

# Twista, Higher

(feat. Ludacris, Wildstyle)

[Intro: Twista + (Ludacris)]

Yeah, you know it's about to go down right?  
(Yeeah!) Got to let them know who is this? (Ludacris!)  
And who else nigga? (Twista, wooh, ahhh!)  
Uh, uh (check it out)

[Verse 1: Ludacris]

Sometimes I think that I got to see a little bit of brighter days  
Cause I confine myself to a city near you in a solid cage  
And you could look to the left or the right but I'm trapped on center stage  
And I could rap to the beat, but I don't know how to change my ways  
I still hear a fool and I track them, distract them, and whack them  
Jack a nigga for the day to days and I yak them, attack them, and sack them  
Get a weapon and I crack his brain cause I'm a hustler, baller, pro  
And it wouldn't be right for me to be around busters, and crawlers, and hoes  
But I'm a pimp at night, so talk shit and I'm a lift them up off of they toes  
With a street sweeper regulating quarters, and ki's, and o's  
In a two-seater, Ludacris and Twista with bags of dro  
Smoking, choking, get them open, croaking  
It's so potent - I'm hoping to keep on floating  
Soaking wet and you can bet, people I'm high  
I'm seeing lions, and tigers and bears - oh my!  
And I can't hide it or keep it hidden, good riddance I'm felling good  
I'm weapon-concealing, stealing my neighborhood  
Would, could, and should break a nigga off  
They'll see you later, go to the doctor, hold my balls and (cough)  
You caused some vapors and I caught the throne, brain blown, honey I'm home  
Give me the microphone, and fools is like, "leave me alone!"

[Chorus: Twista]

Throw it up if you get high, get blow, get drunk  
If you want what I'm on, come on and kick it  
Let's ride, smoke dro, beat the trunk  
All the bad ass bitches that want to party  
Just shake it, great players get pumped  
Me and my thugs, and hustlers in the party  
Get money fuck hoes, get crunk

[Verse 2: Twista]

(Look out!) I put a little bit of hash on some motherfucking purple haze  
I feel it all over my body, adrenaline with the Bacardi  
Got me up and then rippng shit in a rage  
In the netti cofetti with a belly, Gucci  
Timberland stepping on the petal up in the Cadillac truck  
Want to get me for the wood  
Better get the whole motherfucking hood to come and give you some back up  
We can get into it and if you want to do it  
I'm leaking the fluids out of the bodies that want to come at this  
If they all get some blood for fucking with thugs that I bury  
My adversaries better not want none of Twis'  
Represent for my city, anybody that different with me  
Got to get him for thinking it's a game  
And whether you from my city or not, talk shit  
I'ma kill him especially if he say my name  
I've been up on him - I handle my business  
And I'm a stick him up for the scrilla, from K-Tilla, smoking on a fat piller  
Murder haters that don't feel a  
Niggaz claiming they want to bring it, but really don't be killers  
Balling out so hard the size of my rims grow to a hellafied sight-scene  
When the dough become no bigger, I'm going to drop that 2003 on 19"

[Chorus: Twista]

[Verse 3: Twista]

We balling out of control, I floss on, play on, pimp on  
A speed deamon, pedal to the metal when I'm in the zone  
Hang on cause here I'm gone  
In the motherfucking wind when I'm sippin on Henn'  
I got paper, you owe something  
And I done came a long way from letting me hold something, to roll something  
Find a body, then fill him up with some adrenaline  
And then kill him and send him to the cemetery  
With a flow for the whole world like a poet,  
Check icy cold, your Pop's so hungry, he mends a berry  
Shit, and when it come to shipping good  
Who that?, who that?, I got the sack open  
And the herb got the flow so strong  
Hot them on crack, the track is for back-to-back smoking  
Never come up with it unwise, and he  
nigga you ain't untouchable when I spark the heat  
Coming at you like sharks to meat  
the blood is softly, I can tell when a mark is hard as we  
Come fully loaded cause I'm hard to beat  
always screaming where a beat and the dro at?  
You know we love that cut up  
In the back of the club with purple in the back crying  
Twis' and Ludacris get fucked up

[Chorus: Twista]

[Outro: Twista + (Wildstyle)]

Pass me the..  
Let me smoke my..  
(Yeeah, this a Wildstyle production  
Twista and Ludacris collabo, get it, get it  
get it, uh, yeeah)