

Screw Heads

"I Miss My Dog"

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(feat. Big Pokey, Chris Ward)

[Chorus]

My nigga gone, in the physical life
That don't mean I can't fly you a kite
See, I don't know if I ever told you I love you
But nigga I do

[Big Pokey]

I miss my dog, wish I could kiss my dog
When I heard you clocked out, I was pissed off dog
I sit back, reminisce with Cold Jack
Smoke it, looking at Kodaks
Pictures and thangs, photo albums and picture frames
Kin folk, I miss you man
Still got your number locked in my cell phone
(28-2686-18-6) my nigga gone
Holding on, S.U.C. holding it down
Banging Screw, mobbing through H-Town
My nine, know you done bumped into P-A-T
Hook up with Pac, B.I.G. and Eazy-E
Sweets, wanna let y'all know we in mash mode
Bout to tear the rap industry a new ass hole
Wrecking shop, just like it's supposed to go
Put that on my nigga, Mafio

[Chorus x2]

[Chris Ward]

O.G.'s in my hood use to hit Screw's house
Chop a gang of music till the mics blew out
They would spit flows, about how they would hit hoes
And whop swangers working 16 switches on 6-4's
It's been seven years, since we first met
And six years, since I first jumped on tape and repped
my set
Then you labeled me, a young lyrical threat
And this is for those, who haven't witnessed the
miracle yet
Me and my bro Sensei, we about to take over
And give this game, a Mobstyle makeover

Thanks to you Screw shit, I'm who I am
And how they feel about Texas, I don't give a damn
This message is from your B.G., young thug C. Ward
I stay repping you, it's one love
Fore' my world comes to an end, I'm going out with my
men
Screwed Up Click setting a trend

[Chorus x2]

[Big Pokey]

I miss making tapes at 6 in the morn
Leave go to Franks, come back till you home
Gone, niggas taking aces straight, to the dome
Falling asleep, on the phone
Ace game in the garage, I'ma put your name on the
Plates of my narge, because of you I'm large
And my name is still swelling
D. June 27, 9-6 is still selling
S.U.C. for life, it's hard to stay strong
When I see your wife, holding it down
One deep, getting fucked up rolling around
A young nigga smoking and crying
Toking pine, trying to get my head right
Late night, a nigga running red lights
I'm all right, I know you in a better spot
This your nigga Sensei, signing out

[Chorus x4]

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