

Twistin'

Denzel Curry

LAPD police station
Yes I'd like to report a murder, a dead body or something
Where at?
In the alley

Rollin' in my hood, twistin' on them Ds
Hangin' with my partners, tossin' 40s on the corner

Playa in 1999, Raven Myagi, I stay on my grind, and proceed to the shine
I break out that 9, aim it and cock it
Don't fuck nigga drop it, I shoot it, they pop it
I lay down the line, just like a pipe
Like a blunt gettin sliced at the end of a scythe
Grim to the reeper, I'm bout to get deeper, Blackland, Carol City, my shit, day and night
Bitch, fuck a man on the moon, I'm Captain Planet, I'm plantin the shrooms
Evacuate the fuckin premises lyricists, evidence running with Raider Klan room
All black ugly mane, just like pro meth-heads I'm makin' a stain
Hoes talk that shit, and they always run game, but when niggas beckon, they screaming yo name
Fuck them stupid hoes
Really that's the way it goes
I bought Triple 6 and Outkast Greatest Hits
So niggas can't touch me, a friend or a foe
And, Slikk, I fucked up yo shit, young nigga, yo ass gone lame
I'm the best outta Carol City, ever since Gunplay

Listen young man, I can pop' you with one hand, rob you with the other
Ugly mane, I go Dumb-head
I'm a one man unaffiliated private institution, don't confuse it with Raider Klan is tight as nooses
All black Zeus'in it gets Gruseome if you slip it
Leave you emprisonned inside a chalk line around your final position
Got this 40 that I'm sippin', cose it's boring with no competition
I'm slidin' through the hood on these Ds that I'm twistin'
This is for the playas, this is for the runners, this is for them hustlas smokin' herbs in abundance
Flippin' nothin less than onions
Pullin guns as big as paul Bunyon
We keep it more than underground, we in a Dungeon

