

## **Screw Heads**

### **"Under The Floor"**

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(feat. Z-Ro)

[talking]

Yo, Z-Ro the motherfucking Crooked, 2K1  
This is dedicated to all them hoe ass niggas  
And then again, this is dedicated to all my real dogs  
We gon get them niggas, you feel me  
You weasel ass niggas, you snake in the grass ass  
niggas  
Die slow nigga, feel the Z-Ro nigga

[Z-Ro]

Huh, I reminisce about the past time  
Me and Mafio in class putting together to get our hands  
down  
Destined to be a living legend, spitting game on tracks  
Now we popping it with the DJ Screw, they all want on  
wax  
Now who that man, who that talking down  
Nigga look at what you did to me, I'm about to lose my  
mind  
I'm on a coaster grind, trying to shine like that boy 2Pac  
Aggravated and I know I'm hated, so I roll with two  
glocks  
Never hesitate to put one of these pussies in line  
Cause I'm tired of talking to my roll dogs, in the back of  
my mind  
Another day another murder, seeing another homie  
gone  
Got me paranoid bout kin folk, till I put something in  
they dome  
What was once a Christian, now I'll be living violently  
Retaliation for my niggas moving silently  
We S.U.C. Screwed Up Click, now boot up bitch  
I'm ready for war, bout to suit up bitch

[Chorus x2]

We sick of you bitches putting our niggas under the  
floor  
So I came to let you know, we gon kill you hoes  
Fa sho, till this barrel 3-57 be busting, mean mugging

They cussing busting, busting, busting

[Z-Ro]

Hey Mr. Fat to the Pat, how the fuck they gon act  
Still living out your ghetto dreams, with hands on our  
strap  
Why the fuck niggas be bombing on, ghetto rap stars  
Taking the lives of real g's, straight bitches is what you  
are  
As a superstar, never be tricking my money on hoes  
Affiliated with pimps, pushers and basketball pros  
I never be going up my nose, and plus I stopped  
puffing sherm  
Automatic weapon up on my side, and aim as straight  
as a bird  
My brains dripping, my ruger ripping from missing my  
dogs  
That's why I'm sucking up the rap game, cause I'm a  
hog  
Poetically inclined, and get on the corner and grind  
I'm about to let my light shine, cause the henchman got  
attention of homie  
dying  
I'ma stop, drop, roll, on eighty fours  
Keep my finger on the trigger, cause I don't love you  
hoes  
So move around, all this tripping with yourself stressed  
out  
Fuck around and click and make Z-Ro, pull the black  
smith and wess out

[Chorus x2]

[Z-Ro]

We all in, steady breaking these boys off again and  
again  
Pimping a pen, living in sin trying to get dividends  
Tired of being broke in this bitch, kicking it with DJ  
Screw  
Sipping drinking and smoking that shit  
And since I bought a blue over gray, my nigga didn't  
play  
DVD and a c.d. looking at the S.U.C. on T.V.  
But now he's gone, he made me then he left me alone  
At least my nigga didn't get taken out by a shot to the  
dome  
I got the call on the phone, from Den-Den  
Nigga your ass just taken, but first let me tell you about  
your kin  
We lost Eazy-E, P-A-C, B.I.G. and Big Pun  
That was a nigga that was close to me, man this thug

life ain't no fun  
That's fucked up, with a platinum feel my true to life is  
outie  
Put a sadness on the world, cause the sun didn't shine  
It stayed cloudy for three days, tears running down my  
face like relays  
Z-Ro the Crooked, the ghetto rap star that he made

[Chorus x2]

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