

Twista "Victory Or Death"

Visit "[Victory Or Death](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

2000, no mothafuckin' mercy for the new millennium
It's Victory or Death, I'm tha Twista in this bitch
Mothafuckaz talkin' 'bout styles and shit
And who bit what and who made what, nigga fuck all
y'all styles
I'm finna set this shit off like this here

Chi towns murderous Mob Gothic
Hard knock it give me tha mothafuckin' ammunition I'll
cock it
Respected like I'm one of Gods prophets
Gotta put it down for legit ballaz and you don't think

That I'll rock it annihilate that nigga
'Cause like a lamb I was sacrificed
For this verbal murder religion imprisoned by my
hunger to succeed
By the heart I be driven

No shakin', no shiverin', get your shit to bleed
Reciting street literature, shall I spit tha creed
Now who them mothafuckaz talkin' 'bout bitin'
Go get me the pump-out of my trunk-I'm finna buss

Y'all better run punk
Fuck where you got your style from I be the one
Rippin' the track and I'm murderin'
I'm in the middle of killin' 'em off when the guns dump

With a young pump two to the brain don't even harm
me
You're fuckin' every party, you wont even startle
You're the harder crew of lyrical giants
Turnin' mothafuckaz like you to microscopic particles

To hype, to stop it the modules on cruise control
Ride out on these niggas-bitches-ho's
Ain't takin' no titles I instantly bruise your soul
Talkin' that shit to me, trigger vicious flows

Get to rippin' my clothes and start snappin' like I'm
Sniffin' shit up the nose, and catchin' convulsions

Till I'm trembling no surrendering start shootin' and
Knockin' mothafuckaz out like Benalyn

Reminisclin' on that adrenaline, oh, now you
rememberin'
Overdose 'em on poisonous poetry from the west to the
wild y'all
Gangbagin' like Gotti, rockin' tha party
Straight up shockin' your body doin' it Kami Kaze style
y'all

'Cause it's victory or death nigga, better stay out the
way
When my adrenaline pumpin' or you can get a
(Click-clock-blast)
Die mothafucka die
Ain't no makin' me bleed 'cause I've got family to feed
it's

'Cause it's victory or death nigga, better stay out the
way
When my adrenaline pumpin' or you can get a
(Click-clock-blast)
Die mothafucka die
Ain't no makin' me bleed 'cause I've got family to feed
it's

I would rather die before I can't prosper I'm a mobsta
Won't stop ballin', because it's meant to be,
It's victory or death I gotta hustle till I'm gone

I would rather die before I can't prosper I'm a mobsta
Won't stop ballin', because it's meant to be,
It's victory or death I gotta hustle till I'm gone

To all the folks and the lords
The bloods and the crips and every ward let's roll
You gotta go for what you know
If it's retaliation get low

When you get to the calico let it flow
Make these niggaz know in the door
Make a mothafucka bleed for what you need
'Cause the families gotta eat in the last days it's hatred
and greed

Luv to the Gov's, B.M.'s, field marshals, elites and the
chief
Soldiers we better take heed and realize
Signs of the times, stand by yo nine
Watch out for tha haters and write yo' rhymes

But the industry is set up to fuck you so you better be
on the grind
Don't be one of the blind gotta stay alert
And put in work 'cause time is almost up
Twistas, hurricanes, and volcanoes erupt

So we can't stop the struggle
I'm killin' my enemy, breakin' 'em off and not givin' a
fuck
And I pray to the Lord my soul to keep
When i go to the sky

Thank you from savin' me form a torturous life of hell
But hile I'm here I'm straight legit ballin' until I die
Let's better these years, feel the blood sweat and the
tears
Organize, I'll sit back and smoke a Philly witcha

Never scared of my peers, I only got federal fears
And I'm known to put it down for my city nigga
And when we get full of this indo
Hydroponics and chronic lock up ya doors and tha
window

Better go and call up your kinfolks
'Cause the riders that's down with this mob
Will murder when the wind blow
Don't know what you info

We bring terror in this apocalyptic era
Of Armageddon we headin' in
And the only way we can survive is if we come hard
And strive to be gods instead of men

'Cause it's victory or death nigga, better stay out the
way
When my adrenaline pumpin' or you can get a
(Click-clock-blast)
Die mothafucka die
Ain't no makin' me bleed 'cause I've got family to feed
it's

'Cause it's victory or death nigga, better stay out the
way
When my adrenaline pumpin' or you can get a
(Click-clock-blast)
Die mothafucka die
Ain't no makin' me bleed 'cause I've got family to feed
it's

I would rather die before I can't prosper I'm a mobsta
Won't stop ballin', because it's meant to be,
It's victory or death I gotta hustle till I'm gone

I would rather die before I can't prosper I'm a mobsta
Won't stop ballin', because it's meant to be,
It's victory or death I gotta hustle till I'm gone

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

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