

The Union

"King T"

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featuring Twista, Ms. Toi

[Twista]

Yo check it out

It's the Twista in the house

Representin K-Town, Westside of Chi

No lie

You know how we do it, Mobstability style

Adrenaline rushin, suckers facin the repercussion

I'ma set it off like this though, check it out

You just a bitch in disguise

I hear cries, cause you can't whistle for your guys

Surprised when you saw these pistols in yo' eyes

Show no fear like mere mortals

cause I shoot bloody portals, through motherfuckers
orals

Niggaz dyin, causin horrifyin pictorals

My passion for blastin made me an assassin

on all other meat shift workers

who's purpose is to serve ?? til they clientele hurtin

Murders got em nervous, I pull my weed and gun out

Blast until they run in the house while I got the blunt in
my mouth

Yo Mob blast, I'ma defeat you, run 3-2-1 Contact

Cognac, get me shot with a black gat itchin to bomb
back

Hoes can't get no sleep when I sent yo' chief

for the greenbacks you bring us

Shots hit his vest as he grabbed his chest

as I watch him bleed through his fingers, now come
one come all

but if all come, all fall, fuck y'all, we raw dogs

that'll come gunnin, niggaz runnin like they soldiers

In the heat of the night if you lookin for static to start up

Guards up, or bring them straps and come ready to
mob up

[?]

My motto is I'ma live my life fuck the slow and puffin
herb

Gettin boss ?, while my money's doublin on the curb
So fuck a job, I'm bustin stains and my idol's Kane
In school I maintained, but at night I was shakin brown
brains
Alluminum foil, servin before it's spoils
I got yay on the boil and my inner circle is loyal
and critically acclaimed in the category of gangbang
Constantly showered in black rain, as we bring the pain

[Twista]

You done crossed our inner circle - now I'm fin' to hurt
you
cause the Mob peeped all of your loopholes
Let the trigger work you
Bust all of you bitches, and all of you hoes
When the blunt come, stunts better run shit
Look what a thug sprung
See what drugs done?
When I hug the gun it make murder for my loved ones
Thought you was down to die but you been found a lie,
so fuck you
Can't trust you, gotta bust you
Plus you nigga can't get licks in hustle
Try to flex your muscle but my criteria overcomes your
strategies
Try to make a Mob patter please
I can rat on you and ? an amount of G's
Musta had a lot of bud in him
I can barely bludgeon him, whip out all the stud in him
But I ain't even stunnin him
Then again he's gone, so I just put a slug in him
Dug in him dead and I'm headin then hoes off at the
pass
Open up a can of kick ass
Toi aren't we loyal, G's out quick fast

[Ms. Toi]

Yo, it's that, West Coast diva from the Chi
That keepin that P, in the pimpin, so let's fly
to, ??, over here today, to lay down the
funk me and Twista display
Can you even comprehend this ghetto feel
I got my own type of slang and I keep my shit so real
So hold your sack, nigga so you can get back
It ain't a damn thing I lack, I kicks all of the facts
So artifacts, and you artifical game players
It's Ms. Toi with The Union and we straight slay ya
You haters can't even, try to trip with this, respect the
Ms.
It's all about that swiftest, Ms. represents
and me, in Cali, I hit that Richter scale

Focus to be mobbin with the tightest females
But oh well, oh well, if that shit don't go down
from Inglewood to Chi-Town
Momma Militia and Twista straight clip ya
It's me, slicin the necks of MC's
with my homey Twista in the Windy City
It's me, slicin the necks of MC's
with my homey Twista in the Windy City
Yeah

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