

Screw Heads

"Streets Of Sin"

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(feat. Mr. 3-2)

[talking]

R.I.P. (R.I.P.), DJ Screw (DJ Screw)

We never gon forget you baby, love you my nigga

That's for real, huh, G-O-V (G-O-V)

S.U.C. (S.U.C.), G-O-V (S.U.C.)

[Mr. 3-2]

One day you here, the next day you gone

Never I thought I'd say, R.I.P. to Screw in a song

But he gone I can't believe it, now he in a better place

And all I vision now, was a smile on his face

Saying don't worry, everybody move ahead

It's Screwed Up Click, till the day that I'm dead

Go FED if I have to, put it all on the line

G-O-V, S.U.C., it go down all around

Coast to coast, people slowing it up

Saying man hold up, with codeine in they cup

I hustle up and go get it, mash for the cash

The fruit of all evil, got us all living fast

[Chorus x2]

These streets these streets, we living in

Will I see death or the Penn

Everybody want ends, and a brand new Benz

fake foes and friends, in these streets of sin

[Mr. 3-2]

See this more I'm cold, and this street game I played

All up in your face, bout to put work in for the case

You better watch what you say, bout S.U.C

Cause you don't wanna cross that line, and end your L-

I-F-E

G-O-V, representing the almighty dollar

Fake niggaz speak like hoes, but real niggaz follow

Holla holla, if you ain't talking bout nothing

Bitch you better get out my face, move around and

stack something

You stunting big talking, but ain't did jack

I put the word in, and somebody gon bring your hat

The Boss Man, Mr. 3-2
And it's all dedicated, to my nigga DJ Screw

[Chorus x2]

[Mr. 3-2]
2001 these streets is crazy, no doubt
Coming up and pulling moves, transactions at the spot
I had to get it however, bills gotta be paid
Now I'm thoed living laid, Gucci locs with long braids
Playa made independent, hundred thousand out the
do'
Went up and X'd out, crawling down slow
With your hoe going live, on the whole click
I'm a pimp not a trick, it's in my blood I must admit
We on hit in the South, Gulf Coast number three
Southside of the tree, H to the C
Pulling all-nighters, reminiscing bout the people who
gone
Cause they never coming back, so we gotta hold on

[Chorus x2]

[talking]
These streets, that we live in huh
Rest in peace DJ Screw, rest in peace Fat Pat
Rest in peace Lil' Gator, rest in peace Pat Lemons
It go on and on, Mafio, Big Rue, love y'all baby

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