

Holding Down The Game

Twista

Chi town balla, K town nigga.
Runnin through the streets with my hands on the trigga.
And on the block smokin' weed with hash, when i breeze past.
I'm 'bout to run through the game like I was Steve Nash.

Naw, naw T, naw, I feel that shit man.
But we gotta come with some of that original twista shit,
You know, some of that Chi town playa shit.
You know, you know, that old shit, man.
Lets kick that shit T...alright I got ya 'cause.

Take a look at my Impala.
Make 'em take a look at my Chevy Caprice.
Now take a look at my platinum BU500 Benz rolling through the streets.
In the city of the goals.

Shit...making money is the mission.
I'ma glistenin'.
Killin' off the competition.
Steady tipping, cause of how I be pimpin hoes.

Now I know just how to treat 'em, cause I need 'em.
I don't really got to beat 'em,
So we cool.
As long as they bring me my money.

Got 'em walkin' survin'.
Ass with a passion.
While I'm talkin' better never see you laughin'.
Know I gotta show 'em ain't a damn thing funny.

Twista got game.
Finna spit it to 'em hard.
Get your dame, put 'em on the boulevard.
Now I got 'em in training with my bottom bitch.

She can learn a lot a shit.
Like how to get it on a stroll.
Be in control and shit on the other hoes.
And be able to get fedy for her daddy from a lot a tricks.

But the thump bumpin' speakers in the trunk.
Cause a nigga have to cop a little some some.
Leavin' niggaz bodies slump when I let the thumpa dump.
If I ever catch you fukin' with the bump bump.

Like a diamond I'm flawless.
Ain't no fucking with rawness.
When you enter my vicinity better be cautious.
If you into makin' money step into my office.

Makin' hoes, close shop.
My flow caine got the block hot.
Two for tens got me swoopin' through the city in the drop top.
Screamin' out I just don't give a fuck.

I'm the truth in the booth from when you see me coming through with the crew

.
I make it do what it do.
I'm a win for the city.
For the Chi till I die cause there's just no givin' up.

I'm holdin' down the game.
What would you be hatin' for.
I'm a playa from the go with the shit that you've been waitin' for.
I'm holdin' down the game.
Show me how you get buck lil momma.
You can make a buck the momma.
Niggaz out here like to fuck lil momma.

Take a look at my japer.
Now come look at the diamonds up in the ears.
Now come take a look at the gators jumpers.
And 150 hat crocodile on the bib, and the ice on my charm.

Man I'm no joke.
Came up big in the 04.
Now as fast I can kill 'em with the slow flow.
Specially if I been smokin' that hydrogen bomb.

Shit man, now that's what I'm talking about.
Now that's that original twist, right there, man.
Man, but you know what, man lets go down and slow it down, man.
And take it down south Houston style 'cause.

Chi town balla.
K town nigga.
Runnin' through the street with my hands on the trigga.
And on the block.

Smokin' weed with hash, when I breeze pass.
I'm bout to run through this game like I was Steve Nash.
Ain't no fuckin' with the twista when I toss words.
That's the 22 up against a moss berg.

Feel the thump in your trunk from the fatty chacer.
Alias auralius nigga call me gladiator.
Spittin' screw words at a screw pace.
2 times stronger than them bitches call me screw face.

You fuckin' with a real ass nigga.
Stuffin' pockets tryin'.
To make 'em bigger.
Gotta let you know.