

Twista, Drinks

(feat. Highbeam)

[Intro]

This is for my ladies,
Sexy like champagne Glass,
You what I'm talking about,
A reflection of a Pena Colada,
Listen up

[Verse 1]

I know you heard the terms chicks are like cars,
Well I treat bitches like drinks,
When I step in the club and by out tha bar,
So let me quench my thirst wit you and a friend
Instead of the juice and gin,
Why don't I pour out the drink and you hop in,
Glass full of ass for a true mutha fucka,
Wit that that turquoise Coogi on,
You remind me of a blue mutha fucka,
Your friend was sexy when I seen her in prada,
But I think Gina was hotta,
Cause her skin tone was like a Pina colada,
I saw two Japanese chicks that got bodies,
So I ordered them a mi tia and hot saki,
Then I got cocky,
And asked them do they come to this club a lot,
Well ya got a brotha hot,
Hop in my bubble drop,
Can I get a double shot?
Or get wit these two mamacita one wit the karma of margarita,
The other one like two shots of tequila,
And they all fine I really don't know what to think,
As I get bubble and choose and try to figure out,

[Chorus]

What's my favorite drink,
Girl can I sip on you,
Sip on, [4x]
What's my favorite drink,

[Verse 2]

Know not to bring no Cosmopolitan asses,
I like the one that makes your face drop like a Neapolitan masta,
No telling what these thick bitches would do,
Reminiscent of a big old picture of Bo,
But hit cha like a slow screw,
Dip in a strip a club in LA wit a bankroll,
Where the weather aint cold,
So I can see some hoes slide down a poll,
I met two dancers named Moet and crystal,
I was checkin they style,
We had a session It was wet it was wild,
Then I dug these two twins thick wit Hennessey one was Remy Red,
Wit skinny legs,
Both of them game to give me head,
Wit a little bit absolute vodka fo they homie Tasha,
Tell her to come closa,
So yall three can give me a Sammy Sosa,
If I was mayor I would campaign ass,
Politician wit women swimming around the champagne glass,
Drunk so much I might earl in the sink,
And if you ask me why,
I couldn't figure out,

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

If you would suck my soul,
I shall lick your funky emotions,

Look at that big old donkey you toting,
I wish I could pour some of you in a bishop cup,
And have a toast wit King Boo,
And celebrating the fact that you thick as fuck,
I holla Church cause its pimps in tha party,
Let me sip on ya body,
Get a good buzz of ya like you lemon Bacardi,
Or a long Island havin sex on da beach,
Or in tha Llac sunroof let back wit a tech on tha seat,
Got a red bone I call her strawberry Daiquiri,
Bring her back fo may,
Carry packs fo may,
Had her suck off my facultay,
Got a little mamma name Mimi,
Who remind me of martini and Asti spamanti,
How she move to my cd,
I got a chocolate chick who deep throat,
She help me shake up dope,
She the complexion of Crown Royal and Coke,
And they making it hard for me to decipher and think,
As I get bubbly and choose,
And try to figure out,

[Chorus]

[Highbeam]

Hennesy mixed wit some of that Alize,
Gimme a shot of that remy,
and a whole lot of tanguray,
keep it comin wit that cognac,
pop tha moet lets sip on that,
naw playa put ya money back,
cause these drinks on me,
give me a bottle of that belve,
long island ice tea,
hook me up a apple martini,
all these dinks on me,
I want to have a sex on the beach,
How about a gin and juice for me,
So put away ya money G,
All these drinks on me,