

Krauss Alison

"Screens Falling"

Visit "[Screens Falling](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Chorus: Ayana]
Screens falling from the sky
Boys swing in all those
Lil' throwed folks
We sunny side, for life
Candy on my '4, I'm so throwed

[Verse 1: SPM]
It feel good givin back to the hood
I'm tryin to make up for all the dope I cook
And for all the dope fiends I woop
Remember my first gun? I almost shot my foot
Surrounded by crackheads, I would wonder?
Will a nigga ever make it out this gutter?
Cops would come, all of us would run
There was nine of us, they couldnt catch one
Good old days, I wont forget
While I write on this laptop in this jet
With the Universal Records President
And they say everything I do
I'm the first mexican
Aint no love and aint no peace, bro
My 12 gauge shotty will make
Your chest look like a pizza
Things I do, I'm a goddamn fool
I'm puttin seventeen strip dancers all through school

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: Coast]
And you can find me in a parkin lot
Parkin a drop, hop in the X5
Thats my, SUV, yes ma
Next time I pull up and
Some of that old crazy shit
I will roll down my windows and got
Seven inches for the radius
Maybe its the attention that I'm gettin
When they spinnin, or maybe
It's the liqour that I'm sippin
And got me feelin like

I cant be taken lightly
Cause I been poppin pills
So you aint gon' like me
I might distributing llello
Put you on my payroll
Supply with a bird
But you dont move it till I say so
Make sure you dont take
No money out from under me
Cause I'm the type of player
Thats gonna run up in your company
Dont trust me, cuz I never sober
Usually I'm gone off for that
Pink or Purple soda
You better move over
I'm not far from vomiting
Los and Coast's the shit
But still that diet aint no stoppin him

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: SPM]

I dont give a fuck, cuz
We some hustlaz, friends we once was
Now I once blood, scratchin on my six
Thats somethin that a bitch'll do
I'll bet you squat down everytime
Everytime you piss out brew
Tomahawk, show these niggas your tattoo
While we bang screw, Erykah Badu
Knock knock, pop trunk on the boulevarde
How the fuck you gon' act like you pussies hard?
Once again, S-P Man, true killer
Fuck talkin bitch, show me what to do nigga
Representer, bow before you enter
Theres a reward for a man that can find my temper
Sick and tired of you jealous-ass bitches
Send you to hell and you can call me long distance
Dont't run your mouth homeboy, you aint deep enough
Get on your phone and go and call some more people
up

[Chorus]

Visit [Krauss Alison](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.