

DJ Screw "The Legend"

Visit "[The Legend](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

f/ E.S.G., Lil Baller, Lucky, Slim Thug

(*talking*)

Hope y'all can hear me out there

Mic check to the world, huh

Broadcasting, 2000 and 1, still at Screw's house

Huh, he back on the table, but you just don't see him

You got to feel him, know what I'm talking bout

E.S.G. huh, the god, the legend what

Putting it down, my partna Slim Thug, huh

Lil Baller up in here, Lucky we bout to do this man

My partna the legend, uh, feel this feel this

[Hook: Lucky]

Here's a little story, from the Freestyle King

Just some Down South G's, forfilling they dreams

Gripping on pine, swanging through your town

It's that boy E.S.G., and you know he gon clown

[E.S.G.]

Hold up hold up, open up who's this

The one who made you say Maan, new year new shit

My twinkies twist Screwed Up Click, you can ask Pres.
Bush

I'm the state representative, man take a look

Open your eyes up better wise up, now how you love
that

I'm in Memphis fucking chickenheads, me and Project
Pat

Paper stacks what we got, platinum ice up in my mouth

Hardest legend up out the South, E.S.G. gon spell it out

Now the S is for the Southside, which I claim

Now the C is for the way my partna, changed the game

Sipping bar now the R, for his first name

Which is Robert, Robert you know I felt your pain

Now the next letter E, I'ma hold it down for you

What's the last one fool, ahh shit W

That's for Screw too and Screw too, now I'm about to
wreck

Left the world slowed down, and ain't caught up yet

[Hook: Lucky]

See the Slim Thug, boppers bopping

Hatas hate so they mug, pouring it up

And sipping drank out a jug, boss hogg

Keeping it crunk in the club, with that boy Mr. Luck'

[Slim Thug]

My freestyle is flawless, my lifestyle is flawless

Them Boss Hogg Outlaw boys, be the rawest

Much love to the legend, by the name of DJ Screw

I'm strutting on buttons, coming through candy blue

Paid dues broke the rules, putting it down with Big
Tyme

Candy do's glass 4's, is how that H-Town shine

I'm on a million dolla grind, you can tell when you see
me

All that balling that's on T.V., that's me in 3-D

20 inches off the ground, dropping 20 inch screens

When Slim Thug on the scene, you see seedy green
that lean

I'm a show flow wrecker, I put my money on my mouth

It's the boss of the North, putting it down with the South

Looking good in a Fleetwood, I'm pulling bops in my
drop

We keep straight through stop signs, and pop trunk on
cops

Slim Thug, E.S.G., taking our respect

Northside Houston Tex, 'nuff said who's next ha

[Hook: Lucky]

Lil Baller, shot caller

Got Excursions, Durangos and Impalas

And all us, fin to do our thang

Ice on piece and chain, wrist and the pinky ring

[Lil Baller]

DJ Screw, this Lil Baller and I never met you mayn

But from them boys and to you mixing, can't forget you
mayn

I came a long way, from playing Atari

Now I'm Jaguar and Rover, and a Gucci Ferrari

I'm back and I'm on the scene, and I got my mean mug

And I'm fin to do a track with E.S.G., and that boy Slim
Thug

Now from the Northside, to the Southside

Everybody mouth drop, it's open wide

And now I'm talking bout, when y'all see me on your
block

I see y'all dropping top, and I see the blades chop

And when y'all see me open the trunk, knock knock

And y'all gon see the way I do it, from the top top

And I'm fin to wreck it mayn, put it down with Big Tyme

Fin to do a big rhyme, then I get my big shine

And y'all boys, really ain't ready

Cause down here, we ch-chop like mechettis

[Hook: Lucky]

Grip wood grain, swang lane to lane

Pop my trunk, and let the 18's bang

Steady jamming Screw, till the end of time

Even though you gone, you still on my time

Yeaah-yeeah uh huh, uh huh

(*scratching*)

Visit [DJ Screw](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.