

Screwed Up

Træ tha Truth

Target practice baby, only thing is
I'm not the shooter, I'm the bullet biatch
Yeah, G'd up from the feet up (I got you Træ)
Ya dig, A-B-C-D-E-F

I'm a G to the end, the end of the road
But back in the kitchen, at the end of the stove
Ay T, looks like we at the end of the O
Drop a fo' in a twenty ounce, and call it 24
You sit on 24's, and we sip on 24's
Got the Caddy, sitting on a pair of Gucci penny loafers
Yeah I get money, fuck with bitches that get me mo'
Now you know the game, same shit different hoes
Yeah we cut the ears and the tail off Mickey Mouse
Never been a rat, never had em in the house
Call me Captain Kangaroo, but I got money in my pouch
And I don't mean loose change, when I say money in the couch
Ya dig yeah, I'm getting paid at what I already say
Can't see these niggas, like the brief on these niggas
Got a bitch named Nina, and Nina so slutty
Cause she'll do him, and every one of his buddies

We put them drinks down, and pick them tools up
And if dude tripping, we hit dude up
And you ain't shit, if you ain't never been screwed up
And you ain't shit, if you ain't never been screwed up
(We drop the top down, and chunk the deuce up)
(These 84's'll make a hater, put his shoes up)
(Yeah you ain't shit, if you ain't never been screwed up)
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I'm in the drop sitting low, 84's looking dangerous
My swagger got me in the hood, looking like I was famous
My neck and wrist, look like it been hit by a couple painters
I'm getting money, but the fact I'm gangsta never changes
I got my Locs on, waiting on a time to plex
Like this bopper shotgun in the whip, waiting on time to sex
It's ABN until I rest, and won't be nothing less
Since I'm protected by the neighborhood, I never need a vest
I know them haters talking, but they ain't saying nothing
Long as they stay inside they place, I'ma continue stunting
My ice the shit, I'm prolly at a hundred stacks and running
I guess I'm fly, cause my do's in the air and trunk is humming
I'm still moving slow, my swagger just got off the chain
Whether the club or in the hood, I'm still gon make it rain
Yeah I'm the Truth, so please address it when you say my name
You try to take it to me, I'ma try to take it to your brain

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It's still the same name, new whip, new shoes
Fifty on the frame, so I know I won't lose
Kit is on fly, do's up when I cruise
All eyes on me, everytime a nigga move
I pop another trunk, and show the world I'm screwed up
This say different color chain, will make you put your jewels up
Say bitch you better chill, cause I'll beat your dude up
Put him on the sideline, and have his face bruised up all screwed up
Oh yeah these diamonds in my mouth, showing I rep the South
This 80 thousand dollar bitch, got the top taken off
Up in these streets I'm like a kid, cause I love to get lost
And stay packing somethin, that love to break a hater off
So when it come to this gangsta, homie I got it locked
And if I put that drop on the block, I'm unable to stop
And when it come to what it do, I'm that number one spot
They knew I represent for Screw and H.A.W.K., banging my music chopped

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