

# Screwball

## "Like A Gangsta"

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[KL]

Yo, here we go

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah y'all, yeah y'all

That new Screw shit y'all

This is what y'all been worrying right? Uh-huh

This is that new Screw shit right here

[Poet]

Uh-huh, uh-huh

Screwball; Poet, KL...introducing Matrix

Back up, I'm 'bout to wage out

I'm 'bout to pull my shit

Clit a spip out

Y'all niggaz don't know nothing about

The dangerous routes

The roads I travelled, the walls, the battles, the coke

The spots, the money, the rains that fall from the top

And still survive the bust shots

Spit flames; Niggaz gettin' slaughtered in flames

'Shit's not a game

I'm flowin' like a hurricane

I come through you town and let murder rain

Acid from the planes

When it's time to bang I bang out

I'll leave you on the corner with your fuckin' brains out

Creep up on you were you love to hang out

Like Old Dog and Kane when they pulled them thangs

out

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

Walk like a gangsta; talk like a gangsta

Gats done squeezin'; make 'em buck like a gangsta

Though cats; grillin' em

Bad bitches fillin' em

Thuns keep it real with em

Bitch niggas; killin' them

[Matrix Bars]

We live life like niggaz who can die any day

But you forget it's heaven, but we lie anyway

Smoke live ever lade, three times everyday

We spark three Scotts, my climb all day

My light in all directions, move in all ways  
I travel like smoke that creep through hallways  
Seep through doorways... cracks and crevices  
My gage just die from lack of  
How many niggaz that you know that can mop a D?  
Know we dead ass won't, won't, won't, cop the pleat  
But then you never met a nigga that's as cocky as me  
Pull a flame, throw it out, make 'em drop and then  
freeze  
Let 'em know I ain't playing; pop one in his knee  
Have his team and cops come gunning for me  
Have gat men coming; have 'em running from me  
Where them missiles come from?  
From Matrix B, nigga

[Chorus] - repeat 2X

[KL]

Ay yo, I'm low key  
What the fuck you look like tryin' approach me?  
Put your brains out on the ground with the debris  
I rob with each, my whole click cop your squeeze  
We don't get money niggas, fuck them petty thug  
niggas  
I'm that gangsta nigga; pop slugs in your wick  
I'm that gangsta nigga; said fuck what you did  
I'm that gangsta nigga your bitch wanna be with  
New gel like hair grease  
Just leave it on a small piece  
But the picture's bigger than you  
I'm living from Screw, Lou!  
Open the gates 'cuz I'm sending 'em through  
I got the semi and the Henny and a mob that smash  
All you over night thug niggaz just won't last  
Got enough thuns and gun that'll come and blast  
We could duck on you bitch ass niggaz and keep our  
freedom  
Murk you on the low and tell your click when we see 'em  
Fuck y'all, kiss our ass, we got cash now!

[Chorus] - repeat 2X

[Outro: KL]

Yeah, yeah...you know, you know  
Did about some game shit right?  
Here we are again, r-right now...Screwball  
Yeah, this shit ain't fucking dying down yo'  
'Fuck y'all doing? Screwball right here  
And we still popping off nigga, we still popping off  
We ain't slowing nothing down  
We gone' be dropping albums like mix tapes nigga

'Bout to make the game hard  
And next time it's gone' be on your motherfucking jaw  
Screwball...Hyped Entertainment...let it speak nigga,  
yeah  
One album, Screw some shit  
Y'all ain't ready for this type of shit yet  
Shot niggaz down  
FUCK a major label...eat a dick  
...This is that shit

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