

S.L.A.B. f/ Archie Lee, J-Dub, D, Pee Wee, AB, T, Dre

"Miss my Nigga Screw"

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(*talking*)

Screw-U (Screw Ball), what's up baby (what's up boy)
It's that lil' nigga Trae up in here with Wee, (Pee Weezy
off the heezy)
Still representing trying to hold it down, you know I'm
saying
(we ain't tripping, fuck what you heard), on the cool you
know I'm saying
A lot of niggaz out there hating, getting this shit
twisted nigga
(love you boy), I'ma ride for life

[J-Dub]

Screw-U I'm only ten, but it feel like I'm bigger
Repped the whole Southside, you was everybody nigga
That's a fact, I'ma call it how I see it
Them other niggaz cheated, but you can't be defeated
It's the J-Dub, showing love from the heart
You built some'ing, that them niggaz can't take apart
Screwed up the whole neighborhood, even Houston
Even us kids, representing for the Screwston

[Trae]

Even to this day, it ain't a damn thang changed
I'm still riding for the cause, I gotta make it through the
pain
Remember us, we was liver than most of these niggaz
on the street
And I ain't lying, when I found out that you lied I
couldn't take it inside
You was blue on Impalas, and turning heads on the
'vard
And being real on these streets, and keeping these
fake niggaz scarred
Was Shorty Mac and Al-D, this your lil' nigga Trae
Blue over grey top down, lighting up the freeway

[Archie Lee]

Catch us crawling down the Boulevard, sitting on 4's
Hollin' at the bitches, and we getting at the hoes
You know we thoed, blowing smoke out our nose

We show up and po' up, that's the way the game goes
We doing our thang, with a fist full of grain
Pop the trunk on these punks, let these niggaz see the
bang
Switching lane to lane, jamming Screw fa sho
Rest in peace to my nigga, while we blowing the dro
what

[Hook - 2x]

S.L.A.B., coming through
We got some, brand new shit for you
I really, miss my nigga Screw
That's why, we steady paying dues

[Pimp Skinny]

Nothing but that Southside shit, and we still missing
Screw
Chopped up and banging, niggaz hollin' what it do
This for you, represent it and come through
Capers ripping never tripping, niggaz always keep it
true
Riding blue, can't forget the grey side pieces
Cause you never could be defeated, though them hate
niggaz cheated
Got to beat it, from sun up to sun down
And this is how it go down, Screwed Up and slowed
down

[Lil' B]

S.L.A.B. soldiers mashing on, can a nigga feel a G
R.I.P. to the Screw, you didn't even know me
But you get much respect, I keep your tape in my deck
From Y2-Grey to Independent, stay to Who's Next To
Plex
Either tape won't eject, it was a Southside classic
Boys done got wrecked, crawling through the school
traffic
Niggaz be laughing, at them fake ass scrubs
Candy painted by that Jack, cause I knew you loved
blue

[Hook - 2x]

[D]

Paying dues nigga, I refuse to lose
SUV's on 22's, staying strapped like shoes
I'm a young nigga, putting it all on the line
You better give me fifty feet, cause ain't no stopping
my shine
I gotta get it nigga, I can't settle for less
Remember seeing DJ Screw, up in a blue SS

Chop the scene bending corners, better believe that
you missed
Slow Loud And Bangin, got these niggaz feeling this

[Pee Wee]

It started at Broadway, from the Mo to the West
And Lord knows, me and DJ Screw use to do this
Bounce-bounce, and body rock to this
Down South Screwed Up Click, is the motherfucking shit
Pee Wee ain't tripping, just grain gripping and tipping
He's in my mind hold it down, going hard with this
pimping
Block bleeding, pray to the Lord got me shown
I had it hard but it's on, god damn why he gone

[Hook 2 - 2x]

Where would I be, without Screw
(where would I be, without Screw)
Where would I be, without Screw
(wheere, would I be)

[AB]

I'm a S.L.A.B. soldier, mashing on for the Screw
If they talking down, I'm yelling out what it do
Six cars deep, candy red or the blue
Grey cassette, my tape stamped by you
Can't no other take your place, cause you's the best
Screwed Up Records & Tapes, so fuck the rest
You a true Southsider, 6-10 glider
Off the chain, we gonna miss you mayn

[T]

Hop out the fo' do', with a mouth piece to glow
Bitch niggaz be hating us, why I keep a 4-4
Chips only wash up, screens to Acapulco
Lord knows, that we miss you Screw
And it's me the T, and we gon still love you
Coming through in the blue, on blades and dots
Chopping blocks, trunk pops and sailing the South
And to you bitch niggaz, keep my name out your mouth

[Dre]

Screw opened the do' for a lot of cats, we gon chop it
up we gon bring it back
South Klisque that is a fact, S.U.C. with my trunk cracked
Bound to kill with Shorty Mac, a verbal attack when I
earn my plack
My mouth piece like selling crack, chop say with
panamax
I miss that boy so I blaze a bag, in the turning lane I'm
sitting fat

Screwed up the way you did that, D.E.A. we got your
back

[Jay'Ton]

It's the Jay'Ton, little brother of the Trae
We kicked it a few times, and met on the Beltway
You was a real nigga, and I looked up to that
Screwed up on every track, I wish I could bring you
back
The real gon peep real, and real gon peep fake
Screwed Up Records & Tapes, that's all I gotta say
R.I.P. Screw-U, you know we gon hold it down
Slow Loud And Bangin, all over H-Town

[Hook - 2x]

[Hook 2 - 2x]

[Hook - 4x]

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