

Amber Benson

"Take it There"

Visit "[Take it There](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

What what what what
Yeah yeah
Who the fuck want it?
Yeah yeah, set it off niggas
Transform transform

[Poet]

Yo, I'm at cha'll niggas, assault and battle y'all niggas
My gat splatter niggas, my style dazzle niggas
Screwball empire, Poet spit fire (Fire)
Niggas wanna die, come try'a...piledriver
My family's Hydra, but we smoke HY-DRO
Mixed with the chronic, some niggas sniff blow
Some niggas smoke dust, fuck around get bust
Severly touched, crushed, your times up
Ya rhyme sucks, ya crew's weak
When the smoke clears, I'll be there, standin on my two
feet
With the mic in one hand, and the otha my heat
Represent Vernon, tenth, and twelfth street

[Hostyle]

Man, I brake a broom stick off in yo' ass
For long cash, Screwball blasts the raw facts
And its long lastin, yeah
A lot of crews are soft like puddy
They see me they runnin from me, my rhymes they
study
Subject, art of descruction, come to reck
Wanna give props to Mercy for your ??? drops
Set it on my man Phil, then my eyes get chinky
Here's kinky, then I'm ghost like blinky
I'm PacMan, lyrics thats written by a mad man
And my grip is like a mental asyllum when I write 'em
Ignite 'em like a bullet from my glock when you pull it
To all pieces, when the rough shit releases, yeah

Chorus: Screwball and Capone

(Do what?) Pushin' weight back (Nigga we'll win)
(What, what) clack clack clack clack (Screwball)

(We're the illest) Can you dig that? (I can dig that)
You didn't know, only time keep 'em villians (Take it there)
I wanna hurt something (Nigga we'll win) I wanna hurt something
Don't make me do something (We're the illest) (What)
Pull the curtains on 'em (Yeah yeah yeah)
You didn't know, only time keep 'em villians

[Capone]

Yo, understand this I aim rich, aim stainless steel
Aim at the beast when the game get real
Yo, them corna's I been played, got schooled by fame
Said the streets is still watched through closed curtains and screens
QB is like the villian'est life, all across the world thugs, pushers, pimps and whores
From a blimp I glimpse at the raws
Tears fall, and radioactive street thugs hearin me callin
To you my name respect the game, ?sixty days home?
Copped the buggy, showed me the love, ghetto niggas gotta love me
Pop the bubbly y'all, salute the reign of QB (Yeah yeah yeah yeah)

[Kyron]

Aiyyo, you niggas sleepwalkin out here, a technicality
Nigga we blaze in front of the kids 'cuz thats how foul it be
I shit on you, take you to the flicks, put a hit on you
Dump ya head in popcorn, turn around and spit on you
I take it there, with ghetto po' niggas, who never had nothin
We hangin in the club just to bag som'thin
Catch a roly mercin out about to crash som'thin
So just get the fuck up out this life unless you have som'thin
You don't hustle around, you wouldn't mind time
Bitch you ain't a dime, if you ain't improvin mine
Who y'all, I see through y'all
Fuckin with Kyron, you fuckin Screwball
We do some ugly shit to y'all

Chorus

The reign of QB (Salute this shit)
Screwball (Screwball nigga)
Capone 'n' Noreaga
Thugged out (Thugged out)
Kno'imsayin? (Hear me?)

Y'all get this money, or we get that thug shit poppin
Kno'imsayin?
Its our fuckin world

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

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.