

Masque

"Miss My Dawg"

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[Hook]

Ain't a damn thang changed, we still up in this game
And you know, I really miss my nigga Screw-U
Everyday it be the same, we holding down the name
If you haters guaranteed, that we gon do you
Cause I really miss my dog, I really miss my dog
I really miss my dog, I really miss my dog

[Z-Ro]

You use to come, and scoop me
In the sharp, from the trailer park in Hiram-Clarke
Rolling blue over blades, daily many sherms we
sparked
A lil' old playa steady fucking, with yellow to dark
women
And we caught the munchies, had to hit that Horse
Chicken
And when everybody said fuck me, you stood next to
me
Gave me some game, then he told me I was S.U.C.
My nigga never had a hateful bone, in his body
And all he said was yes, he never said no to anybody
I ain't never, had a friend like him
I'm feeling vacated by destiny, wish I was in the wind
like him
He took me to the Kappa for the first time, plus the car
show
Late night ripping up the mic, and sipping bar slow
If I was doing bad, he would chunk me some ends
And if I was depressed, my dog'd get me laughing
again
Telling me that I would make it, and he'd be behind me
Now every November 16th, niggas can't find me

[Hook]

[Trae]

What would I be without Screw, the only who ever
showed me the way
To get paid, for spitting rhymes and wrecking mics on
the stage

At the same time, the one who kept me keeping
composure
Now I'm losing it tripping quick, with a chip on my
shoulder
I remember living when we and you, would come and
scoop us
Telling us one day we would get big, when nobody
knew us
It was destined for you to shine, now the world Screwed
up
We gon rep it to the full, everyday we blued up
Everything been feeling different, it'll never be the
same
Screw I promise it be hard, but I'm still holding down
the name
We the team and now the Click, is number one in the
Dirty South
We them street, them other niggas faking and selling
out
That ain't right, but God knows we keeping your name
alive
Niggas fly, they seen the opportunity when you died
Really though, these niggas blinding people with the
fog
I ain't changed and I'ma rep you, and I really miss you
dog

[Hook]

[Billy Cook]

It's the G-M, and S.L.A.B.
And your boy Billy Cook, repping that BMG
Mo City Gray Tapes, ain't the same without Screw
Dog, we really miss you on the one's and two's
Even when you pulled up, in the candy blue
On chops, even made hating ass niggas have to give
you props
Because you gave back, to the streets
You gave back to the hood, and now we miss you my
nigga

(*singing*)

Feel me, we really miss you my dog
We really miss my dog, ooooooh-ooooh-oooooh
Yeeeeeah, we really miss you DJ Screw oooooh
Yeeeeeeah yeah-ay-yeah, ooooooooh-yeah
We really I miss my dog, yeah I really miss my dog
I really miss my dog, I really miss my dog
I really miss my dog, I really miss my dog
I really miss my dog, DJ Screw yeeeeeeeeeeeah
S-L-A-B help me out, GM yeah Trae, Z-Ro

Ooh yeeeeeeeeeeah, ooooooooooh yeeeeeah
Yeeeeah-whooooooa, we really miss you my dog
Heeey-ay-heeey ha, heeey-ay-yeeeeeeah-yeah

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