

H.A.W.K. f/ DJ Screw, Lil' Keke, E.S.G., C-Note

"I Can Make You Dance"

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[E.S.G.]

Here comes the Wreckshop bomb, that Big H.A.W.K.
didn't refuse

Coming down on a song, I couldn't refuse
I'm with the Jam Down Don, Botany Boy boss
Put a fo' in the room, we gon break boys off
Wide body Denali, I'm riding Y2 grey
Tell the FED's I ain't scared, I'm down with the D.E.A.
E.S.G. and Big H.A.W.K., got boys under our wings
I'm about to let 'em up, Lamborgini with screens
What you mean you can't dance, to the Screwed Up
Click

Make the world boom-boom, tap-tap to it
Through the do-do, man here come the pro-pro
Freestyle King, and I'm so damn throwed though
Wrist fully froze, with the princess cuts
So much ice on my piece, look like a cooled cup
Man hold up, haters in a trance
Southside crunk, pop your trunk and make it dance huh

[Lil' Keke]

It's fa sho, we step in the do' motivated
My click iced out, prepare to be faded
My watch my wrist, my neck so crushing
We hit the dance flo', and bitches start rushing
Get your shake on, what you waiting on what you got
Do that thang, work that thang you're hot
Oh yeah you looking good, but I just might pass
Cause you ain't working hard enough, put some
bounce in that ass
You want some cash, wrong nigga wrong time
Girl you way out of line, I'm for real bout mine
Now do that strut, shake that butt what
Since you walked up in the club, you been backing it up
Here we go, she back on the flo' touching her toe
The first to let her know, that I don't love no hoe
And the party don't start, right after mic check
All the people gon dance, when Screw wreck the deck
what

(*DJ Screw scratching*)

[H.A.W.K.]

I can make you dance, bust the seam if your pants
Make you shake it so hard, you need a ambulance
Put boys in a trance, cause the three point stance
Have you screaming like Biggie, give me one more
chance
Biting mics like hands, and Paris Bueller in France
Now I'll blind you with my piece, with the slightest
glance
My game is advanced, with my Screwed Up style
Make you back that ass up, like Juvenile
Crushed ice in my smile, live a lavish lifestyle
And my freestyle, makes me so versatile
On my feet crocodile, keep a low profile
And one night with me, I'll make it worth your while
I'm the golden child, call me H-A-W-K
And making money, is my authority
Year Y2K, now my stocks done grew
And we can make you dance, when you jamming Screw

(*DJ Screw scratching*)

[C-Note]

Baby I can make you dance, here's your chance don't
miss it
Bezeltines fancy things, pinky rings kiss it
Bentley with automatic stuff, we playa bout
We making hoes get under our wings, like Big H.A.W.K.
C-Note on top the charts, Big Shots off the heezy
I'm quick to wreck shop on them bops, like E.S.Geezy
For sheezy, man we making cash forever
My drop got the glass, with the grilling leather
However, we represent for the South
Plenty diamonds on my hand, plenty diamonds in my
mouth
We pull up at Mega Meg, platinum over grey
I can make the drop dance, you can make that ass
shake
Don't hate, baby girl I'ma keep it real
C-Note without his grill, like a fish with no gill
Just another platinum, from the Screwed Up Click
Me, Big H.A.W.K., and E and Ke' we dropping platinum
shit

(*DJ Screw scratching*)

Visit [H.A.W.K. f/ DJ Screw, Lil' Keke, E.S.G., C-Note](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

