had a little bit of haze when I had a bad style  
But this be the best style  
If I had any kind of luck if you say you have a better  
bag  
And remember that fire  
Cuz some of this give some of that  
We can smoke until we burn my whole house down  
Left eye, canâ€™™ t spend it all, canâ€™™ t smoke it all,  
canâ€™™ t hit â€™em all  
I donâ€™™ t give a fuck, letâ€™™ s try  
Knowinâ€™™ lâ€™™ m the remedy  
Nigga when the killerâ€™™ s up, checks on enemies  
Shot town be the shit  
But I finna take a trip to give me some of the west coast  
trinity  
[Hook]  
You might catch me in that leather  
Looking like a baws  
No one thinks theyâ€™™ d never have me  
But he hit me up  
Texas, I be screwed up  
Shot town, I be really getting it  
But nothing like my own town, lâ€™™ m forever living  
They come for (on the way you runninâ€™™ for the wind  
when we together)  
Women we wanted got that wonder we weather  
Know that sound, they were coming big  
What what more can I say?  
Well welcome to LA

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