

Shyheim "Twin Glocks"

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Intro:

Damn Twin, why you die on me nigga?
The fuck? We was supposed to be here rockin this shit
man
You was supposed to be shinin nigga
You was supposed to be gettin..

[Shyheim]

I got too timid to bust those garbage ass lyrics
I could tell by the way you kick it, you don't live it
Everything that could rhyme was stolen, Twin did it
Tension that arrest the son, feelin stressed and alone
Check how my intellect flex and intersepts your dome
Snatch his composure right out of it's clothes
Got 'em sayin, "who those, buckwild thug niggas
Who pulled out guns and made your click run like
rivers?"
We scary hoodlums
Left the projects like the Christians and the Muslims left
Jerusalem
My other Twin pushed him the fuck out my way
Jump off on Broadway in broad day
DA get the fuck out my face, I hope the machine breaks
Got orders from the voices, that I heard
I was told to leave no choices, to y'all herbs
Robbin willy's for they platinum chains and Roleys and
furs
Then I splurge, Twin Glocks, Twin Twin Twin Twin, Twin
Glocks

Chorus:

I'm kickin Twin Glock lyrics, Twin's still here in spirit
Twin I know you hear this, Twin I know you hear this
Twin I miss you, Twin Twin I love you Twin
Ain't get a chance to make a record, made it for you
Twin
I'm kickin twin glock lyrics, Twin's still here in spirit
Twin I know you hear this, Twin I know you hear this
Twin I miss you, Twin Twin I love you Twin
And that's my motherfuckin word, I'ma see you again

[Shyheim]

You got somethin, drop somethin and stop frontin
You can't say glocks we stuntin, make it rot in the
dungeon
And when I'm dusted I pin emcee's mentally
Diplomatically, crack what you think psychologically
Twin's the best, I cop more shit than angel cess
Ain't you vexed that I blew a hole thru your Avirex?
You used to bite, scratch and bark, snuff a cut
I don't give a fuck, when I pop up, niggaz duck
You wanna find yourself by yourself? I'm just the man
for that
You won't even be tryin to find your fuckin way back
So get out my way kickin that shit suckers say
Fuck the eight, I take a rusty blade and cut your face

Chorus

Outro: Shyheim
Straight up, BLAOW! BLAOW!
For them faggot ass niggaz that put one up in my
cousin's dome
BLAOW! BLAOW! BLAOW! Nigga!
Got black hoodies on, all in the mix
Jumpin outta Wu vans, flatten y'all niggaz
Fuck y'all! Twin, rest in peace
Big up to the other Twin
Remy cats, saggy, Twin Glocks
Flippin the homos, throwin shit on flo' boats
Twin Glocks, Twin Twin Glocks
Twin Glocks, rest in peace my nigga, Twin Glocks
Twin AKA Twin Glocks, Shyheim, Twin Twin Glocks
Straight up, Stapleton PJ's for life
The Moet you pop, Twin Glocks

Skit after beat fades:

keys rustling
Save the whales, save the whales
Free Willy, my name's Willy
Save the dolphins, save the tuna
Save anything, nobody cares

Hi, I am Robin Leech and this is lifestyles of the poor
and homeless
Ladies and gentlemen, I would like to sing a song for
your entertainment

parody of R. Kelly's "I Believe That I Can Fly"
I used to think that I could go on
Now that I found the thing I love the most is wrong
I only got just three more dollars to go
When I pass the spot then I'll know

That I can see it then I can do it
I only have to buy it then I can smoke it
I just want to get high
Take my money and kiss it goodbye
I think about it every night and day
To buy some crack and blast away
Then I'll buy me some more (ooh)
I watch a skeezer as she search the floor
Woo!

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