

Twista, Adrenaline Rush

(feat. Yungbuck (Psycho Drama))

What happens when you combine the darkness with the light?

[Yungbuck]

I'm bringing pain like two bad nurses, and the pain from these here
motherfuckin verses ridiculous thirstses involving hearses
to the dirt shit first picks and use'n autos to work with
Slugs to the shirt shit (just to squirt shit)
A wicked hit with an expert kick
and burst 'til the earth split leave you hurt bitch
Show you how worsen than worst get in the zone
See the vein when the pain repel
and then they closin the curtains bitch
(when adrenaline's pumpin')
I don't understand discussion, only hear certain shit
I'm a misunderstood nigga and I'm off my square high
Got me reversin clips and dispersin shit

[Twista]

What can I say to make you see how the fuck I feel
to make me wanna jump off of the edge
I'm charged off of suckers gettin shot up off the ledge
No pain, instead of 'caine I took a blunt off to the head
(so tell me what it said)
Retaliate with lethal repercussion
I feel the reefer rushin
to go into thangs, like it's a wicked stick
Took the Benadryl, hot like I'm fin' ta steal
to get the kickin shit
for niggaz and bitches that I kick it with
I was born to get you pumped up
it's like some lead bust cause I give motherfuckers a head rush
Then yo' head bust when you jumped up
Cause what I said must've got you geeked, my eyes red puffed
from smokin shit that niggaz hit on to die
Make me wanna slip the clip on the side
And if you act a bitch on the side, if we have to
then the whole Westside'll let the shit go on and ride
when the trigga bust

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

That's your adrenaline rush
like when a motherfucker have to go pick up the pump
to make his opposition chest kick up and jump
when you lit up the gun to make your body get up and uhh
That's your adrenaline rush
like when a motherfucker have to go pick up the pump
to make a trigger pick up and dump
so turn the bass, kick up and bump
and let the rhythm hit off the trunk

[Twista]

pullin up and bailin out like we're carsick, I'm ready to start shit
start up buryin some heads like an ostrich
and unload the whole cartridge and throw the shells out the garbage
the hardest of motherfuckers could never achieve what I've accomplished
Yungbuck's my accomplice
Located his existance with my sixth sense like a compass
and starting on a journey established to stop this
rushin up the hearts of the niggaz to get em charged
what's the real reason?
All you haters try to murder me so now it's kill season
And even though I'm still bleedin

I'm comin after you cause I'm still breathin
And y'all can't trace me
I bury my victims in the wall like gacey too lyrical
and since its nipple my umbilical these flows is critical
This music is miracle like I'm biblical
Killin like I'm nuttier than buddy love
and still wouldn't leave a bloody glove and start the truck up
and speed the fuck up getaway smokin this blunt
Dump the adrenaline eruptin my viens I'm pumped up

[Yungbuck]

And I'm calibrated at 360 degrees
See that's 300 niggaz that gon die about 60 slugs to do this deed
(Psycho Drama) we too much for the industrialistic fuck
with this on the brink of fuckin up some shit
Dismantle deduct some shit
It's hard to imagine what niggaz got nerves to do
(what niggaz got nerves to do)
So I guess I'll just take that fuckin' nerve from you
then think what I'm on the verge to do
And I got the urge to ooh let semi close yo curtains fool
from killin the verses fool I be one of the worstest dude
(you the who?)
I'm the worstest workin about 9 millimeters above your surface
unleash these thangs then I defeat yo purpose bitch you hurtin

[Chorus]