

Twista, Get It How You Live

Double S, never less baby
Twista and Scott Storch in a dropped Porsche
That new shit, check it out

[Chorus: 2X]

My neck on bling, cris on chill
Standing on the corner steady, trying to make a mill
When it come to hustling, got to get it how you live
And I'm on the come up, so motherfuck how you feel

[Verse One]

My fingers on frost, ears on froze
Hanging at the club while hoes slide down the pole
Rolling with the Gs and the Foes and the Souls
With two bitches on my arms, sporting thousand dollar clothes
Looking kind of stunning, so the cameras on flick
Ain't no motherfuckers out here that can do it like this
On top of my game, and when a hater's all fall
Imma be smiling, revealing my grill from Paul Wall
Shake it for me bitch, let me see you get loose
Let me see you sipping on some shit that's 80 proof
Let me see if Imma let you get up in the 'lac
Bend over so I can see how Imma hit it from the back
I hustle wit the rhymes, but I'm better wit the keys
And I'm clubbin' wit the pees, I get cheddar wit the fees
I'm always on the hustle, so don't ask why I succeed
I got flows, I got dro, I got whatever u need

[Chorus: 2X]

[Verse Two]

Tires on shine, rims on gloss
When it come to mobbing, Imma motherfucking boss
I stay making paper, behind the mic and on the tipping
I ain't stingy wit the dust, the whole crew ride slick
Think you shitting on the nigga t, I doubt that
My flow will make your booty move, like a house track
Have 'em at the party screaming, "Get the doe", "Get the doe";
And if I ever go broke, I guarantee to bounce back
If beats was like a tipper, then my flow would play the cane
Got shit to make you float off the floor, like David Blaine
You rich because I spit it universal to the drums
And I circle with some guns, blow out purple out my lungs
I pimp and fuck a bitch, I don't need to buy her 'lacs
I be on the move, staying paid pushing Cadillacs
Investing in my raps, if I don't make a quarter back
I throw eight balls to my homies, on the corners like quarterbacks

[Chorus: 2X]

[Chorus2: 2X]

Let me break your back shawty, show me what u got shawty
We some motherfucking killers, Chicago made niggaz making figures

[Verse Three]

Teeth on bling, roly on flick
Standing on the stage while I'm holding on my dick
Bout to spit a new verse off out the mobstaz new shit
Holla walla pop the colla on my new outfit
If you want war, you think you got rounds to come get me
I think you better go smoke a whole pound of that sticky
keep on talking that you're not hate around your committee
Imma dodge that nigga that put it down for the city

[Chorus: 4X]