

# Twista, Victory Or Death

2000

No mothafuckin mercy for tha new millennium  
It's Victory or Death  
I'm tha Twista in this bitch  
Mothafuckaz talkin 'bout styles and shit  
And who bit what and who made what  
Nigga fuck all y'all styles  
I'm finna set this shit off like this here

Chitowns murderous mob gothic  
Hard knock it give me tha mothafuckin ammunition I'll cock it  
Respected like i'm one of Gods prophets  
Gotta put it down for legit ballaz and you don't think  
That i'll rock it annihilate that nigga  
'Cuz like a lamb I was sacrificed for this verbal murder religion  
Imprisoned by my hunger to succeed  
By the heart I be driven  
No shakin, no shiverin, get your shit to bleed  
Reciting street literature, shall i spit tha creed  
Now who them mothafuckaz talkin 'bout bitin  
Go get me the pump-out of my trunk-I'm finna buss  
Y'all better run punk  
Fuck where you got your style from I be the one  
Rippin the track and I'm murderin  
I'm in the middle of killin 'em off when the guns dump  
With a young pump two to the brain don't even harm me  
You fuckin every party, you wont even startle  
You' the harder crew of lyrical giants  
Turnin mothafuckaz like u to microscopic particles  
To hype, to stop it the modules on cruise control  
Ride out on these niggas-bitches-ho's  
Ain't takin no titles I instantly bruise your soul  
Talkin that shit to me- trigger vicious flows  
Get to rippin my clothes and start snappin like I'm  
Sniffin shit up the nose, and catchin convulsions  
Till i'm trembling no surrendering start shootin and  
Knockin mothafuckaz out like Benalyn  
Reminisclin' on that adrenaline  
Oh, now you rememberin  
Overdose 'em on poisonous poetry from the west to the wild y'all  
Gangbagin like Gotti, rockin tha party  
Straight up shockin your body doin it Kami Kaze style y'all

[Hook 1:]

Cause it's Victory or Death nigga, better stay out the way  
When my adrenaline pumpin or you can get a..(click-clock-blast)  
Die mothafucka die!  
Ain't no makin me bleed cause i've got family to feed  
It's [repeat]

[Hook 2:]

I would rather die before i cant prosper I'm a mobsta  
Won't stop ballin, because it's meant to be,  
It's Victory or Death I gotta hustle till i'm gone  
[repeat]

To all the folks and the lords.  
The bloods and the crips and every ward lets roll  
You gotta go- for what you know  
If it's retaliation get low  
When you get to the calico let it flow  
Make these niggaz know in the door  
Make a mothafucka bleed for what you need  
Cuz the familys gotta eat in the last days it's hatred and greed

Luv to the Gov's, B.M.'s, Field marshals, elites and the chief  
Soldiers we better take heed and realize  
Signs of the times, stand by yo 9,  
Watch out for tha haters and write yo' rhymes  
But the industry is set up to fuck u so u better be on the grind  
Don't be one of the blind gotta stay alert  
And put in work cuz time is almost up  
Twistas, Hurricanes, and Volcanoes erupt  
So we can't stop the struggle,  
I'm killin my enemy, breakin 'em off and not givin a fuck.  
And I pray to the Lord my soul to keep  
When i go to the sky  
Thank you from savin me form a torturous life of hell,  
But hile I'm here I'm straight legit ballin until I die  
Lets better these years, feel the blood sweat and the tears  
Organize, I'll sit back and smoke a Philly witcha  
Never scared of my peers, I only got federal fears  
And I'm known to put it down for my city nigga  
And when we get full of this indo  
Hydroponics and Chronic lock up ya doors and tha window  
Better go and call up your kinfolks  
Cause the riders that's down with this mob  
Will murder when the wind blow  
Don't know what you info  
We bring terror in this Apocalyptic era of Armageddon we headin in  
And the only way we can survive is if we come hard  
And strive to be gods instead of men!

[hooks 1&2]