

## Trae

### "Screw Done Already Warned Me"

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[Intro:]

Screw done already warned me [x4]  
I'm fin to come through, with a tilted bumper kit

[Hook: x4]

Screw done already warned me, bitches ain't shit  
I'm fin to come through, with a tilted bumper kit

[Trae:]

Guess who never left, but he back for the first time  
doing it like a star  
Plus it's certified, by the way that I tip my car  
Screw done told me back in the gap, that half these  
bitches wasn't shit  
So I'm banging up the block one deep, while the slab  
recline a kit  
Let it be known that we the shit, candy dripping and the  
dropper's got you  
Under pressure  
I bet ya that these haters sick, they better go get they  
ass a stretcher  
This the South, home of the chrome shoes and the  
bang inside the trunk  
We been holding since '99, I coulda taught you how to  
stunt  
Haters love to see you fall off, but I just ain't gon fall  
off  
Them tops be on the slab, but watch how fast I knock  
'em all off  
Them jackers I'm gon haul off, in the H we gon be  
joking  
We gon shining until the death, and hope our wheels  
don't come up broken  
Lamborgini do's, on the slab only for the hood  
Ghetto superstars gon show ya, how it feel to be  
looking good  
Tell me what ya know about Screwed Up Click, the ones  
who slowed the pace  
And the ones who dropped the kit, and waved the trunk  
all in your face

[Hook x4]

[Lil' Keke:]

Screw, done already warned me  
That the S.U.C. army, is bout to start busting like a  
tommy  
Stayed up in H-Town, where bumper kits lay down  
Terrorizing the streets, like they school yard  
playgrounds  
Bitches ain't shit, so I do it my way  
In the 500 CL, just banging some Trae  
We got some soldiers in the sky, and even mo' in the  
Penn  
So that's mo' work to do, for C.M.G. and A.B.N  
Threw 4's on a old school, cause slab is true  
Laced it up with butter guts, over midnight blue  
My click is on feet, my whole team gon eat  
And I'm strapped with black heat, it make the ride  
complete  
In the new driver seat, always be balling  
If the trunk raise up, the bumper kit start falling  
A Screwed Up legend, shit who else could it be  
Then the resurrected reborn, infamous Don Ke'

[Hook x4]

[Trae]

Screw done already warned me, they wanna harm me  
I ain't worried about em, messing with Trae I got a  
army  
Plus a line of blue and red cars, that don't know how to  
sit still  
Neon lights get woke up everytime, that they drop  
another 5th wheel  
Better call the coroner, cause it's fin to get reckless in  
Texas  
Plexers ain't never been a problem, I stay strapped for  
the jealous  
And for Screw, you know we represent for the hood and  
the swanging zone  
We draped up and dripped out, grey tapes we was  
banging on  
Now them assholes done came, and we ain't playing  
homie  
Anything less than real, we rearrange what niggaz  
hanging homie  
Matters what you banging homie, cause you know the  
South ain't on no hating  
Shit  
We represent the click, with ice that cost enough to buy  
a brick

The North back to the Southwest, my section gon ride  
for Trae  
Don't think that it's a game, run up and watch how you  
slide away  
The gangstas love it, cause I stay providing 'em with  
hits  
So if you love the game, that took the bumper kit like  
you the shit

[Hook x8]

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