

Screw Heads

"You Made it Happen"

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(feat. H.A.W.K.)

[talking]

R.I.P. Robert Davis, AKA DJ Screw

[Hook x2]

DJ Screw, you made it happen
You're the reason right now, that I am rapping
I'm the lieutenant, and you're the captain
And for you my nigga, I'ma make it happen

[H.A.W.K.]

It was back in '92, I met DJ Screw
He said I'm gon be amazed, at the things I do
Right then I knew, he had passed the notion
It was time for me, to put poetry in motion
Screw had the potion, he played an instrumental
My freestyle, said I had potential
Earned my credentials, they detrimental
They were harder than a rock, used by prudential
Kept me confidential, for a year or so
Was time for the whole world, to hear my flow
Of course you know, so we whooped the show
And my rap career, is start to blow
My and my lil' bro, we started to wreck
Licks been heard, on gray cassettes
Now we push Benzes, and candy Vettes
We had just got started, and wasn't finished yet
Yeah you heard me right, hell yeah it's true
It was all made possible, by DJ Screw
This is a tribute, from me to you
And my Screwed Up soldiers, riding candy blue

[Hook x2]

[H.A.W.K.]

Now it's '96, and we formed a label
Screw still scratching, on the turntable
Mixed C-Bo, with some Kane & Abel
Giving us a charge, like a booster cable
Freestyle sessions, still going on

Plus we getting blowed, like Cheech and Chong
Now you see, what's going on
Made six or seven songs, 'fore the night was gone
All work, no time to play
Release the first album, under D.E.A.
Me, Keke, Fat Pat and K
Along with Big Moe, and Pok-ay
My first project, was a smash hit
The Screwed Up Click, we became the shit
Adding fuel to the fire, that's already lit
Smoking on tracks, like a cigarette
Now they feeling it, on the East and West
You know the Southside, definitely the best
Major labels, are impressed
Cause our head and shoulders, above the rest

[Hook x2]

[H.A.W.K.]

Time has passed, and still in the game
Still making hits, with a bigger name
Hogging up the lanes, in wide frames
And still spitting doses, of lethal caine
It causes pain, we felt your death
But I'ma keep rapping, to my last breath
The S.U.C., is all that's left
And we stealing all shows, like auto theft
I done said it once, and I'ma say it again
The reason right now, that I pimp this pen
I'm still representing, the Dead End
Gon claim this set, till the world end
Still for you, we raise the roof
And spitting raw heat, in the vocal booth
Till this day, I speak the truth
And when I'm on the mic, I'm busting loose
Now that's about all, I have to say
Than you Rob, for paving the way
Making this song, really made my day
And a whole lot of love, from H-A-W-K

[Hook x2]

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