

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 playyyyyy, 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, nowChorusYeah, 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 babyVerse Three: TwistaI 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 Majesty, 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, nowChorus

