

## Ruff Ryders

# "Twisted Heat - Featuring Twista & Drag-On"

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Swizz beatz:

We know yall out to drink til yall throw up

We know yall sittin on 20s

We know yall reppin your hood

But how many yall kill!!!

[twista]

Bounce that ass, load them cribs,

Let me see the mobbin niggaz that, uhh, talk shit

While these muthatfuckaz be scummy andll go for the money,

Ready to ride when they holdin a lick

Thugs with the chevys, thugs with the trucks,

The real gun runner never run when he bust

Henny and he mobs in the front, smoke a dro blunt,

Sippin with a fifty sack under the nuts

Hoes with ass and no gut

Let me see you jiggle it from side to side

Niggaz if it's static, then pass me the strap,

Gonna ride til my ride

All the hoes thatll freaky niggaz, with the fedi,

Lets get buck up in the club

And all my soldiers, fall out, gangstas, mob up

All the homeys on the block,

Anny up on the fin and lets go get us a sack

Serve too, we got a custom lac, hustlin pack,

Til a nigga bust, they bustin back

Guys thatll roll them dice and win,

Girls with fits that show the skin

Real niggaz mind your best friend at the pen,

Real hoes let your best friend know about men

Cause I be squeezin ass

Andll make a full glass disappear like a genie

Move to the lox and beanie,

While them hoes backin that thang up on my weenie

Its like no nigga in the world could see me

When I ruff ryde with drag-on

Rollin up big babies in a mercedes,

If you want herb we got bombs

Chorus: twista (drag-on) (2x)

Gotta kick that shit for the fine bitches and all my nugz  
For the ones who smoke pot, do stick ups, and ball in  
our hood  
What do a nigga say when he say drag-on and twista  
(wanna kill me)  
Gangsta (lets ride), hustla (feel me)

[drag-on]

By know everybody should know, that the kid spit tight,  
And this kid spit fire light  
And the bitch I don fucked like last night,  
I don't give a fuck bout a 2 and a half mic  
Cause the only muthafuckin magazine that I read,  
Is when I buy my gun from it  
How many bullets you could digest in that one  
stomach,  
I suggest yall run from it  
And the click-click from the calico, I gotta go,  
Make it pimp with a lot of hoes  
Im the same muthafucka that's countin that dough,  
Cookin that coke to a pot of gold  
Cause my rainbow, is every color top that crackhead  
cop,  
I don't care I gotta cap me a cop  
As long as I got enough money to cop me a drop, pop  
enough glocks  
Drag open up boots by watchin co-ops in convo at  
condos  
Keep the heat up in jeeps, in case yall creep up on me  
I run up on yall in a cab with a meter on me  
And the only on leavin is me  
And the only one bleedin is you, tryin to breeze with me  
All the roc is e-n-y-c-e, in the nyc with the white t  
All I really do is argue,  
Double f, r-y-d-e, d-r-a-g, to the dash o-n  
Catch me, smokin potent, bet it leave yall, niggaz  
soakin,  
With your insides open

Chorus: twista (drag-on) (2x)

Swizz beatz:

Errrrrrr!!!!

Hold the fuck up!

Slow down!

Drag, twista, listen up

These muthafuckaz don't know what's real out here  
(they damn sure don't)

This is volume 2 (volume 2)

Nigga, so, get ignorent!

Chorus: twista (drag-on)

[twista]

Whether murder or bouncy beat, my flow be  
philosophical  
Smokin on tropical, achievin all missions impossible  
When I up the block at you, ima pop at you  
If your momma cry there's nothin I could do  
Should notve fucked with mr. illogical  
When Im in to clubbin, clubbin, shake it don't you break  
it  
You booty to shapey, can't take it, wanna see you  
naked  
I don drunk a boo muthafucka, so you know Im lit up  
Everybody get up, spin witha a twista, it's a stick up

Drag-on (swizz beatz):

This where the shit pick up, let me load this clip up,  
Lust pour me some liquor, flame-on and twista,  
Lets see if you murdered wholl miss ya  
I love the dirty south, that's why I gotta dirty mouth  
Thatll burn you out  
Tell your bitch I got a dick thatll turn her out,  
Especially when I tell her turn around  
I don hurt her now  
Shitll come back, and I think it's time to get murdered  
now  
Im tired of silly clowns, spittin out weak shit, sound like  
my shit  
You gon make me pull a all nighter  
Standin in front of your crib with that gasoline and that  
lighter  
Now hit, we wont miss ya, drag-on and twista  
(puttin it on em!)

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