

# Take It There

## Screwball

What what what what  
Yeah yeah  
Who the fuck want it?  
Yeah yeah, set it off niggas  
Transform transform

Yo, I'm at cha'll niggas, assault and battle why'all niggas  
My gat splatter niggas, my style dazzle niggas  
Screwball empire, Poet spit fire (Fire)  
Niggas want to die, come try'a...piledriver  
My family's Hydra, but we smoke HY-DRO  
Mixed with the chronic, some niggas sniff blow  
Some niggas smoke dust, fuck around get bust  
Severly touched, crushed, your times up  
Ya rhyme sucks, ya crew's weak  
When the smoke clears, I'll be there, standin on my two feet  
With the mic in one hand, and the otha my heat  
Represent Vernon, tenth, and twelfth street

Man, I brake a broom stick off in yo' ass  
For long cash, Screwball blasts the raw facts  
And its long lastin, yeah  
A lot of crews are soft like puddy  
They see me they runnin from me, my rhymes they study  
Subject, art of descruction, come to reck  
want to give props to Mercy for your ??? drops  
Set it on my man Phil, then my eyes get chinky  
Here's kinky, then I'm ghost like blinky  
I'm PacMan, lyrics that's written by a mad man  
And my grip is like a mental asyllum when I write 'em  
Ignite 'em like a bullet from my glock when you pull it  
To all pieces, when the rough shit releases, yeah

Chorus: Screwball and Capone  
(Do what?) Pushin' weight back (Nigga we'll win)  
(What, what) clack clack clack clack (Screwball)  
(We're the illest) Can you dig that? (I can dig that)  
You didn't know, only time keep 'em villians (Take it there)  
I want to hurt something (Nigga we'll win) I want to hurt something  
Don't make me do something (We're the illest) (What)  
Pull the curtains on 'em (Yeah yeah yeah)  
You didn't know, only time keep 'em villians

Yo, understand this I aim rich, aim stainless steel  
Aim at the beast when the game get real  
Yo, them corna's I been played, got schooled by fame  
Said the streets is still watched through closed curtains and screens  
QB is like the villain'est life, all across the world thugs, pushers, pimps  
and whores  
From a blimp I glimpse at the raws  
Tears fall, and radioactive street thugs hearin me callin  
To you my name respect the game, ?sixty days home?  
Copped the buggy, showed me the love, ghetto niggas gotta love me  
Pop the bubbly why'all, salute the reign of QB (Yeah yeah yeah yeah)

Aiyyo, you niggas sleepwalkin out here, a technicality  
Nigga we blaze infront of the kids ''cause that's how foul it be

I shit on you, take you to the flicks, put a hit on you  
Dump ya head in popcorn, turn around and spit on you  
I take it there, with ghetto po' niggas, who never had nothin  
We hangin in the club just to bag som'thin  
Catch a roolly mercin out about to crash som'thin  
So just get the fuck up out this life unless you have som'thin  
You don't hustle around, you wouldn't mind time  
Bitch you ain't a dime, if you ain't improvin mine  
Who why'all, I see through why'all  
Fuckin with Kyron, you fuckin Screwball  
We do some ugly shit to why'all

Chorus

The reign of QB (Salute this shit)  
Screwball (Screwball nigga)  
Capone 'n' Noreaga  
Thugged out (Thugged out)  
Kno'imsayin? (Hear me?)  
why'all get this money, or we get that thug shit poppin  
Kno'imsayin?  
Its our fuckin world