

Chamillionare

"screw jams"

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She told the DJ pardon me, I need some Swishahouse
Color Changin' Click and, Boss Hogg and Wreckin' Yard
in my life

(In my life, in my life, in my life) weell

A Slow Loud And Bangin' c.d., some Screwed Up Click
and

A little Sucka Free, cause that's what I need in my life
Yes it is, weell weell

[Chamillionaire]

She say she listens to my music, but she can't get into
it

She don't like it regular speed, she like it when they
screw it

What I'm fin to do is, call Ron and Watts on my phone
Tell em slow it down, so the ladies can get they grind
on

Yellow red or brown tone, call me when your guy's
gone

If you gotta shake that lick, them haters get they diet
on

She's the type rich men, will give money for some
action

Said she's light skinned and, and she'll strip for
Andrew Jacksons

Gets excited when, she be jamming them F Actions
Turn the lights off then, and if you wanna get your
grind on

Just go pick up that phone, then just get your dial on
Call me up I'll come over, and help you turn your smile
on

[Hook]

[Chamillionaire]

She's calling me, on my phone

Telling me she's feeling freaky, her body's in need of
me

Hopping in on my 4's, grabbing my

Chopped and screwed c.d., and my grey T-A-P-E

Y'all know, playas get chose

Color Changin' Click c.d., Michael Watts, OG Ron C
Even your neighbors knew, just what I came to do
They seen the navy blue, choking on things of two
They know it ain't your boo, they heard us banging
Screw
Making the headboard bang, while I'm banging you
Giving you a work out, like a trainer
Hit it then I flip you over, to change the view
My sex is a weapon, that's aimed at you
Finish and reload, just like a gangbanger do
You little angel you, that's what your friends think
Cause they didn't see you, sipping on that red drink
Getting drunk, while I hit it on the sink
In the kitchen and I'm switching, I can hit it till the bed
sink
You can lock the lock, I'm fin to rock the twat
I'm fin to give your friends, something new to talk
about
Fin to give it to you shorty, you gon feel it in your body
Everytime Ron and Michael Watts, chop a spot
I ain't forgot about, the true DJ Screw
Cause if it wasn't for Screw, wouldn't be nothing to do
No claiming red, no claiming blue
It wouldn't be nothing to bang, while I'm banging you,
yeah

[Hook]

(*talking*)

She said Koopa, I know you be checking these niggaz
But can the ladies get a lil' love, yeah

[Chamillionaire]

I don't discriminate the race, pretty face pretty shape
Shaped like figure eight, she can get a little steak
We can end a date, like a episode of Ricki Lake
Call a couple of your friends, they could participate
Get on my three way, now what is the delay
I pull out the video cam, and show you the replay
I screw you real slow, like a H-Town DJ
We could jam Bun B, and that U to the G.K
And a little Sucka Free, ain't enough for me
Big M-O-E, gotta give me the whole S.U.C., they'll screw
it
Money over B.I. to the T-H to the E-S
In the streets shake the peace, everybody respect the
streets
Everybody'll shine, from the neck and teeth
Gotta give me the S.P.C., Trae and Dougie D
Free that nigga Z-Ro and that Pimp C, cause thay'll
screw it

Girl I got you wet, girl I'll kiss your neck
And I know that the sex, sure to make you sweat
I show respect, to the Swisha vets
And the Screwed Up Click G's, get respect
Lil' O and C-N-O to the E, 'Face and Willie D
Big Pokey, Flip and E.S.G., they'll screw it

(*talking*)
Yeah, slow jam ain't a slow jam
Unless it's a screw jam
Can't listen to it, no other way
Gotta be screwed up
DJ Screw, rest in peace

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