

First Blood

Screwball

What?
Screwball
First blood
When I die bury me
Hang my balls from a cherry tree...

Aiyyo, fuck everybody and everything
I'm puttin my balls on the table while you swingin ya ding-a-ling
I'm here to take back what's mines, I sold dimes
On the block ? evading? the cops, opened outta town spots
Meanwhile, otha niggas slipped in through the back door
Now them niggas swear that they raps raw
I'm not feelin 'em, my rap style killin 'em
From the eighties to the millenium
Ask about poet, niggas say "yeah, I remember him"
Black hoody, army pants, stay wearin timberland
Qb ot, regulate thoroughly
The only one who represented heavenly
Had a whole borough ready to bury me
Yeah, you remember that, if you don't you was on similac

Now you trapped up in a cipher with wild wolves that need to eat
I chew ya dogs up and spit out they white meat, son
I'm having visions of ya ending and it's not sweet
It's gettin crucial, dead you and the niggas that produce you
Yeah it's conflict with the screw
Confined in the industry, but now I'm speacking to a few
Individuals, now you fell I'm talking to you
Go ahead, press the issue, I'm qb official
Screwball authorized spit anotha one to prove it's organized
Check the archives, we copped pies
Got true street ties, ninety nine wise guys
Feel for the state, hit 'em right between the eyes, what?

Chorus: poet

Now it's first blood, hurt thigs, burst slugs
Dirt thugs, screwball the worst thugs
First blood thirsty, what, coming to do y'all
Blew y'all back to the wall, and gave it to y'all
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Yo, hey yo, yo
I told you don't fuck with me I got jedi
Mind control with two nines with red eye
Aiming at'cha ? chedda?
Gettin off the bourbon rockin the turbin
Swervin ? ? ? eating cats in slow-mo
Like higher learning, feel a burning
World turnin indeed
So one day they gonna have to hand it to me
'cause I'm a legacy
Flesh and bone chewin, livin
When a nigga take my kindness for weakness aside givin

Hey yo, yo
Yo screw, we got some drama to attend to
Watch me bend you to a pretzel (man, saayzzz who?)
Hostyle 'bout bless you, anger I ventilate
With a banger I penetrate deep in your flesh meat
I'm foul with this, street analysis
Need to politic every twenty four
More money, money mo'
One mans poison is anotha mans sweetness
Striking at ya weakness, knowin all your secrets

Chorus