

# Alright

Twista

Alright, alright  
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On a scale of one to ten, what do you rate yourself?  
Here's some champagne, hydrate yourself  
I know I'm lookin' good, you lookin' great yourself  
I mean you shittin' on these bitches, you should hate yourself  
My style so cold I could skate myself  
But I go so hard I could make it melt  
I mean the flow so solar every bar  
Could power an electric car  
My, my, my, whips is side-by-side  
He just talkin', mine's outside  
Do you mind if I  
Take you on a test  
Do you have all-wheel drive?  
And if that baby purr, I'm gonna baby her  
Bitches gon' hate and maybe worse  
Cause your ice so brrr I copped you a baby fur  
Just to work  
I know you was on pur-pur  
But this is a whole new arena  
See, niggas come by talkin' bout they make it rain  
I'll make that bitch Katrina  
Mr. Kanye Omari, with my Entourage, no Ari  
And a motorcycle jacket, no Harley  
She said dude, that's cool  
Gnarly

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Twista where you at?  
Abracadabra, did he vanish?  
Hurry up and come out  
But I ain't want to panic  
I say that I'm in the zone  
But they don't understand it  
Physically I'm here but mentally I'm on another planet  
And it only kinda made 'em look at me like I was stupider  
Now they askin' which planet, is it Jupiter?  
So I let the money show 'cause I know stacks could talk  
I'm mackin' on bitches with my intergalactic thoughts  
In my Mercedes Benz  
Pull up on a chick and holla at her and her lady friends  
Like as rich as an Arabian  
I'm kickin' pure flows  
Euros they pay me in

For what I put together in the dungeon  
I'm lookin' for a UK chick with a nice onion  
Never beat it up like Paul Bunyan  
And I can't believe they let an American Werewolf in London  
Especially when drinking Gs with a tonic  
Steady be trippin' while smokin' on the hydroponic  
When I spit it like this they be callin' me bionic  
Kanye with the Twist, nigga, how ironic  
And I'm astonished haters don't wanna see me on  
They wanna know how Twista get the easy dome  
Swag off the chain, 23s be chrome  
Artful Dodgers with the Yeezys on  
Gone

I'm blowin' on flame but yours is all white  
And I'ma pull up in the Bentley all white  
Step up in the club with nothing but all dykes  
Sippin' on some Louis and partyin' all night  
Phony-ass people, I don't feel they demeanor  
So I hop in the rocket and go and chill over Venus  
One of rap's heroes, who came from zero  
Makin' something out of nothing, call me Gilbert Arenas  
Now I'm fuckin' with divas that rock the stadiums  
Blow my brains back 'til my face be numb  
I am the shit  
It don't make me numb  
Rockin' wit a swagger like I got an eight-foot gun  
And my flow be colossal 'cause I spit the impossible  
Whether with rhythm no limit to what I can do  
See through a prism when I conquer an obstacle  
And always get money no matter how illogical  
I follow through because, uh