

## Get Her In Tha Mood

Twista

Since I'm blown let me flex this  
If its somethin on ya mind recline and check this  
So smooth not reckless  
We can get high and ride from Chi to Texas  
Give the game up since I came up put my name up  
Check out the rhythm  
Make the mob wanna flame up  
Struck a match or a lighta(lighter)  
And listen to a young rida(rider)  
On the side of Pimp double tril  
Make you lighter than a feather in yo DOB hat  
Bitch now listen can you solve that  
I can tell you were the mob at  
At the click cuttin' somethin were the broads at  
Thinkin naw playa  
Smokin weed till its all out  
We can fall back  
Shootin dice fo small scrap  
Dre 4 watcha call that  
Pull out my Georgia bows  
And those that froze got caught by the po-pos  
Headed for the 4 do(door) Bonneville  
Flossin off behind the wheel  
There's a pill  
Took a chill  
But I still had to pause  
And if I pause  
Its because I  
  
Can you smoke it riiight  
With a playa like me and you  
(oh baby)  
Can you smoke it riiight with a playa like me and you