

Ruff Ryders "Twisted Heat"

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"lyrics hereArtist: Twista, Drag-On
Album: Ruff Ryders * Ryde or Die Volume Two
Song: Twisted Heat

[Swizz Beatz]

Aowwwwwwwww!

We know y'all can drink 'til you throw up

We know y'all sittin' on 20's

We know y'all reppin' your hood

But how many y'all KILL!!!

[Twista]

Bounce that ass, load them cribs,

let me see the mobbin' niggaz that wanna talk shit

Rowdy motherfuckers that be scummy and'll go for the
money,

ready to ride when they rollin' a lick

Thugs with the Chevy's, 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 that'll freak niggaz, with the 'fedi,

let's get buck up in the club

And all my soldiers, FALL OUT, gangstas, MOB UP

All the homies on the block, ante up on the fin,

and let's go get us a sack

Serve til we got a custom 'Llac, hustlin' packs

'til a nigga bust, then we bustin' back

Guys that'll roll them dice and win,

Girls with the '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

and'll make a full glass disappear like a genie

Move to the LOX and Beanie,

while them hoes backin' that thang up on my weenie

It's 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 sees Drag-On And Twista
(kill me)
Gangsta (Let's 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 motherfucfkin magazine that I read,
is when I buy my gun from it
How many bullets you could digest in that one
stomach,
I suggest y'all run from it
And the click-click from the calico, I gotta go,
make it pimp with a lot of hoes
I'm the same motherfucker 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 dope spots and co-op's in convo at
condos
Keep the heat up in jeeps, in case y'all creep up on me
I run up on y'all 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 I rock is E-N-Y-C-E, in the NYC with the white T
All I really do is R-U,
double F, R-Y-D-E, D-R-A-G, to the dash O-N
Catch me, smokin' potent, bet I leave y'all, 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 motherfuckers don't know what's real out here
(They damn sure don't)
This is volume 2 (volume 2)
Nigga, so, get ignorant!

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, I'ma pop at you
If your momma cry there's nothin' I could do
Should not've fucked with Mr. Illogical
When I'm in to clubbin', huggin', shake it don't you
break it
Your booty too sacred, can't take it, wanna see you
naked
I done drunk a blue motherfucker, so you know I'm lit
up
Everybody get up, sweat for the Twista, it's a stick up

[Drag-On]

This where the shit pick up, let me load this clip up,
just pour me some liquor
Flame-On and Twista,
let's see if you murdered who'll miss ya
I love the dirty south, that's why I gotta dirty mouth
that'll burn you out
Tell your bitch I got a dick that'll turn her out,
especially when I tell her turn around
I don' hurt her now
Shit'll come back, and I think it's time to get murdered
now
I'm tired of silly clowns,
spittin' out weak shit, sound like me shit
You gon' make me pull a all nighter
Standin' in front of your crib with that gasoline and that
lighter
That way we won't miss ya, Drag-On and Twista

(Put it on 'em!)

"

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