

**Kötscher, Lindt & Ström****"Watch What You Do"**

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(\*talking\*)

Better watch what you do, 2001

Keep your eyes open ha, better watch what you do

R.I.P. to my partna Screw, E.S.G. I'm putting it down

Watch what you do ha, Texas-California connection

Feel that Poetic, watch what you do

[E.S.G.]

Now E.S.G. spitting game, and do my thang for figgas

Down South living legend, now rewind the picture

Now think back, 'fore everybody use to drank that

Red Sprite late night, we making bank at

Screw's house, and the drank got me yawning

Still pouring cups, it's three in the morning

Ask the Lord, why another G gone

Instead of seeing chrome, I'm seeing headstones

With my partna name on it, fuck the ice and hoes

When someone dies, it make you love life mo'

Wish you was here Screw, we'd make them holla again

We'd probably ride blue, in your Impala again

Stack dollas again, and pop our collas again

Who put the tap-tap on the map, gotta be him

I push the throttle again, cause E.S.G. won't quit

Man I put that on Screw, and the Screwed Up Click

cause uh

[Hook]

Better watch what you do, cause it could fall on you

If you balling fool, better watch what you do

I miss-I miss-I miss you Screw, and I felt your pain

You know the click won't forget, we gon rep the name

And I felt your pain, you know the click

Won't forget, we gon rep the name

[E.S.G.]

Send me first mayn, and I can't lose the game

New players new coaches, but the rules the same

Who's to blame, when they scandalized your name

Can you analyze game, and survive the flame

The rain fall you ball, you might crash

Hit your breaks fast, cause there's snakes in the grass

When you get cash, everybody try to call  
I'm your long lost cousin, from Alaska dog  
Hell naw I peep y'all, real quick  
Watch who you hang with, and watch your own click  
Cause a broke down dog, with no bone or happy home  
Will run in your shit, and sit on your chrome  
Since Screw gone the Lord, is trying to tell us  
something  
Slow down playa, but we keep on running  
Too fast, to pay attention to thangs ahead  
Keep the family fed, and God bless the dead cause uh

[Hook]

[E.S.G.]

From Fat Pat, Big Steve, Mr. Sweets to Screw  
They did shocked us, like Pac and B.I.G. did you  
Now that's true, cause Screw wasn't just a DJ  
He gave me, Big Moe and Lil' Ke our first play  
Everyday all day, we was spitting on breaks  
Freestyling on Gray Tapes, while we sitting on crates  
How many stars did he make, by slowing music down  
Playa look around, how many do it now  
It's a household name, it's a household thang  
And the Screwed Up Click, we a household gang  
So whoa mayn, a thoed thang put it together  
The click I roll with, drop hits forever  
Been through so much, it could only get better  
Two tone truck, dubbed up matching leather  
E.S.G. and Poetic, we got it together  
Texas-Cali connection, we bout cheddar

[Hook]

(\*talking\*)

Said I felt your pain, you know the click  
Won't forget, we gon rep the name  
So rest in peace Screw, what you gon do  
Rest in peace Screw, you know it's all on you ha  
E.S.G. and Poetic

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