

Mobb Deep, Got It Twisted (Remix)

(feat. Twista)

A-A-A-A-A-A-A-A-lchemist

Yeah, once again, and we have - the remix!

Yeah, uh-huh, what we got?

Twista I see you my nigga! C'mon now

Yeah yeah, yeah, uh-huh

"Oh my gosh! The music just turns me on!"

(Havoc)

Yo.. yo.. ain't no party once we crash the party

Shorty, I'm only here for one night

Meet me in the lobby take a sip of this get nice

I'ma get you bent, but fuck it it's only right

The martinis, them Belvy's, the Hypnotiq's

Turned you out, wanna see what's up in your closet

You got a man, that's cool, I just wanna be friends

I ain't tryin to get hooked like phonics

We on the low so you won't be spotted

Front window tinted so you safe in the cockpit

Fools wild in the club, I just play the wall

My niggaz pray and pray for my downfall

Man how I scoop them broads and get that groupie love

One look and your chick is dug

Y'all ain't real, y'all some home thugs

Please don't make me show you what I snuck in the club, yeah

(Chorus: Havoc)

Y'all niggaz got it twisted, huh?

That liquor up in you, you charged

That truth come out when you drunk

Yo' ass won't make it to see tomorrow

Y'all niggaz got it twisted, huh?

That liquor up in you, you charged

That truth come out when you drunk

Yo' ass won't make it to see tomorrow

We step up in the club with one thing (one thing)

On our mind, that's leave with something (something)

Get rid of that ring, get rid of those cuffs

We about the.. girl

We about the.. girl

We about the.. girl-girl ("The music just turns me on!")

We about the.. girl

We about the.. girl-girl

(Twista)

They call me Twista but homey don't get it twisted

Fuck specifics, or the ballistics hollows'll get you rifted

Fuck with the gifted, take a look at what my machines did

That I got from my niggaz from Queensbridge, you ain't seen shit

Take a shot of my liquor, then I pull on the trigger

Rollin in with the Mobb Deep, and we steady gettin thicker and thicker

For the lords and the gangsters, thugs and the killers

We got too many toolies floatin between us, you can't get wit us

It's that killer Twista in the house, and I'm

quick to put the pistol in your mouth, and uh

got pounds like got seventy-five to cop twenty

But I'm only spendin sixty, the rest is new glock money

Distribute 'em to the click that we steppin up in the club

Where the freaks pop that ass on the dick, showin us love

Tryin to get out of line, you gon' get hit with the biscuit

You got Seagram's in front of you, so get twisted, don't get it twisted

(Chorus)

(Prodigy)

If you really wanna party with P
Put your hands where my eyes can see
And shorty right there she come with me
And I hope she got friends, cause we Mobb Deep
No bullshit, Timb boots and gangster clothes
We don't follow trends - we set those!
You see us gettin dressed up, ain't nuttin
but some fresh white on whites and that ol' folks
Infamous a new label
Don't confuse our shit with no other labels (fuck up outta here)
Come through that bitch just force, and lay shit down
We don't gotta send people, we bang for real
You won't know if I did sum'n, I won't tell
Or rap about it songs, cause that's goin to jail
But come fuckin with me, that's goin to hell
You rap about me? That's how I can tell!

(Chorus)