

## Karaca Cem

### "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 intercepts 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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