

Max Raabe Und Das Palast Orchester

"Screwed Up"

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[Z-Ro]

Screwed Up Click killas these niggas don't want none
When I be coming down and gripping, on my gun
Finger, on the trigger, every-body ducking
And running, from the scene cause Z-Ro done start
busting
No Longer, serving fiends, I'm serving the drug
dealers
Affiliated with killers and multiple blood spillers
A nigga from out the 4, you know I, don't sleep
If a nigga don't work then a nigga, don't eat
So a nigga is gone hustle, a nigga is gone grind
Watch a young nigga shine, bitch this world is mine
I wanted to ball in the mix, I turned my crumbs into
brick
Out of town, dump u-haulers turning east bigga niggas
in and out
With one callers, we shot callers, and ballas and 20
inch blade crawlers
Big body, tinted up, Mazzaratti Impala
We prowlers on the scene, we go our mug on mean
It use to be sipping fours but now it's jugs of that
codeine
Quarter pines be puffing but it ain't nothing but grass
Now how you love this bezeltine and all this wood on
my dash
All this starch on my ass, and all this money in my
stash
And how you love the way your hoes get all this dick in
they ass
We Screwed Up entertainers, hoe ass nigga restrainers
Assembly line in the kitchen pickens in proper
containers
We real niggas, not ill niggas, polos rap more than
Hilfigers
We in this rap game to get mill niggas, running up on
us you get killed niggas

[Chorus - 2x]

Money making we gone ball baby, we coming down
We some six figga niggas Screwed Up Click on the rise

Screwed Up Click'd never fall baby, we coming down
We some six figga niggas Screwed Up Click on the rise

[Grace]

Staying crunk, blazing blunts, jamming Z-Ro funk
Keep mind on money working my hundred got these
boys popping trunks
Screwed Up baller in the mix, trying to turn these
crumbs into some bricks
Sideways on switches we gone sip, drinking on drink
and smoking dip
Living my life in slow motion, riding high sipping potion
Bring wet on fly like the ocean, got a Screwed Up playa
just coasting
With mind at ease blowing trees, stacking g's,
swanging threes
We coming down watch us clown in these H-Town
streets
Popped up and shining and blind you, fifth wheels
reclining they minding
It's about that time Screwed Up take over, wrecking
boys skills in rhyming
Six figga niggas and drug dealers pimping pens for
our scrilla
Sipping drink and smoking killer, the coast, fly figgas
Pad blessed and chopped records Screwed Up,
Houston Texas
We coming down, looking good gripping wood like
some veterans
Money making Screwed Up baller blade crawling, shot
calling
Made living missing Christmas stacking ends never
falling

[Chorus - 2x]

(talking)

Shit, Screwed Up Click on the rise baby
Big Jett hollering at all my partnas, youknow!msaying
Wave that shit for your hood

[Z-Ro]

We gone ball till we fall
knocking down Fassacci at the mall
Everytime I sip my cup gone stand tall
got a wide ass phone when I make my call
White folks be tripping on salary cap
that's why your Prime Co. phone tapped
Studied the dope game for the rap
now cause of my skin I travel the map
From stage to stage to stage to stage

making a loot with a loose leaf page
I got on my knees and I say my praise
and repent everytime I misbehave
You want to get me for my riches
better mind your bidness, I minded for you
Fuck around and touch your brain I ball
with a mug Z-Ro gone shine for you
I call the shot, cause I cop the clock
everytime it get hot I drop the top, or
Bunny hop up out the cream of the crop
smash on the gas and never stop for cops
Ball till I fall, that's what I'm gone do
screen in my phone screaming who you do
I bleed the block with a hand full of rocks now
I got a cassette and as long as you
Talk about the fame, bout the struggle
talk about how long it took a nigga to bubble
Since I call the shots I don't call them off
hoes flock around me like a first time huddle
Don't have to kiss, I don't have to fuck
I just pull out my dick bitch you could suck
Or ball till I fall, and if I ever fall down
I'ma rescore and bounce right back up

[Chorus - 2x]

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