

Twista "Y'all My Nugz"

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Yes, yes, y'all
It's the Twista in the house
Over another Trax production
Normally I would kick somethin' about the ladies
But I'm gonna kick somethin' to my niggas
'Cuz we roll B's together stack cheese together

All afternoon them shorties workin' the tip causin'
havoc on the spot
Bringin' much static on the block
Half sacks 'cuz money makin' is the magic of them
rocks
Try to make em uncock the glock but the weapon is
protection shit

You know they hurtin' in my section
Yet a hustle gets depressing laws on the streets holla
at the chief
And still can't get a blessing
They smokin' wicked in the hood

Plus the people is gettin' blowed itching to come at ya
stash
Run up with the strap so fast
You gone they be already gone 'cuz they coming at ya
ass
Trippin' when the pistol tap ya glass

And when they get drama they gotta call up some
holsta's
But you know my homies quicker on the chrome
And if it's on it's on then my mobsta's go nuts
To the rhythm of a slow cut

Let me ask you a question, "Is it safe where you got
your sacks?"
It's only one got two packs a case of static
In the streets them niggas got ya back
Some real ass homies you can roll with

So when the phony ones come at you
They be ready for the thuggin'

Slug huggin' heat em up like an oven hang tight every
night
Drinkin' down 'cuz a cousins

'Cuz y'all roll up with me every time it's on
'Cuz it's straight shady niggas around my hood
Bless me with the sess, so we can trip off on what I'm
smokin' on
'Cuz y'all my nugz

Roll with each other till the day we die
Rather shakin' up work handing out tips ain't no lie
Be quick to get stunged the gun, trying to take all of
our goods
'Cuz y'all my nugz

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I just wanted to take some time out to say thanks to the
nugz
Hit the dank 'cuz it's good
And when it come thank help me from saving me
From gettin' ganked in the hood

Anythang for y'all, I know there's times where it be
hurting
Where one of hit the lick us breakin'
Some B's Got the ace of spades breakin' them trees
For my psychotic stanky bitches

Acting janky if we making some cheese
'Cuz we ride stick petty and smoke shit
Find a lame to toke with, we ain't never quick to come
up on now
Yet run up on whether she wanna go home and roam

We smokin' top down till the summer gone
Rollin up swishers and gunnin' on
Straight up chillin' with my homies go hit the liquor
store
We gotta swishes get some mo'

Saving 'em so we can blaze 'em and kick it where the
thick hoes go
My homies is the reason fo'
It took me some time but I gotta show my nugz, I ain't
no hoe
They can depend on me if someone's fist throwin'
knuckles and sticks

Plus I'll go get the fo 'fo'
You already know Joe 'cuz if we fall while we runnin'
from the po-po
I'ma pick you up, need some hoes I'ma get you sucked
And try my best not to never let a mothafucka stick you
up

I'ma ride and I know you niggas know that
Cut the enemy no slack for ya lame as a jump sport
Flaming philosophy till the brush short breakin' up the
hunnies
On the wall, on the front porch

And I love the ladies but you be killin' me
Some time gettin' mobsta ain't tight
Now put a hoe before a homies that'll rob from
Your dawg I'm yellin' out mobstas fo' life

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Baby, I see ya thick but this time fuck a bitch
I'ma take my boy to pick out a fit
Betta yet I run game like E-40 in a click
End up having you lick on this dick

Bump and size I pleasure neva coulda I eva be happy
knowing
That my homies wasn't on they feet strong
I ain't stackin' that many G's
But hit ya motha some cheese if I have to help to keep
the heat on

I be down like that you know the lead
Reminiscing on clubs and swingin' when you got
moved
An the Amaredo got you gone
And he's with her before I got you home

But we have came a long way since then
All for one one for all till I pass on the plastic
You show me love that last
And not the plastic bags together separated by the
casket

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