

# Screwball

## "Y2K"

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When the smoke clears  
You know who gon' be there  
When the smoke clear yo  
That's all we got to tell y'all right now  
Y'all know who gon' be standing there right

See it's our destiny to count g's an' a semi-squeeze  
Shoot the breeze, volley how the computers might  
freeze  
So im'a store water, guns, can foods and keep order  
We spaz out you cats prepare for the slaughter  
The struggle savoir, got my temple on the border  
Line, ready to corner you off and get ? ? ? , said it  
Screwball, read the credit, get your whole team wetted  
(yo)  
You dealin with some loose cannons (yo) ready to dead  
shit

I heard the world was over ahit suppose to blow like  
supernova's (uh huh)  
Im on the hill high off the real, pumpin my ? bolos?  
(yeah)  
Prediction told us turn into rollers, don't let the street  
control us (what  
Happened)  
"cause when those crackers pull the plug they gonna  
creep the holders  
I send my deacon donors, black re-bels, who kill de-  
vels  
And move through cells we rule this hell (screwball)  
Make it picture pefect cock it back and lay it out  
Bomb the white house run up in the pentagon and  
spray it out

Chorus:

Hey hey hey, do all they talk about is y2k (y2kayyy)  
Hey hey hey, load it up and let the tech nine spray  
(\*buck buck buck buck\*)  
Hey hey hey, do all they talk about is y2k (y2kayyy)  
Hey hey hey, load it up and let the tech nine spray  
(\*buck buck buck buck\*)

How many times sour limes and coronas  
Powerful crimes in america, corna' to corna'  
What'choo wanna do, cops huntin you  
Aimin for the kill, layin still  
Permanent forever chill in heavens field  
Spreadin doin' deals, more electric than eels  
Respectin the reals, countin what'choo build  
? prepare was heal? journey, with hard times  
Examine it, playa's have money at random  
Sittin pretty, sayin come and get me

(first line overlaps last line)  
Standin in front of the gates of hell  
Smackin niggas, pullin out the gat on niggas  
Sold crack, plus I'm a rappin nigga  
I got rhymes for days, I got gats that blaze  
Ready for motherfucking war  
See this is whatcha'll wanted, you know it got to be me  
(screw b)  
Everybody talkin 'bout they whips with the tv  
I need some of this motherfucking rap money  
I'm sick of this motherfuckin funny crack money  
Fuck all y'all bitch ass niggas, y'all don't worry me  
Screw b, qb, from here to eternity (to eternity)

Chorus

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