

Twista "Unsolved Mystery"

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I heard they had yo ass down at the station
All mothafuckin' day man
Hell yeah
Some interrogation shit the police and shit
Hell yeah man the pussy mothafuckas
Hittin' on me and shit man
Straight up

Hell yeah but if you don't say shit they don't know shit
man
Shit mothafucka don't never say nothin'
Be all type of mothafuckin' unsolved mystery
And shit happenin' round here
Hell mothafuckin' yeah

I know a whole bunch of motherfuckers that's prepared
whoop
Leave a body bloody red to scoop, poppin' off lead for
loot
Shot the pussy up from head to boot
Just for talkin' dramatic when it was static you was
scared to shoot

Police prepared to swoop to catch a nigga on the
runway
But don't none stay for the white chalk
If you error out tha tip whatch your lip niggas pipes talk
If you wasn't seen then you might walk

Even if it ain't the time of day
These niggas will find a way like locos off of no doz
Careful where you servin' your blows because those
hos
Got the popos posin' as hobos

Take a photo of him please
Tell the Chi Town he freeze they don't give a fuck if it
was DT's
They be up like the sea breeze on C C's
And they handin' out these murders like free cheese

Could you pass me the B please

I got intercate shit to kick even though I campaign with
a gang
Bumpin' though in different denominations in the
nations
And the nations racin' worried because I'm slangin'
these thangs

If you can hang up at my town up a K Town
If you dissin' them then you dissin' me
Niggas actin' like they glad to die so if you had to try
If they faded you it wouldn't mean shit to me
Just a unsolved mystery

Before I saw his body lyin' down
I heard a motherfucker crying now
Have you ever seen a bitch nigga give into misery
And left an unsolved mystery

Before I saw his body lyin' down
I heard a motherfucker crying now
Call the popo the man and mess
Shot up his head and chest
Put to rest now the rest should be history

Before I saw his body lyin' down
I heard a motherfucker crying now
Now have you ever seen a bitch nigga give into misery
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In a hoopty shorty's will design a spot
So when the get pulled over them people wouldn't find
the spot
But if you ain't got it hid you have the flowest
If you can throw it and motherfucker it's a nine or not

Just go back to where your thang lay
'Cause lo key niggas they started out in the gangway
But if you wild when your aim spray
Them niggas that you aired out
Is gonna be comin' back the same day

In the middle of a war you ain't on the tip
If you get the guns and clips to keep doin' what you
doin'
Is it the same chiefs that got the same beef
Claimin' they ain't been doin' but be givin' it to 'em

Flamboyant niggas must be slow
If your bitch ain't get popped then it's a blessin' she a
lucky hoe
'Cause no matter where the fuck he go
In K Town they will dress him in a casket and tuxedo

'Cause you can't be actin' thug roof
Because of Hennessey and drug use these niggas love
juice
Some don't even considered gettin' caught
'Cause when you talk up some shit

The gonna be quick and let the slugs loose

These motherfuckers heart is love boo
Especially like them niggas up at ghost town windy city
snipe
'Cause its a pitty when hype for niggas wanna get witty
For comin' too pretty get the chili filled and decipher
To pay the piper and bow to viper twice is rough

Now is what I'm kickin' hype enough
'Cause every time I puff and write this stuff
I kick a frenzy facin' fuckin' and fury 'cause I don't like
to bluff

If we ever get into it and let the static get to me
Let's squash it and make it history
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Now listen they be kickin' hocus pocus
I done said shit to put your motherfucking eyes out of
focus
So writing what I wrote is hopeless
If you see our base and you said then you better be
ferocious

And matter fact I hope the dopest
For you to try to cope this is hopeless 'cause my lethal
rhymes
Is the kind that can beat you blind and pre-design
I peep through mine like I see through lines

Check the brain and see define
The reason I'm gunnin' I tried the runnin'
'Cause I should have let you know
I don't give a fuck you was fronted because you was
blunted
West side to the hunters you can't step to hoe

In the state of emergency urgently the ambulance will
come
And then the law will come demand the gun
But bullshit irrelevance they need evidence
Or trippin' on elegance they be holdin' out they hands
for some

If anything they'll hand 'em some or get wit him here
Come the victim he be shot up in his pants and lungs
'Cause he actin' hard and ran his tongue don't mean
another nigga
He meet in the street gonna be the man to run

'Cause a prison is some shit to see
Matter of fact fuck the talkin' my lip let me hit the B
Niggas actin' like they glad to die so if you had to try
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