

Twista & The Speedknot Mobstaz "Warm Embrace"

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It's like I got the 4-4 cocked
On the block in it two door dropped
And my spot is keepin' but hot
The pussy-ass cop throw some murder in the lot
My nigga got popped with a bullet that was meant for
me
The adapt by T's and B's and the regencies
Fuck what the reason be, I'ma start squeezin' these
Them niggas ain't G's, they wanna be thugs
And it ain't shit, these ain't no muthafuckin' slugs
The fools and plugged plus ain't no hoes over here
I done dropped more dead bodies than tears
Brought to life momma's worst fears
Pictures of a son dyin' from that hot ones flyin'
Baby mama's cryin' at the funeral
'Cause the magnum lit him like a black (?)
When I rolled out on his ass on the solo
I caught him up on mo-mo cookin' up co-co
I got to tip on the low-low
Bust it there like po-po takin' lives with the, oh no
It's a 4-4 many missles with a silent sub for the whistle
My favorite pistol
'Cause when I let that bitch ride
I know the homicide is being counted out, it's official
Niggas steady bumpin' guns, but don't want none
Because of these hot ones that explode on contact
A maniac just prepared to die in combat
Besides all that my 4-4 keeps my laced Dawg he paid
and safe
I can see the fear in your face as I reach my waist for
this warm embrace

I got plenty love for the 4-4
But when I pick it up, I don't wanna let it go
Because a nigga straight lovin' your warm embrace
I got plenty love for the 4-5
But when I pick it up, I don't wanna let it ride
But still I bust 'cause I survive from your warm embrace
I got plenty love for the nine-mill
And when I pick it up, I don't really wanna kill
But still I bust because I'm needin' your warm embrace
All you muthafuckas better duck and hide

Before I let it ride, the sucka stepped aside
Still I bust because I'm lovin' your warm embrace

I love the element of surprise when I'm taking these
hoes lives
With my customized 4-5
Get enough ammunition to knock off you, your crew
and some more guys
You muthafuckas better get wise
Make sure your first shot is sweet, tryin' to kill the elite
'Cause you ain't gettin' no more tries
Make the nigga's nubian mother weep, but fuck it
As long as I don't get whole cries
Put the beam between his eyes and make that bitch
nigga so wise
No matter what the size of the warm embrace of my
forty-five
Make sure that nigga crossed me dies
You don't wanna throw them thangs
When I cocked and aim (?) think in these few seconds
time
But Mayz ain't new to the game
I use the spark when we start to light up this thunderin'
crime
But niggas get bucked for dime and it's like you're a
magnet for sin
(?) Pretend to be your friend 'til they get close enough
to your ends
To do you in, that shit puts me on ten
And make me wanna put the barrel of this solid fiend
Upon under that nigga's chin, plus he talkin' big shit
about war
Like he don't know my stee, now mob's gon' win
But I dare one of you niggas to say my name
'Cause I put a fuckin' bullet into your closest skin
Just to get under your skin like a dirty syringe
Plus I know you can't win with a gun or a pin
So when you see Mayz come in the place you better say
your grace
Before I fuck up your face like a can of mace
Before I get disgraced, I'ma catch a case
Maybe you hoes fear the wrath of my warm embrace

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Would you (?) of the team, for sure
Hold you ever so tightly, I love you nina and never
wanna let you go
Miss millimeter's makin' the (?) muthafuckas gotsta be
ruckus
When I get my clutches upon this hoe
Itchin' to let the barrel blow
Like a sparrow, how it flow, like an arrow (?)
Spit 'em up and swallow slow
I reload, clippin' your ass crack, you constantly blast
back
Payback from flashback, some bitches know
Bust 'til I see the chrome from the intro
You was fucked from the phasin', deep with the cuts
and abrasion
Erupts and amazin', nigga, my nina bucked
Fuck the gauge and enemies get (?) up from the blazin'
Fool you be burnin' them with your black ass
Murderous hips, hurtin' the grips, ride on personal list
Deposition die for servin' them six
Everyone of 'em with a hit but some are missin' of a
jerk to the kick
'Cause I be working my bitch
Tryin' to pimp her but she a wild and a tame thang
Kick a static on when she gangbang, blast in the fullest
moon
Niggas better pull it soon or else suffer hellafied bullet
wounds
And even though I stay clubbed with some thugs, why
call 'em stug
When it comes to (?) run about she draw my blood
Static under the bra 'cause everytime I take a hit at the
bud
And give you a hug you gon' pop up a slug
Drinkin' remy on the block, gotta bust the glock
When the henny hit the chest, bustin' smith-n-wess
Fuck the discussion, I'm bustin' 'em all, clutchin' my
balls
If I see I'll be laid to rest, let me hit the sex
Lose (?) but used to be a problem solver
But the nina made me a baller
Go strapped and take the place of the black nine
Leave 'em flat lines, feelin' fury, you was born to taste
From my warm embrace

I got plenty love for the 4-4

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I got plenty love for the 4-4, 4-4, 4-4
Warm embrace
I got plenty love for the 4-5 (4-5), 4-5 (4-5), 4-5
Warm embrace
I got plenty love for the nine-mill (Nine-mill), nine-mill

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