

# Like A Gangsta

Screwball

Yo, here we go  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah y'all, yeah y'all  
That new Screw shit y'all  
This is what y'all been worrying right? Uh-huh  
This is that new Screw shit right here  
Uh-huh, uh-huh  
Screwball; Poet, KL...introducing Matrix  
Back up, I'm 'bout to wage out  
I'm 'bout to pull my shit  
Clit a spip out  
y'all niggaz don't know nothing about  
The dangerous routes  
The roads I travelled, the walls, the battles, the coke  
The spots, the money, the rains that fall from the top  
And still survive the bust shots  
Spit flames; Niggaz gettin' slaughtered in flames  
'Shit's not a game  
I'm flowin' like a hurricane  
I come through you town and let murder rain  
Acid from the planes  
When it's time to bang I bang out  
I'll leave you on the corner with your fuckin' brains out  
Creep up on you were you love to hang out  
Like Old Dog and Kane when they pulled them thangs out  
Walk like a gangsta; talk like a gangsta  
Gats done squeezin'; make 'em buck like a gangsta  
Though cats; grillin' em  
Bad bitches fillin' em  
Thuns keep it real with em  
Bitch niggas; killin' them  
We live life like niggaz who can die any day  
But you forget it's heaven, but we lie anyway  
Smoke live ever lade, three times everyday  
We spark three Scotts, my climb all day  
My light in all directions, move in all ways  
I travel like smoke that creep through hallways  
Seep through doorways... cracks and crevices  
My gage just die from lack of  
How many niggaz that you know that can mop a D?  
Know we dead ass won't, won't, won't, cop the pleat  
But then you never met a nigga that's as cocky as me  
Pull a flame, throw it out, make 'em drop and then freeze  
Let 'em know I ain't playing; pop one in his knee  
Have his team and cops come gunning for me  
Have gat men coming; have 'em running from me  
Where them missiles come from?  
From Matrix be , nigga  
- repeat 2X  
Ay yo, I'm low key  
What the fuck you look like tryin' approach me?  
Put your brains out on the ground with the debris  
I rob with each, my whole click cop your squeeze  
We don't get money niggas, fuck them petty thug niggas  
I'm that gangsta nigga; pop slugs in your wick  
I'm that gangsta nigga; said fuck what you did  
I'm that gangsta nigga your bitch want to be with  
New gel like hair grease

Just leave it on a small piece  
But the picture's bigger than you  
I'm living from Screw, Lou!  
Open the gates 'cause I'm sending 'em through  
I got the semi and the Henny and a mob that smash  
All you over night thug niggaz just won't last  
Got enough thuns and gun that'll come and blast  
We could duck on you bitch ass niggaz and keep our freedom  
Murk you on the low and tell your click when we see 'em  
Fuck y'all, kiss our ass, we got cash now!  
- repeat 2X  
Yeah, yeah...you know, you know  
Did about some game shit right?  
Here we are again, are-right now...Screwball  
Yeah, this shit ain't fucking dying down yo'  
'Fuck y'all doing? Screwball right here  
And we still popping off nigga, we still popping off  
We ain't slowing nothing down  
We gone' be dropping albums like mix tapes nigga  
'Bout to make the game hard  
And next time it's gone' be on your motherfucking jaw  
Screwball...Hyped Entertainment...let it speak nigga, yeah  
One album, Screw some shit  
y'all ain't ready for this type of shit yet  
Shot niggaz down  
FUCK a major label...eat a dick  
....This is that shit