

Thug Life "Don't Get It Twisted"

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(Mopreme)

Just 'cause a nigga come in he got style
Don't think I won't flip it
Don't pull your file
But I got enough bullshit to deal with
I'm rollin' with the thugs so
You must be on drugs to the head
Get your ass break down
Broken half baby
I'm a feelin' like a motherfuckin psychopathic
And if you got beef best leave it in the freezer
I'm no joke
Mopreme straight lo
And you could get smoked
You hook the shit you get stroked
And all of that
And later be back for your motherfuckin dope sack
Kid it ain't the type of day to play doughnut
Don't get your ass sewn up
Why you leakin on my blown out
Hey, you're mixed up like a bowl of nuts
You fuck around and got it twisted up
Boy, don't get it twisted

(chorus)

Don't get it twisted!.....

(Macadoshis)

It's the Macadoshis coming from the dark side
The park side where the O.G.s do ride
Ain't nothing but killers in the park
As many niggas lost they's heart
When my gat sparks
I'll bust a cap in that ass
Don't get it twisted
When I'm on a mission, niggas come with Mishy
You busters gettin disciplined
And you're comin' up short on your life
When i smoke you with this mac-10
When it's on it's on
Fuck it
I'm makin niggas kick the bucket when I check em' by

inducis
Ain't no think to let my shit spin
You on my shit list hope you got a death wish
I tried to warn you but you missed me
You should have listened motherfucker when i said:
Don't get it twisted!

(chorus)

(Rated R)
Niggas got problems about gettin shit twisted
They need to stay the fuck out of grown folks business
Kids get a kick out of bumpin their big clips
But don't front no shit that brought no shit that peace
started
Cause I'm a cold hearted rider straight dunkin'
never through with my streets
Never hurt nobody but my heat
East side brothers don't hear me though
They'd rather get shit twisted and gather like hoes
Bitch make ass niggas when I caught 'em
Couldn't bust a drape if they wanted
They're soft like Charmin
But I don't sweat varmits
I suffer with my black group
Just a one-day murderer
On the motherfuckin Rudy Poop
I snapped his soul, son
Ain't no damn thing funny when I spray your ass with
my tongue
And your mommy can't save you now
Cause you got the job twisted up
For fuckin' with a killer

(chorus)

(fade out)

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