

## **Screwed Up Click f/ Trae, Mike D**

### **"We Don't Play"**

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(\*talking\*)

My nigga Trae, Miggity-Mike D  
Present that shit niggaz

[Hook - 2x]

We don't play that, we don't play that  
We don't play that, fucking with that H-Town  
We don't play that, we don't play that  
We don't play that, you fuck around and get layed  
down

[Mike D]

Guns up, the war back on  
Guard your grill mo'fucker, cause I'm right back home  
Repping that Houston, figgas like que-bones  
It's hood fella Corleone, back with them good songs  
The streets is my backbone, I'm known to get packed  
stone  
I came from a sack of stones, 22's I'm sitting on  
T.V.'s by Clarion, platinum medallion  
Black trucks on chrome, on top of my game huh  
The city look pretty now, that I'm sitting on digits  
But the city was looking shitty, when my ass couldn't  
get it  
Now I'm gators on my waist, matching my feet's and  
arm  
Rocks all up in my jaw, going off like car alarms

[Trae]

When I bomb the block, I'm certified to fuck a nigga up  
Like I'm Biggie or Pac, I'm a lyrical threat unable to stop  
A dark version of John Wayne, with the eight wheels of  
Jesse James  
Giving out dome shots to the brain, and fucking they  
life up like cocaine  
I'm a sinister to these streets, and a minister to these  
beats  
Cause I'ma let a nigga know the real, the definition of  
being real is me  
Trae and I'll bring the pain, all of my enemies gotta  
leave

Fucking with me I could make a nigga fold up, and  
make it hard for you to breathe  
I'm a H-Town representer, with the H all across my back  
Houston Texas till I'm dead, it's automatic like a hand  
gat

[Hook - 2x]

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