

Paul Wall "Bangin Screw"

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I got that trunk cracked, windows tinted
Trunk cracked, windows tinted
Slowly rollin', I'm banging screw
Slowly rollin', I'm banging screw

Comin' down so fly-y-y
Smokin' leaf, so hi-i-igh
Slowly rollin', I'm banging screw
Slowly rollin', I'm bangin' screw

What it do, it's Paul to the wall
Trig up tall, let the four screens fall
Spot is crawl, gon' turn up that dial
And they heads all nod like a bobble head doll

Bendin' corners, up and down, way side
From Greens Road to that Antoine Drive
Crew on da side playin' NBA Live
I'm too cool for school, ridin' on buckhide

Turnin' heads when I'm on that Scott
Hit them friends before they quickly stop
Boys in the mill talkin' 'bout they on top
8 months later, all them boys flop

Like it or not, I'm in the game and I'm showin' up
Keke got dat oil and I'm pourin' up
Hit the club with Captain Jack
And Big Steve representin' my hood, still throwin' up

Big money in the gang is the name bro
Candy, old school drop top, full of ho
Boys used to be sleepin' on me
But the champ is here, I guarantee that they ass woke

Ridin' on spoke, that's the elbow
Still rockin' in the ice, white shell toe
This for my boys from dat kelso
And you already know

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Yeah, I'm still on that 5 9
But might see me on that 5 8, comin' down
All over the town, I like to get around
Jammin' my fat pat screwed up underground

Comin' down in the lime green 88
While them boys on the sideline wanna hate
Buck a kid for fuckin' up the state plate
I must admit, my life's great

T. Farris with me and there's no butter bends
Lookin' thru Lois Lane and me stackin' up ends
Bro's over hoes, yeah, I'm talkin' 'bout friends
Got freedom on my arm for my dawg, Lil' Twen

Dub on the rim, that's T.I.'s
Just like pretty Tod, I'm D-boy, fresh
Got oil comin' in and it's straight from the west
And the grill throwin' mesh on the Cadillac crest

Head of the best, I ain't messin' wit da rest
Santa Claus sled his palm, gritty red
Sippin' that taste takin it straight to da head
And that Swishahouse is what I rep till I'm dead

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I'm tippin' fours and I'm sippin' fours
And I'm flippin' hoes with my partner, Clue
Posted up at that T S U or that Prairie View
With my patner, Clue

Oh, boys get out of line and chop
Tryin' to run up and jack my slab
This one here for my boy, Lil' Kee

I'm throwin' the duce up and gettin' boys dab

Pourin' da juice up and grippin' that ab
Wavin' hoods so the base showcase
Settin' the trends steady, choppin' up wind
With a diamond ice grin and paper, I chase

Taper fade by the bad boy shop
Tippin' slow, I'm screwed up and chopped
Listenin' to some of that some of that bad boy Earle
Them choppaholics, maybe that's Michael Watts

Choppin' the block up, holdin' the coupe up
[Incomprehensible], now I'm on them swangs
Grillin' women popped trunk full of bang
I'm third coast raised and I'm drippin' stains

I'm here to stay, tryin' to break that bread
Slowly throwed till the day I'm diseased
Leaning tough, I got a cup full of stuff
With a starched crease and a Johnny Dang piece

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