

E-40 F/ Ice Cube "Got it Twisted Remix"

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A-A-A-A-A-A-A-Ichemist
Yeah, once again, and we have - the remix!
Yeah, uh-huh, what we got?
Twista I see you my nigga! C'mon now
Yeah yeah, yeah, uh-huh
"Oh my gosh! The music just turns me on!"

[Havoc]

Yo.. yo.. ain't no party once we crash the party
Shorty, I'm only here for one night
Meet me in the lobby take a sip of this get nice
I'ma get you bent, but fuck it it's only right
The martinis, them Belvy's, the Hypnotiq's
Turned you out, wanna see what's up in your closet
You got a man, that's cool, I just wanna be friends
I ain't tryin to get hooked like phonics
We on the low so you won't be spotted
Front window tinted so you safe in the cockpit
Fools wild in the club, I just play the wall
My niggaz pray and pray for my downfall
Man how I scoop them broads and get that groupie love
One look and your chick is dug
Y'all ain't real, y'all some home thugs
Please don't make me show you what I snuck in the
club, yeah

[Chorus: Havoc]

Y'all niggaz got it twisted, huh?
That liquor up in you, you charged
That truth come out when you drunk
Yo' ass won't make it to see tomorrow
Y'all niggaz got it twisted, huh?
That liquor up in you, you charged
That truth come out when you drunk
Yo' ass won't make it to see tomorrow
We step up in the club with one thing (one thing)
On our mind, that's leave with something (something)
Get rid of that ring, get rid of those cuffs
We about the.. girl
We about the.. girl
We about the.. girl-girl ("The music just turns me on!")

We about the.. girl
We about the.. girl-girl

[Twista]

They call me Twista but homey don't get it twisted
Fuck specifics, or the ballistics hollows'll get you rifted
Fuck with the gifted, take a look at what my machines
did

That I got from my niggaz from Queensbridge, you
ain't seen shit

Take a shot of my liquor, then I pull on the trigger
Rollin in with the Mobb Deep, and we steady gettin
thicker and thicker

For the lords and the gangsters, thugs and the killers
We got too many toolies floatin between us, you can't
get wit us

It's that killer Twista in the house, and I'm
quick to put the pistol in your mouth, and uh
got pounds like got seventy-five to cop twenty
But I'm only spendin sixty, the rest is new glock money
Distribute 'em to the click that we steppin up in the club
Where the freaks pop that ass on the dick, showin us
love

Tryin to get out of line, you gon' get hit with the biscuit
You got Seagram's in front of you, so get twisted, don't
get it twisted

[Chorus]

[Prodigy]

If you really wanna party with P
Put your hands where my eyes can see
And shorty right there she come with me
And I hope she got friends, cause we Mobb Deep
No bullshit, Timb boots and gangster clothes
We don't follow trends - we set those!
You see us gettin dressed up, ain't nuttin
but some fresh white on whites and that ol' folks
Infamous a new label
Don't confuse our shit with no other labels (fuck up
outta here)
Come through that bitch just force, and lay shit down
We don't gotta send people, we bang for real
You won't know if I did sum'n, I won't tell
Or rap about it songs, cause that's goin to jail
But come fuckin with me, that's goin to hell
You rap about me? That's how I can tell!

[Chorus]

