

Twista Feat. Memphis Bleek, Young Chris & Freeway "Art & Life (Chi-Roc)"

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Yeah, Young Chris, M-eez
My nigga Free-Wheez
The boy Twista, holla

My life on the track
Up and comin'
State Prop Chain gang, get low

It's the Roc, building, nigga
Yeah, it's the motherfuckin' Roc, bitch
Who hotter than us? Okay, okay

Aiyo, ever since a young buck, I been on the come up
Known to dish the raw, dish the law if they come up
And cheddar 'till the sun up, if there's a ransom
And the law get involved then we never get it summed up

Never put ya gun up, if ya come round me
I go to war wit' niggaz 'round the corner from 'round me
You could front 'round me but I read through that
Wit' the mili' and I ain't talkin' 'bout no Segal mac

Niggaz, see, shoot back, we can see to that
Hit yo front letters, see through back, bring yo peoples back
And I used to grind out on my friend's spot
'Til his mom wanted my Tim bots

Now my paint got me discounts
Or trans quo all around the world, like I was signed to Pimp-dot
And if it's ten targets and I got ten shots
I'm tryin' to leave at least nine out of them ten shot

I got my mind on my money, money on mind
But some say, it's a gift, I don't write but I rhyme
I complete songs with just one try
Tell 'em it's no lie, I beef all my life, dogg

I never think, it's already there
I find ways to say it so you motherfuckers hear
And when you hear it, you feel it, you know it's real so
This is how I live it, how it's pictured for real, nigga

I'm shittin' for real
Diamonds against wood, underground king for real
Big crib when I lay, yeah, I'm livin' for real
Trust me, the guns come off the shelf whenever shit'll
get real

Automatics and extended clips that's what I'm hittin'
wit'
Dummies in the black rhinos, yeah, they be killin' shit
Masked up kidnap shit that's how my niggaz get
Chi-town, NYC that's how my niggaz get

Yes, just picture me rollin'
The Smith and Wesson'll stay goin' put a hole in yo
chest
It's just another hustle paper gettin' made and fold
Get mad, you street niggaz finally made it

I swoop five, he know to ride, heavily loaded
Deliver pies like cake, they go straight through yo
payment
Chump, you don't really wanna war
With the State Prop clique, if ya clique shot us, squad
up

S-P game so damn tough, the 4 4 in the 5th tucked y'all
can't hang
Transporter turned rapper, get a camcorder, film my
life
Still accomplished, tryin' to fill they cups

The rap version of Mandela, call my bluff
We still the street dwellers, feel my pain
I spit a verse and split a clip in the rain
A fool proof when the full force open you up

Twista will rock you, you don't want the thug Apostle to
pop you
Hostile when I drop you, turnin' everything colossal to
fossils
I speak street gospel, all they life I spit words and paint
portraits
For real niggaz that hold down they fortress and serve
off of Porches

Hit 'em in the body wit' the powerful forces

That'll end all your doubt, make you clean up your
house
Bag up an ounce, hit the dance floor and bounce

We blessed wit' the talent, fuck wit this clique
It ain't gon' be easy 'cause you fuckin' wit' Twist
If you fuck wit Chris, Bleek and Free-wheezy

So speak and breath easy or the scutches my future in
3D
I like wars, I'm from a city full of Vice Lords and GD's
Breeds and Souls, 2-6's, Kings, BD's and Stones
Spanish Cobras and all the true soldiers, survive and
I'm gone

Watch me spit if for the killers and hustler's
Flippin' all the pounds and bricks
Hate on me, I'ma bust at you hoes
And I put eleven down wit' a clip

Niggaz servin' fiftys and hundreds
When I see you and I'm on yo tip
Twista and this East Coast regime
It's that chi-roc shit

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