

# Twista, Holding Down The Game

[Intro]

Chi town balla k town nigga  
Runnin through the streets with my hands on the trigga  
And on the block smokin weed with hash  
When I breeze pass  
I'm bout to run through the game like I was steve nash

Naw naw T naw I feel that shit man but we gotta come with some of that  
Original twista shit you know  
Some of that chi town playa shit you know you know that old shit man lets  
Kick that shit T  
Alright I got ya cause

[Verse 1]

Take a look at my impala  
Make 'em take a look at my chevy capris  
Now take a look at my platinum bu500 benz rolling through the streets  
In the city of the goals  
Shit making money is the mission  
I'ma glistenin killin off the competition  
Steady tipping cause of how I be pimpin hoes  
Now I know just how to treat 'em cause I need 'em  
I don't really got to beat 'em so we cool  
As long as they bring me my money  
Got 'em walkin survin ass with a passion  
While I'm talkin better never see you laughin  
Know I gotta show 'em ain't a damn thing funny  
Twista got game  
Finna spit it to 'em hard  
Get your dame  
Put 'em on the boulivard  
Now I got 'em in training with my bottom bitch  
She can learn a lot a shit  
Like how to get it on a stroll  
Be in control and shit on the other hoes  
And be able to get fedy for her daddy from a lot a tricks  
But the thump bumpin speakers in the trunk  
Cause a nigga have to cop a little some some  
Leavin niggaz bodies slump when I let the thumpa dump  
If I ever catch you fukin with the bump bump  
Like a diamond I'm flawless  
Aint no fucking with rawness  
When you enter my vacinity better be cautious  
If you into makin money step into my office  
Makin hoes close shop  
My flow caine got the block hot  
Two for tens got me swoopin' through the city in the drop top  
Screamin out I just don't give a fuck  
I'm the truth in the booth from when you see me coming through with the crew  
I make you do what I do  
I'm a win for the city  
For the chi till I die cause theres just no givin up

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

I'm holdin down the game  
What would you be hatin for  
I'm a playa from the go with the shit that you've been waitin for  
I'm holdion down the game  
Show me how you get buck lil momma  
You can make a buck the momma  
Niggaz out here like to fuck lil momma

[Interlude]

Take a look at my japer

Now come look at the diamonds up in the ears  
Now come take a look at the gators  
Jumpers and 150 hat crocodile on the bib  
And the ice on my charm  
Man I'm no joke came up big in the 04  
Now as fast I can kill 'em with the slow flow  
Specially if I been smokin that hydrogen bomb

Shit man now thats what I'm talking about  
Now thats that origianl twist right there man  
Man but you know what man lets gon slow it down man  
And take it down south houston style cause

[Verse 2]

Chi town balla  
K town nigga  
Runnin through the street with my hand on the trigga  
And on the block smokin weed with hash when I breeze pass  
I'm bout to run through this game like I was steve nash  
Aint no fuckin with the twista when I toss words  
Thats the 22 up against a moss berg  
Feel the thump in your trunk from the fatty chacer  
Alias auralius nigga call me gladiator  
Spittin screw words at a screw pace  
2 times stronger than them bitches call me screw face  
You fuckin with a real ass nigga  
Stuffin pockets tryin to make 'em bigger  
Gotta let you know

[Chorus]