

Z-Ro "Screw Did That"

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(*talking*)

This for all the DJ A, B, C, D's, wanna be motherfuckers
Whoever you is, my nigga DJ Screw created this style
It's here to stay, you with the ?
You gon respect my nigga Screw

[Hook]

What the fuck y'all niggaz talking bout, Screw did that
You can chop it but respect the fact, Screw did that
Who put this game or flag on the map, Screw did that
What Screw did that, man Screw did that
Who slowed you records down, and made the style,
Screw did that
Longest rappers up bout freestyle, Screw did that
Now they sipping syrup worldwide, Screw did that
Tip your motherfucking hats nigga, Screw did that

[Point Blank]

What the fuck y'all niggaz talking bout, time for me to
break it down
At home sucking your mama titty, when I was running
the underground
I been here done this, now you hoes got me pissed
Fucking over my homie name, over one funky ass
minute of fame
If you true to the game act like it then, show some
respect
Y'all niggaz bore me, show some kind of
motherfucking loyalty
DJ Screw the king of the chop, yeah king of the chop
He the reason now, a lot of these motherfuckers hot
But they ain't hollin' at Mama and Papa Screw, like they
supposed to
Don't forget, don't nobody own shit but those two
That go for friends and foes too, bitches and hoes too
Don't stand there with your mouth wide open nigga, do
what you do
Sentimental Value, the only authentic original Screw
We keeping the dream alive, and paying the family too
Mama Screw told me, you got my permission to spill
the gases
And when you scream, scream loud, to set fire under

they asses

[Hook]

[Z-Ro]

Who went from Chimmy Chang to worldwide, Screw did that

Took me from nothing and made me something, you did that

I owe it all to you my nigga, for helping me rise

I thought you would get old with me, why the fuck you have to die

Everybody S.U.C. now, Screwed and Chopped by who Probably never met the man, deserve the ghetto are you bent

Bitch nigga you get, out of dodge fast

5,000 Watts of skills, 5,000 pounds of trash

Watch what you say in the magazines, old fat ass nigga

Steady nibbling off my niggaz cheese, old rat ass nigga

I call it like I see it, and I can't be nothing but real

I guess they can't originate, so they do nothing but steal

I'm sick and I'm tired, I'm not gon let it ride no mo'

Better skip town, cause in Houston you hoes can't hide no mo'

My partner Robert Earl Davis, was a man out of music But the world kicking so much they bitch made, bold niggaz be trying to do it

[Hook]

[Point Blank]

He slowed the record down and made the style, now everybody on dick

Michael "5000" Watts in Murda Dog tal'n bout, he elevated this shit

Screw's number one, always will be

You got the game from him, the style was named after him

One thing he promised, is that the world was gon be all screwed up

I was on a first Screw tape to hit the market, All

Screwed Up

Yeah its hard to think, when yo mind go blank

Don't believe it, run yo ass in the paint

See when that Keke Pimpin' Pens, we all was making paper

Drank up and dripped out, while they got high with the Blanksta

All I wanna do is remember the good times
Botany Boyz and still, the block that stayed crunk at all
times
Al-D and Z-Ro, and the S.U.C. is still in effect
Screw you resting in peace, and they still on yo
motherfucking dick

[Z-Ro]

Candy blue Impala matter of fact, Screw-Blue
Touching nothing but real records, cause no jamming
no doo-doo
But fuck the melody, that was my man
When I was slipping he would reach out, and take my
hand
Cause it was nothing but love for my nigga, nigga had
love for me
So disrespect him, and its gonna be some slugs to see
Bitch we the Screwed Up Click, down South we the shit
Body rocking like this, with Mama Screw up in the mix

(*talking*)

S.U.C., let's keep the dream alive man
Original members, extended members
Everybody stand taller, know I'm saying

[Hook]

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