

S.L.A.B.**"Screw"**

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(feat. Trae, Shyna, Big Pokey, and Mr. 3-2)

[DJ Screw]

What's the motherfucking deal
DJ Screw on this motherfucker, know I'm saying
Nigga done started this slowed up shit

[Trae]

Screwzoo it just ain't been the same, since you was gone
I'm on a mission in the zone, trying to ride for the home
To tell the truth I really miss you, and it's fucking me up
How certain niggaz on the team, be turning straight stuck up
And living fly, them pigeons about get shot down
Back to reality, to show 'em we ain't fucking around
Everybody repping the name, not everybody with pain
Cause some of 'em used the name, to try to get them some change
Like we ain't know they was hoes, they be claiming they keep it gangsta
Off in my neck of the woods, I'm hunting 'em like a wanksta
Screw you know I got you, ain't no way that I'ma let 'em stop you
From screwing the world up, slow-mo flipping on choppers
And on that other issue, Soldiers United 4 Cash
I heard that cat that put that tape out, burned out with the cash
Mama and Papa Screw deserve that, I know he know that
So now the plex inside my chest, I think I'm fin to show that
Animosity in my veins, eyes blood shot red
Somebody better duck they head, before they ass get bled
Or 'fore they ass get dead, revenge is all I'm knowing baby
And ain't no feelings in this shit, cause motherfuckers shady

And I ain't flipping, cause I feel that these
motherfuckers should hear me
Trae said it and I'ma rep it, until the day that they kill
me
I'm knowing that you gon feel me, when I be spitting it
clearly
So now I'm spitting it sickly, so one of y'all gotta feel
me baby
(Screw) the King of H-Town, the King of H-Town (Screw)
The King of H-Town, the King of H-Town (Screw)
It hurt you laid down, I feel they trying to take mine so
now it's game time

[Hook: Shyna]

There's no me, without Screw
I can't be, (without Screw)
Don't you know that I will never be, without Screw
I can't be, without Screw

[DJ Screw]

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[Big Pokey]

One love for my niggaz, in the Dirty
When Screw passed, it hit a nigga where it hurt
Mafio and Boo, Mr. Sweets too
Fat Pat, Pat Lemons, man what it do
My whole crew getting in, another nigga in the wind
Got judged by twelve, now he in the Penn
Zoo-da, we gon hold it down
S.U.C., gon control the town
This slowed up sound, got 'em bobbing they head
Thanks to you, a lot of boys got bread
Man, I miss my nigga
I wish that I could kiss my nigga, but I can't
I took it hard, when I heard you passed
In the studio tripping, when I heard you last
I'ma chase this cash, and represent
Fire that dro and get bent, I miss you

[Hook]

[DJ Screw]

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[Mr. 3-2]

I done shed many tears, for my niggaz who gone

Sipping drank to the dome, doing Rest In Peace songs
The list goes on, if I named 'em all
I'd rather 'member good times, and how we use to ball
Staying up all night, doing underground tapes
Doing straight freestyles, shooting slugs at these fakes
It make me wanna cry, like a lil' baby
But I'ma rep your name, and take care of your T. Lady
DJ Screw, Fat Pat and Mafio
Lil' Gator, Pat Lemons baby why y'all have to go
I'm knowing it's your time, that's it automatic
But it's fucked up, to see your nigga in a casket
Everybody got they day, already planned
To take that one way flight, to see the man
Even Boss Man, Mr. 3-2
I'ma rep Screwed Up Click, to the day that I'm through

[Hook x2]

[talking]

S.U.C., the whole Click
Mayn it don't stop dog, know I'm tal'n bout
Zoo-da, Fat Pat, it's gon go down
Mafio, Mello straight up
We out here doing this here, and it don't stop
Gon get our mash on
We gon win and come back with it
Straight up, representing, do it like it go

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