

The Dark Horse

Twista

The dark horse (d-d-dark horse)
A little-known competitor, that emerges to win or succeed
although their victory is unexpected or unlikely
For example

Did you forget about me?!
How you gon' forget about me?!
Should've bet it all on me!
Now you wanna fuck with me

...They wanna put a chink into Twista's armor
...But I didn't even blink in that fiscal karma
I just be stuntin on these niggaz and ballin on them
Tellin them I'ma be forever young
Cause ain't no motherfuckin artist alive fuckin with me
and knowin they compare to none
I am a (Dark Horse)
Creatively comin from a dark force
Closin the unexpected turn of events
as I commence to givin you another definition of hardcore
Lord have mercy on the souls that competed with me
and didn't know what I was capable of
Let a nigga on the track and I attack and snatch a beat and murder it
especially off of an eighth of the bud
Now recognizin me is an abomination
Speakin on the coldest and I'm not in the conversation
Over-achiever, forever the underdog
I spit it but still omitted from every writer's congregation
When I ain't on the list with the mic splitters
Every once in a while I do be quite bitter
The big three be stylin, but who quite iller
Dark Horse, Ray Allen, Mike Miller

Did you forget about me?!
How you gon' forget about me?!
Should've bet it all on me!
Now you wanna fuck with me
I did it myself my nigga, didn't need your help my nigga
Played the cards I was dealt my nigga
Now I got the belt my nigga
And they screamin out "That's my nigga"
Did you forget about me?!
Now you wanna fuck with me

Can't forget about him cause he's stuntin
O.G. is son, I forever run it with a pocket full of hundreds
Spit it how I get it and they want it cause I flaunt it
because I get to the money
If I get to that honey I'ma have 'em all hatin on me
Screamin out "That nigga just don't stop"
Intricate part of my style is the way I swag on 'em
when I'm goin so fast and still it be so hard
And when I do I know these niggaz can't fuck with me, style it be ug-ly
They don't want none of me, and if we do get into it it's gonna be
just some shit that's in front of me, I'ma come gunnin, we
conquer all obstacles, and if it's possible I'ma get money, we
welcome haters and challengers, fakers not down with us

Takin our sound from us, we can get it on if they want a rhyme from us and I
be takin 'em out of the faith of a doubter
The face of a coward who's bravery's mistaken for power and then I
see if he learned his lesson, not to bully the lil' one cause he don't want
it
Probably get the pistol off a molly that'll hit you
A one that'll come with a side of another phenomenal
that'll be turnin up the party when he diss you, it'll probably be an issue
If you think I'ma let you forget about
the way I can throw flames on 'em
Trinidad, +All Gold Everythang+ on 'em
Pull a Juelz and go all +Cocaine+ on 'em
And that