

DJ Screw "4 My Nigga Screw"

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f/ Lil Flip, Grace, H.A.W.K., Ronnie Spencer

(Ronnie Spencer)

La-da-da-da-da-da-da, oh-ooooh

La-da-da-da-da-da-da, I know you so real

You so real, Screw you yeah

[Chorus: Ronnie Spencer]

Screw is so real, it's hard to stay strong

Cause one day you here, then the next day you gone

Living in the dark, now Screw is in the light

Trying to focus our life, everyday and night

[Lil' Flip]

I represent H-Town, down for my block

I started off the game, with the Botany Big Shots

Did Diamondz N' Ya Face, got a lot of game

Start fucking with Screw, now I got underground fame

Fucked with E.S.G., and I had to buy the house

Did a lot of shows, represented for the South

Made a little group, called H.S.E

Dropped a tape, and we sold bout 23

Thousand fucking units, now we doing better

Dropped The Leprechaun, and I got a lot of cheddar

Sold a hundred thousand, made about a million
Now I got a Jag, with DVD's in the ceiling
Just got a deal, with Scarface
Now everybody hating, but they smiling in my face
They call me Lil' Flip, I'ma stay true
Got a mic with a crown, say R.I.P. Screw
[Chorus: Ronnie Spencer - 2x]
[H.A.W.K.]
I wish, I wish, I wish
I didn't have to write to this, recite to this
Blow a square flight to this, but Screw you missed
All I can do is sit back, and reminisce
It was all good times, at the crib spitting rhymes
Put it on our mind, that we were destined to shine
From scratching on turn tables, to running a record
label
Mixing Tupac and Biggie, with some Kane & Abel
We formed a click, that couldn't be fucked with
You ran the Hardest Pit, with the Dead End Click
It was E.S.G., Lil Keke, Big Pokey, G-R-A-C-E
Your Boy Al-D, P-A-T
C-Note and Willean, and them boys from Botany
You brought in Big Moe, my nigga Z-Ro
Mike D and Clay-Do, Lil' Flip and Lil' O
Them boys from the Fo', them boys from the Tre
And last but not least, there was H-A-W-K

I having nothing else to say, but you were so real

And that's the way you make me feel

[Chorus: Ronnie Spencer - 2x]

[Grace]

Screw was my DJ, and that boy was so real

Introduced me to the mic, put me on dubs showing skills

Went from block bleeder, pimping pens staying paid

Baptized in the click, writing rhymes living leid

Had to pay my dues, wreck 25 screws

Put it down with the best, label me one of the trues

V.T. from S.U.C., and I still stand tall

G-R-A-C-E, gon represent it till I fall

Still do it with the click, staying thoed in the mix

Got it by my DJ, fa sho to turning crumbs to bricks

Escape from the dark, now let the light shine through

Although he up above, the Don still come through

Push my pen keep it real, esperbertion sharpened skills

Motivation, determination to get that house on the hill

Ever since the day we met, with me and Los kept it rue

So for that until we gone, stay acting bad jamming
Screw

[Chorus: Ronnie Spencer - 2x]

(Ronnie Spencer singing)

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