

Tela, Twisted

Uh, ahhh yeah, right right now
Let's drop, dedication to the kings of hip-hop
Shit, thank you ha

[Verse 1]

It was this bitch named LaQueesha, met her on the Eastside
Rollin' in my boat while pullin' her over with the p-sign
Spit the competence, and confidence in conversation
Chances on point and I'm not in violation
See hoes are like the value of a fraction
With me, I just proceed to do my deed to go to askin' em' relaxin' em'
Spit that game that drain from Imperial, she said a nigga be cereal
Like Cheerios, we live for hoes, here it goes
I'm rollin' with Suave and I ain't givin' a fuck
Employed with some voids is doin' jobs to us
A must, I can bust from a hundred yards plus
But St. Gal is the rough, got in the Seville and mushed (Nigga hush)
Now who's sweeter, the nigga Tela
5-0 be the leader, speed of a T to Vida
Switch the bitch, enlisted dicks
I'm love she up to this, no contradicts
I'm givin' a fuck about man understand this

[Chorus]

Keep on rollin' from the danger
And I'm loadin' one in chamber
Ain't nobody out there ridin' close to me, not for free
Keep on rollin' from the danger
And I'm loadin' one in chamber
Ain't nobody out there ridin' close to me, not for free

[Verse 2]

Now I'm makin' her mind cum off steak and rum
Abaci whites and henny whites and plenty umm, plum
Candy, man she understand me
See the name of the game is to be enchanting
Listen to those, I suppose that's the catch
In the beginning tryin' to get in, naw that's a childish act
Laid back, play that, roll havin' control over ya beau for a minute
Give her a hold and touch her titty
A pity someone gotta spit it intellectual
And give it the sexual meaning, keep it warm and dick it
I'll get it, the chick like I'm supposed to
Makin' a toast to the evening as we leavin'
I told ya she's gettin' social
Sayin' she's around the smoker of the doja
And she knows the soap and close to
Super tight, teeth white like liquid paper
Versace jeans, got the Beamer schemes on that ass
Shake her, take her silk from the fit that I just ripped
From the boss, see God finally pick on the other car off of the

[Chorus]

I'm sittin' here tryin' to figure if sweetie wanna dick up
My eyes on thighs that gotta slide in thicker, picker
Questions apart from solutions
From dark ways back to Houston, I shoot competin'
Now loosen up the lips between the hips
Clutchin' on my nuts like grips
Gettin' full of this eclipse
Slips, it's something more loungin' than see-through gowns and
Got me clownin' in a tight town housin'
A thousand thangs on my brain as I recline
Dick these whores down from the crease in panty line

I guess I'm gonna seek through ya pines
I'm pressin' down the blinds to see reflection of super signs
A bitch goin' on out cha' gates
A nigga just pulled off his plates and ran up the staircase
Plates till seen like a scene from a tale
And nigga thinkin' she a queen so he ain't physically well
I can tell from the cussin' he talkin' about bustin'
He grabs a galss and hits my ass with the bloody stubs and
Now you runnin' down the hallways tryin' to get to the stairways
Gon' and bust his ass between Winchester and Airways
Get paid, never take murderers, take no services
If they got cho' bitch then you feelin' kind of nervous

[Chorus x2]