

Outkast F/ Masada, WitchDoctor

"Twilight"

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[Chorus Nas x2]

I be dippin in the twilight, with gangstas
Smoking weed up in my ride life, the same stuff
Its still a bitch living like I'm rich, bang broads
Call me Mr.International ghetto stars

[Nas]

Yo I talk like a champion, walk like a champion
Body like a god and I promise that Nas a hit you off
Flow like a gangsta, Brum bum bum bum bum
Bustin like dummies so mommy you come and lick it
off
I stay right, purple hazed out, fifth stay on my hip
Blunt stay in my mouth, Patron layed out
Tequila sunrising, five sixes, surprise bitches
Nas from the trenches how does he survive
This is ten years, here for good, rep for my thugs
Plumper than last summer stomach stretch from the
grub
Good livin, good women, I fuck wit straight stallions
Bowleg stances go-head handsome
What they all scream, my cars lean
Hit up every state town city, wit my Braveheart team
Pretty face round tits and ass stay my queen
Keep a burner in the trunk, AR-15

[Chorus x2]

[Jungle]

If you see me, on MTV
Don't forget I'm the same nigga from QB
Sitting on the block, hungry and starving
Imagining preforming at Madison Square Garden
Or Radio City, and New York City
Bring the whole hood wit me, gallons of Henny
My homey got shot right before my eyes
I got shot too but I survived
I was just a teenager, never had a pager
I always had flava, chasing that paper
I need them diamonds new clothes pretty hoes
That Bentley coupe all red like a rose

And everybody knows, my gun goes off
In the west coast dirty south and up north
Jungle the boss, a natural born hustler
I Dissed by suckas and punk mothafuckas

[Chorus x2]

[Gwiz]

Nigga I'm high wit high hopes fuck the bullshit
Stand up in front of that you get the full clip
I beat a nigga senseless his skin is missing
Listen, my knockouts is six so serious
Bang wit a B on my chest yall niggaz is bitches
You touch me and I'm pulling your dress, a snitch is a
snitch
And I hate yall niggaz, stomp you out like roaches
Cant you see I'm here to get this paper just like I'm
supposed to
I've been a Braveheart since semen cesspool my pops
scheming
One thought to get up in my moms jeans
And it came to this It feel like a mothafuckas dreaming
But I'm here, fuck anything another nigga thinkin
See them Bravehearts, damn, those my niggaz
You got drama wit em sleep with you gun under the
fucking pillow
This is real thangs, I know shit feel strange, how dem
QB niggaz do thangs
Check this shit nigga

[Chorus x2]

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