

Trae f/ Lil' Keke

"Screw Done Already Warned Me"

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[Intro]

Screw done already warned me - 4X
I'm fin to come through, with a tilted bumper kit

[Hook - 4X]

Screw done already warned me, bitches ain't shit
I'm fin to come through, with a tilted bumper kit

[Trae]

Guess who never left, but he back for the first time
doing it like a star
Plus it's certified, by the way that I tip my car
Screw done told me back in the gap, that half these
bitches wasn't shit
So I'm banging up the block one deep, while the slab
recline a kit
Let it be known that we the shit, candy dripping and the
dropper's got you under pressure
I bet ya that these haters sick, they better go get they
ass a stretcher
This the South, home of the chrome shoes and the
bang inside the trunk
We been holding since '99, I coulda taught you how to
stunt
Haters love to see you fall off, but I just ain't gon fall
off
Them tops be on the slab, but watch how fast I knock
'em all off
Them jackers I'm gon haul off, in the H we gon be
joking
We gon shining until the death, and hope our wheels
don't come up broken
Lamborgini do's, on the slab only for the hood
Ghetto superstars gon show ya, how it feel to be
looking good
Tell me what ya know about Screwed Up Click, the ones
who slowed the pace
And the ones who dropped the kit, and waved the trunk
all in your face

[Hook - 4X]

[Lil' Keke]

Screw, done already warned me
That the S.U.C. army, is bout to start busting like a
tommy
Stayed up in H-Town, where bumper kits lay down
Terrorizing the streets, like they school yard
playgrounds
Bitches ain't shit, so I do it my way
In the 500 CL, just banging some Trae
We got some soldiers in the sky, and even mo' in the
Penn
So that's mo' work to do, for C.M.G. and A.B.N
Threw 4's on a old school, cause slab is true
Laced it up with butter guts, over midnight blue
My click is on feet, my whole team gon eat
And I'm strapped with black heat, it make the ride
complete
In the new driver seat, always be balling
If the trunk raise up, the bumper kit start falling
A Screwed Up legend, shit who else could it be
Then the resurrected reborn, infamous Don Ke'

[Hook - 4X]

[Trae]

Screw done already warned me, they wanna harm me
I ain't worried about em, messing with Trae I got a
army
Plus a line of blue and red cars, that don't know how to
sit still
Neon lights get woke up everytime, that they drop
another 5th wheel
Better call the coroner, cause it's fin to get reckless in
Texas
Plexers ain't never been a problem, I stay strapped for
the jealous
And for Screw, you know we represent for the hood and
the swanging zone
We draped up and dripped out, grey tapes we was
banging on
Now them assholes done came, and we ain't playing
homie
Anything less than real, we rearrange what niggaz
hanging homie
Matters what you banging homie, cause you know the
South ain't on no hating shit
We represent the click, with ice that cost enough to buy
a brick
The North back to the Southwest, my section gon ride
for Trae

Don't think that it's a game, run up and watch how you
slide away
The gangstas love it, cause I stay providing 'em with
hits
So if you love the game, that took the bumper kit like
you the shit

[Hook - 8X]

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