

# Twista, Emotions

(feat. Johnny P)

[Johnny P] Let me play with your emotions

[Verse One: Twista]

Well a motherfucker could never control me, only squeeze me and hold me  
That's what the hoe came up and told me  
Now is she bold G? But in my mouth is where the gold be  
Cause I be pimpin her like Goldie  
Gotta get paid in this age my fingers ain't made  
just to be choppin up confetti with, if it's already thick  
you better study nigga if you ain't with it you can get it  
cause I ain't even on that petty shit  
So who the fuck do I competi with?  
The rhythm I kick, is like a rhythmly-wicked-arith-a-metic  
Pick em up quick and then give em the dick, thinkin I'm innocent  
They up in the mall shoppin for me pickin a fit  
I got them heffer's nose red  
and when we get in the bed, I be leavin em with rose legs  
Stuffin that made em wanna pose dead  
but you already got em until you get up in them hoes head  
I don't mean to sound bogus or nothin  
but it's the bomb when I be havin them cuties thinkin  
I'm in love with em, when I'm rubbin em  
Be gettin pub with em, in a club with em  
Smokin dub with em, huggin em, freakin in the tub with em  
After gettin paid from her she ain't trippin  
cause she know she got what she paid for  
She honor my name, I gotta tame, here it go  
Now we speakin with the game on ways to make mo'

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

[Johnny P in background:] let me playyyyyy, with your emotions  
(Let me play with your) emotions hoe  
To the rhythm of a hi-hat, take a puff and lie back  
Let me stimulate your mind, body and soul, I know you want to try that  
Now motherfucker can you buy that...  
Tell me baby can you buy that  
I got you under my complete control, you know it's worth more than  
diamonds and gold, now don't be bogus and deny that

[Verse Two: Twista]

Now how the fuck you gon' act hoe, I saw you creepin out the back do'  
What you runnin from a mack fo'? Lay you on your back slow  
cause you know I got you with my lasso  
Blow your mind like a afroCome and take a glimpse of the stairs  
it's the aroma of a pimp in the air, I betcha notice the smell  
It's like a lotus when I flow dis, cause my eyes be the lowest  
if you didn't notice then you bogus as hell  
I'm puttin women under my spell, like I'm up in their brain  
pumpin their vein with game for the anatomy that's feminine  
They're fillin em up with adrenaline, got em geekin  
we're speakin approachin up a pimp like a gentleman  
Submission is surrenderin, it ain't no endin if it's on  
with a blunt from the bomb side  
In the right place, with the right mind and the right line  
you can get a lifetime contract  
They be wise until they look into your eyes  
a shorty freaked when she spotted mine  
Took her over to my crib, lay low, hit her off from behind  
then she signed on the dotted-line, the hoe was like

"Oooohh Daddy... why you doin me like this?  
I'd do anything to be with you, you got me gone in the head"  
Ya mind, I don't mean to make a disaster up  
like my Dad to master love  
But if a motherfucker breakin you for every penny you earn  
then how could you still show the bastard love?  
I guess it's cause I'm cold, shit  
Thought you was gon' be spendin me I betcha think you sho' did  
but game recognize game, now you lame in the brain  
Stupid bitch that's what you get for tryin to gold dig, now

[Chorus]

Yeah, this be Hype, the Verbal Tantrum  
Kickin it with my man Twista  
If you should suck my soul  
I should make your funky emotions  
Nothin is good unless you play with it  
Play with me baby

[Verse Three: Twista]

I know you think it's blasphemy  
but won't you give up when she ask for me? After he passed the beat  
Since you said I was your Majesty, I had to see  
and when you get paid, there is some cash for me, is it a tragedy  
that I can get her so gone, the hoe be trippin talkin up her love a lot  
But the only love I got, is when I'm grippin like I wanna hug the Glock  
or when I rub the twat, or pickin up a dub at spots  
Fuck the hoe thugs, the clubs, and the phony perpetrators with dimes  
The speed knots match voo-Do or Die, Psycho Drama, Crucial Conflict  
Be pimpin with em gators and dons, collect the papers and dolls  
Player haters remarks will get smoked to a blunt dust  
Sso keep walkin the next time you hear grown folks talkin  
motherfuckers betta shut the fuck up, cause we make the women suck up  
You insist to be trippin while we be gamin like Don Juan  
What up the filet minion, the grey poupon  
them hoes are staked to charm, because we make the bomb  
Now I don't mean no harm, but either come on in or get on gone  
and let me pull my pouch of snuff  
In between your thighs, come take a pull and vibe  
and let your tongue go coastin low, now

[Chorus]