

# Twista, Overdose

Shit, niggaz got me higher than a motherfucker off up in here, man  
Damn, the fuck y'all get this weed from?  
Motherfucker overdose or some shit off this shit, god damn  
Check this shit out though..

[Twista]

Now pussy player haters say that I'm too raw with it  
but y'all thinkin cause I be talkin shit  
them hoes say that nigga cold as hell  
Fuck what the punks are talkin bout  
I wanna get up with that big ballin bitch  
plus niggaz feelin what I'm on as well  
Blunts got my mind in the zone  
The one that's rocking fresh Pelle Pel's  
True to the shine on his bone  
Somebody beatin up the block on fresh rider rims  
If it's me hell, you can tell by the design on the chrome  
Crying on the phone  
Hoe thinkin I'm in love with her  
cause she took me shoppin and had me tryin on cologne  
So I left her on the line with the tone  
Got up with this other bitch  
Brought no weed cause she firin up her own  
So hurry with the Phillie bitch, I'm really sick  
off of some illy shit  
Here go a rusty razor blade, but still it split  
and fill it with the killer shit so I can really trip  
It's like the bud was tailor made for milli-clips  
and mac-10's, I lit the bead from the back end  
Straight to the chest and it got me sprung  
My lungs started collapsin - shit nigga what's happenin?  
The sess got me trippin off the drums and guns, ready for action  
Duck and swang on either upper thang  
Try to be tougher, bang, scuff and hang  
Suffer pain, left deranged then youse a bogus m'uhfucker mayn  
System be struck a vein, I'm too strange  
for m'uhfuckers to compete with  
I'm on some infrared heat shit  
with a deep clique, what I eat sleep shit  
Well if it's a freak bitch, she can suck a sweet dick  
til she's seasick; blockin niggas out like an eclipse  
When smokin them devils put your hands together  
like you know the host  
Cause ain't no nigga that can resist the words from the Twist'  
Leavin niggas comatose from my overdose

[Chorus: Twista]

I done put the fuel on it, take a pull on it  
Me overdosin on weed and sendin all y'all off into a thang  
Kill off all enemies while makin G's, catch you off on your knees  
and snatchin fees now that I'm up in this game  
I done put the fuel on it, take a pull on it  
Me overdosin on weed and sendin all y'all off into a thang  
Kill off all enemies while makin G's, catch you off on your knees  
Niggas rollin me beads just so they can hang

[Twista]

Can you figure out the cause and effect?  
Niggas comin on your set  
Thugs comin out they drawers with a tec  
Victim bleedin from the neck  
Shirts is getting wet, shorties yellin threats  
Lookin for the one who called for the deck

Now they airin out the hall in the spot  
Hitting stomachs leavin niggas pinched up  
Bodies balled in a knot  
Bullet holes in the wall from a glock  
Searchin for the one who called in the shots  
Hypes crawlin for rocks  
Goin all in the socks of the recently deceased  
from what was released  
From the chrome beast to the dome piece  
Visions in my mind bein increased by inner beef  
with some grief, but when I chief on some strong leaf  
I'm snappin hard enough to make a nigga try to check his own chief  
Violate him but can't annihilate him  
Pickin up his own teeth and it's on with the microphone deep  
Stimulate him with pistols penetrate him  
Nerves still jumpin cause adrenaline pumpin is a m'uhfucker  
Hit him with the steel bloodsuckers  
Murdered the bud lovers makin sure every one of you hoe studs suck us  
And I bullshit you not if it was full clips, two glocks  
you would still die or you'll get too hot  
Cause when my fuel kick you'll drop  
Hypes is trickin on you  
Tell me where he at bitch and you'll get two rocks  
(Okay!) Cause when my tool click you'll pop  
Can't this hype nigga stop shit, I'm hazardous  
Makin musical miracles like I'm Jesus of Nazerath  
Yet disasterous, smokin on halves and hash, fuck if it's cancerous  
Bust ass to the beat cause I mastered this  
It's hard to breathe, I'm bustin like an A-bomb  
cause I'm in the zone, twenty-two a cold shit up my sleeve  
It's hard to stay calm thinkin about the bitches that I'm fin' to bone  
Hittin my enemies and competition up with lethal blows  
that's damagin, flows that's callous and we're leavin  
thick ladies frantic and people in the industry panickin  
I thought we got in this to get out of pistol handlin  
Now it's possible m'uhfuckers could start vanishin  
Fuck the Anacin I be toking plenty and stankin from stress  
and flowin over notes; them studs thinkin they can get close  
I know I got you trippin off the shit  
a nigga said off a overdose

[Chorus]

[Twista]

C'mon and toke on a dub with me; I love cities with parties  
that's full of bitches where they let me rub titties  
Be able to pack a snub with me; in case we get in some static  
and gotta start leakin blood from stud skinnies  
So don't ask if it's the bud in me; because for some reason  
I smoke on some weed and get too wicked and raw  
It can't be nickel or soft the way it's chokin me  
potency'll have me rockin mics  
and givin your bitch dick in the jaw, I'm hookin the law  
You're lookin in awe, took what you saw  
Got the B's pen and pad out the bottom drawer  
Then got to bitin and formulatin some shit you called your own  
but take it to the rehab cause you got a flaw  
To put it simple you ain't cold enough  
Trippin out like you can't control the stuff  
Lackin rhythm like you known to bust  
In a different zone from us  
You niggas need to sit the fuck down  
get a swisher and roll this up  
If you think I'm speakin too bold, whassup?  
I ain't even on no hoe shit; plus the mob is so thick

I'm the type of nigga you should wanna get up close to  
and take a smoke with  
If there's static then check yo' clique; my mind is so sick  
I be tweakin with speakin releasin energy to show I know the ropes  
Cause when it comes to this rap shit  
niggas will choke til I'm ghost  
while I breath reefer smoke from my overdose  
Try to put me to the test, gimme some buddha bless  
I'll show you who the best  
Release the vocal trilogy..

[Traxter] Aight T god damn slow it up mayn!  
M'uhfuckers done felt you mayn! We can go to the next shit  
[Twista] God damn man you stoppin muh'fuckers and shit  
Man I'm tryin to get my zone on  
Let niggaz hear what the fuck I'm doin man  
[Traxter] I mean you done zoned man, let's go to the next cut baby  
[Twista] Man, fuck that shit