

Emotions

Twista

(Johnny P) Let me play with your emotions Verse One: Twista Well a motherfucker could never control me, only squeeze me and hold me

That's what the hoe came up and told me

Now is she bold G? But in my mouth is where the gold be

Cause I be pimpin her like Goldie

Gotta get paid in this age my fingers ain't made

just to be choppin up confetti with, if it's already thick

you better study nigga if you ain't with it you can get it

cause I ain't even on that petty shit

So who the fuck do I competi with?

The rhythm I kick, is like a rhythmly-wicked-arith-a-metic

Pick em up quick and then give em the dick, thinkin I'm innocent

They up in the mall shoppin for me pickin a fit

I got them heffer's nose red

and when we get in the bed, I be leavin em with rose legs

Stuffin that made em wanna pose dead

but you already got em until you get up in them hoes head

I don't mean to sound bogus or nothin

but it's the bomb when I be havin them cuties thinkin

I'm in love with em, when I'm rubbin em

Be gettin pub with em, in a club with em

Smokin dub with em, huggin em, freakin in the tub with em

After gettin paid from her she ain't trippin

cause she know she got what she paid for

She honor my name, I gotta tame, here it go

Now we speakin with the game on ways to make mo'

Chorus: repeat 2X(Johnny P in background: let me playyyyy, with your emotions)

(Let me play with your) emotions hoe

To the rhythm of a hi-hat, take a puff and lie back

Let me stimulate your mind, body and soul, I know you want to try that

Now motherfucker can you buy that...

Tell me baby can you buy that

I got you under my complete control, you know it's worth more than diamonds and gold, now don't be bogus and deny that Verse Two: Twista

Now how the fuck you gon' act hoe, I saw you creepin out the back do'

What you runnin from a mack fo'? Lay you on your back slow

cause you know I got you with my lasso

Blow your mind like a afro Come and take a glimpse of the stairs

it's the aroma of a pimp in the air, I betcha notice the smell

It's like a lotus when I flow dis, cause my eyes be the lowest

if you didn't notice then you bogus as hell

I'm puttin women under my spell, like I'm up in their brain

pumpin their vein with game for the anatomy that's feminine
They're fillin em up with adrenaline, got em geekin
we're speakin approachin up a pimp like a gentleman
Submission is surrenderin, it ain't no endin if it's on
with a blunt from the bomb side
In the right place, with the right mind and the right line
you can get a lifetime contract
They be wise until they look into your eyes
a shorty freaked when she spotted mine
Took her over to my crib, lay low, hit her off from behind
then she signed on the dotted-line, the hoe was like
"Oooohh Daddy... why you doin me like this?
I'd do anything to be with you, you got me gone in the head"
Ya mind, I don't mean to make a disaster up
like my Dad to master love
But if a motherfucker breakin you for every penny you earn
then how could you still show the bastard love?
I guess it's cause I'm cold, shit
Thought you was gon' be spendin me I betcha think you sho' did
but game recognize game, now you lame in the brain
Stupid bitch that's what you get for tryin to gold dig, now
Chorus Yeah, this be Hype, the Verbal
Tantrum
Kickin it with my man Twista
If you should suck my soul
I should make your funky emotions
Nothin is good unless you play with it
Play with me baby
Verse Three: Twista I know you think it's blasphemy
but won't you give up when she ask for me? After he passed the beat
Since you said I was your Magesty, I had to see
and when you get paid, there is some cash for me, is it a tragedy
that I can get her so gone, the hoe be trippin talkin up her love a lot
But the only love I got, is when I'm grippin like I wanna hug the Glock
or when I rub the twat, or pickin up a dub at spots
Fuck the hoe thugs, the clubs, and the phony perpetrators with dimes
The speed knots match voo-Do or Die, Psycho Drama, Crucial Conflict
Be pimpin with em gators and dons, collect the papers and dolls
Player haters remarks will get smoked to a blunt dust
Sso keep walkin the next time you hear grown folks talkin
motherfuckers betta shut the fuck up, cause we make the women suck up
You insist to be trippin while we be gamin like Don Juan
What up the filet minion, the grey poupon
them hoes are staked to charm, because we make the bomb
Now I don't mean no harm, but either come on in or get on gone
and let me pull my pouch of snuff
In between your thighs, come take a pull and vibe
and let your tongue go coastin low, now
Chorus

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