

Da Resurrection

Twista

As word got off to ruin reps bled
I hear them shitted every breath said
From those that wanted to place wish they in the death bed
Business didn't go right
And punks was dissin' my rappin' sound
That's when the grave digger buried me in the ground
Six feet down, verbally I would catch a beatdown
Niggas think I'm sweet, can't compete
And from a incomplete town
'Cause they sleep on me
And can't see what's about to take place
'Cause at a snake pace I can spit dope shit right in the fake's face
Gone a few years
Disbelievers often thought I would soften
Shit, I was gettin' so cold that I was coughin' in the coffin
And sharpening up to cut those wit my shoulder blade
Makin' every word I speak a splitter
So motherfuckers reconsider
On testin' me
I'm straight out the grave with articulate shit
To kick rip through hypocrites when I spit you pigs hit the bricks
From the release of this album throughout the future
Niggas learn a lesson
'Cause it's the mothafuckin' resurrection

Huh, now that I revert this acknowledge
That I set shit off right, not a soft sight
Make b-boys' bodies bleed till they turn off white
And if you broke mics, bring the battle
Or wait the day that won't take a break
When I make a fake
Rippin' mics like a paper plate
Escape the gate of the cemetery
When dug up out the dirt
I be hypin' I.C. Dre and I went berserk
Runnin' through apples like anorexics through exits
When it's man I flex it
Best be protected 'cause ain't no antiseptic
This sounds hectic
I strip rhythms naked when I mic check it
How does it feel gettin' fucked up by the least M.C. expected
Resurrected to wreck it for Chi-town to K-town
If you can't duck what's manifested I suggest you stay down
Infrared and Speedknot Mobstaz is what I campaign
Draw more blood than a artist
With a syringe when I vent brains
Stamp the names on the wall of those I'ma staff 'em
Dissection for testin'
I told you pussy ass niggas it's the resurrection