

## Suicide

## Twista

Um, them wanna test the champion, it can't be done  
You walking barb wires, watch me carve liars to shogun  
Cuts a duck, fuck "Naughty" I'm in that hate ya "Nature"  
Ready to break ya, (state ya), claiming I raped ya, (faker)  
Take you degrees deeper than death I get you dissed  
To get you pissed, the mister split ya wrist  
Thinking I bit twist now picture this  
Me biting something from you, and you can't top me  
Better yet stop me, or drop me, your technique is sloppy  
Check my flow autopsy  
Copy yet never be cleverly my shit blows up  
Leaving them froze up, straight from the toes up  
Rip these shows up, in my city, we run shit like president do  
Turn you to residue, snatch you your revenue  
Rip "This and That" like Dres'll a due  
Vestibule, your dead bodies I feel we cut your hair short  
Dissin the Chi, why dare sport  
We fly more heads then airports  
Thinking you hard but when I pull your card I bet ya stretch  
Go fetch a Treach, I make him disappear like Etch A Sketch  
Wretched nigga, keep Chi out your mouth or get your neck split  
Quickly I used to wreck shit, but now punk I'm on some next shit  
Check it, the crew you tried is making sure your bluer side  
Face the beat down bitch nigga, fucking with Chi, suicide

Suidice when you're fucking with Chi - BOOYAH  
I wonder why (I wonder why motherfuckers wanna die) (4x)

I come deep as golpher tactics, pop them like prophylactics  
With flowmatics, no statics takin, breakin' punks up I'm a pro at it  
Go at it with whoever, crew never cracks, pack gats  
Fuck your chains and locks, chainsaws, hatchets, butter cutters and bats  
Braids and blades and machetes, petty shit you carry  
Can't scare me fairy, burn your obituary at the cemetery  
II to a casket, heads in bread basket', was dead when lead blast  
And burn him like ashes, FUCK A GHETTO BASTARD  
Huh, come with that "hey ho", better stay low  
end up with a halo, spread blood like mayo  
Looks like a TKO, say no, to Treachery, bet ya be thinking you're ganking  
I do the shankin', Naughty kids always get a spankin'  
So uh, go diss some more emcees instead of these  
Punk your better ease, or get your head filled up with holes like cheddar cheese  
Never let a breeze, slow me down kid this ain't the season  
"Tung Twist' back to Chicago"? Bitch, who told you I was leaving?

Suidice when you're fucking with Chi - BOOYAH  
I wonder why (I wonder why motherfuckers wanna die) (4x)

Selector, my DJ cuts up, B-hyper, what's up  
Let's beat the nuts up, eat the ducks up  
Then sweep they guts up  
The things I bring will make you spring forward and later fall back  
Talking about Twisting don't impress you, like your shit is all that  
Go get your tecs I got grenadas to pack pins  
Be quick to stack men, black men with mac 10s  
Ready to let their finger back bend

And if I catch your dreamin, of descendant schemin'  
Y'all find an intoxicated demon, sucking semen, hear what I'm screamin?  
Huh, another pussy wants to break me in a homosapien  
Beat him down and wont give a fuck what type of shape he in  
Yellow is the color of cape he in, punk your style'll be  
Facing fatality, split his head like a personality  
While I'll be cracking heads like jokes, leave a tight stitch  
For dissing me hype pitch, fuck you and that white bitch  
I'm hoping your mic switch  
Remember that show in the West?  
Thought I waswimp, man please, the pimp slam Gs  
Swing on MCs like chimpanzees  
Get your nose bust, bones broke, make rappers split with this shit  
Talking shit about the Chi behind me back, now you get this bitch  
What's up nigga, come on step, unless you just a sucker  
Fucking with Chi, suicide mission motherfucker

Suidice when you're fucking with Chi - BOOYAH  
I wonder why (I wonder why motherfuckers wanna die) (4x)  
[scratching]