

## **Tupac Shakur**

### **"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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