

# Ruff Ryders, Twisted Heat - Featuring Twista And

Swizz Beatz:

We know y'all out to drink 'til y'all throw up  
We know y'all sittin' on 20's  
We know y'all reppin' your hood  
But how many y'all KILL!!!

[Twista]

Bounce that ass, load them cribs,  
let me see the mobbin' niggaz that, uhh, talk shit  
While these muthafuckaz be scummy and'll go for the money,  
ready to ride when they holdin' a lick  
Thugs with the Chevy's, thugs with the trucks,  
the real gun runner never run when he bust  
Henny and he mobs in the front, smoke a 'dro blunt,  
sippin' with a fifty sack under the nuts  
Hoes with ass and no gut  
let me see you jiggle it from SIDE TO SIDE  
Niggaz if it's static, then pass me the strap,  
gonna RIDE 'Til MY RIDE  
All the hoes that'll freaky niggaz, with the 'fedi,  
let's get buck up in the club  
And all my soldiers, FALL OUT, gangstas, MOB UP  
All the homeys on the block,  
anny up on the fin and let's go get us a sack  
Serve too, we got a custom 'Lac, hustlin' pack,  
til a nigga bust, they bustin' back  
Guys that'll roll them dice and win,  
girls with 'fits that show the skin  
Real niggaz mind your best friend at the pen,  
real hoes let your best friend know about men  
Cause I be squeezin' ass  
and'll make a full glass disappear like a genie  
Move to the LOX and Beanie,  
while them hoes backin' that thang up on my weenie  
It's like no nigga in the world could see me  
when I Ruff Ryde with Drag-On  
Rollin' up big babies in a Mercedes,  
if you want herb we got bombs  
Chorus: Twista (Drag-On) (2x)  
Gotta kick that shit for the fine bitches and all my nugz  
For the ones who smoke pot, do stick ups, and ball in our hood  
What do a nigga say when he say Drag-On and Twista (Wanna kill me)  
Gangsta (Let's ride), hustla (Feel me)

[Drag-On]

By know everybody should know, that the kid spit tight,  
and this kid spit fire light  
And the bitch I don' fucked like last night,  
I don't give a fuck 'bout a 2 and a half mic  
Cause the only muthafuckin' magazine that I read,  
is when I buy my gun from it  
How many bullets you could digest in that one stomach,  
I suggest y'all run from it  
And the click-click from the calico, I gotta go,  
make it pimp with a lot of hoes  
I'm the same muthafucka that's countin' that dough,  
cookin' that coke to a pot of gold  
Cause my rainbow, is every color top that crackhead cop,  
I don't care I gotta cap me a cop  
As long as I got enough money to cop me a drop, pop enough glocks  
Drag open up boots by watchin' co-op's in convo at condos  
Keep the heat up in jeeps, in case y'all creep up on me  
I run up on y'all in a cab with a meter on me  
And the only on leavin' is me  
And the only one bleedin' is you, tryin' to breeze with me  
All the Roc is E-N-Y-C-E, in the NYC with the white T

All I really do is argue,  
double F, R-Y-D-E, D-R-A-G, to the dash O-N  
Catch me, smokin' potent, bet it leave y'all, niggaz soakin',  
with your insides open  
Chorus: Twista (Drag-On) (2x)  
Swizz Beatz:  
ERRRRRRR!!!!  
Hold the fuck up!  
Slow down!  
Drag, Twista, listen up  
These muthafuckaz don't know what's real out here  
(They damn sure don't)  
This is volume 2 (volume 2)  
Nigga, so, get ignorent!  
Chorus: Twista (Drag-On)  
[Twista]  
Whether murder or bouncy beat, my flow be philosophical  
Smokin' on tropical, achievin' all missions impossible  
When I up the block at you, I'ma pop at you  
If your momma cry there's nothin' I could do  
Should not've fucked with Mr. Illogical  
When I'm in to clubbin', clubbin', shake it don't you break it  
You booty to shapey, can't take it, wanna see you naked  
I don' drunk a boo muthafucka, so you know I'm lit up  
Everybody get up, spin witha a Twista, it's a stick up  
Drag-On (Swizz Beatz):  
This where the shit pick up, let me load this clip up,  
lust pour me some liquor, Flame-On and Twista,  
let's see if you murdered who'll miss ya  
I love the dirty south, that's why I gotta dirty mouth  
that'll burn you out  
Tell your bitch I got a dick that'll turn her out,  
especially when I tell her turn around  
I don' hurt her now  
Shit'll come back, and I think it's time to get murdered now  
I'm tired of silly clowns, spittin' out weak shit, sound like my shit  
You gon' make me pull a all nighter  
Standin' in front of your crib with that gasoline and that lighter  
Now hit, we won't miss ya, Drag-On and Twista  
(Puttin' it on 'em!)