

Twisted

Eric Reprid

I got spirals in my eyes like I'm hypnotized
Imma do it B.I.G I fuckin' need it now
And you not suited for this life I gotta cut the ties
When that bitch gave me head I swear she blew my mind
Don't get it twisted
I'm on a mission
I just pour more inside the liver now I'm livin'
Dropped the old me, took a shot, and I don't miss shit
They tighten up when they be cappin' they be twisted

Money on my mind
Liquor on the seat
Colt 45 I be gunnin' for the peace
Droppin' knees for me
You can't hold no peace with me
I just need money
You can't put no leash on me
I got too many demons on me
I just down more I ain't tryna think
Thinkin' how long 'fore I get to leave
Won't be too long 'till a mofucka sink
I be twisted
How the fuck you call this livin'
Write a life from a prison
When I ain't left in a minute

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I won't let it go and change me
Pour the drink and let it take me
Sunday mornin' still faded
Cut throat gettin' jaded
I need me some closure
Know I'm gettin' closer
Burn bread like a toaster
These nights I ain't sober
I can't love
Anything
'Cept for feelin' numb
I just want
Anything
'Cept for feelin' numb
My life something they can't even comprehend
I split up with the other side just for dividends
I'm mixin' Stella with the Jack I'm gettin' twisted again
They talkin' down on my shit but they coming back like we friends

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