

Screw Did That

Z-Ro

This for all the DJ A, B, C, D's, wanna be motherfuckers
Whoever you is, my nigga DJ Screw created this style
It's here to stay, you with the ?
You gon respect my nigga Screw

What the fuck y'all niggaz talking bout, Screw did that
You can chop it but respect the fact, Screw did that
Who put this game or flag on the map, Screw did that
What Screw did that, man Screw did that
Who slowed you records down, and made the style, Screw did that
Longest rappers up bout freestyle, Screw did that
Now they sipping syrup worldwide, Screw did that
Tip your motherfucking hats nigga, Screw did that

What the fuck y'all niggaz talking bout, time for me to break it down
At home sucking your mama titty, when I was running the underground
I been here done this, now you hoes got me pissed
Fucking over my homie name, over one funky ass minute of fame
If you true to the game act like it then, show some respect
Y'all niggaz bore me, show some kind of motherfucking loyalty
DJ Screw the king of the chop, yeah king of the chop
He the reason now, a lot of these motherfuckers hot
But they ain't hollin' at Mama and Papa Screw, like they supposed to
Don't forget, don't nobody own shit but those two
That go for friends and foes too, bitches and hoes too
Don't stand there with your mouth wide open nigga, do what you do
Sentimental Value, the only authentic original Screw
We keeping the dream alive, and paying the family too
Mama Screw told me, you got my permission to spill the gases
And when you scream, scream loud, to set fire under they asses

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Who went from Chimmy Chang to worldwide, Screw did that
Took me from nothing and made me something, you did that
I owe it all to you my nigga, for helping me rise
I thought you would get old with me, why the fuck you have to die
Everybody S.U.C. now, Screwed and Chopped by who
Probably never met the man, deserve the ghetto are you bent
Bitch nigga you get, out of dodge fast
5,000 Watts of skills, 5,000 pounds of trash
Watch what you say in the magazines, old fat ass nigga
Steady nibbling off my niggaz cheese, old rat ass nigga
I call it like I see it, and I can't be nothing but real
I guess they can't originate, so they do nothing but steal
I'm sick and I'm tired, I'm not gon let it ride no mo'
Better skip town, cause in Houston you hoes can't hide no mo'
My partner Robert Earl Davis, was a man out of music
But the world kicking so much they bitch made, bold niggaz be trying to do i
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He slowed the record down and made the style, now everybody on dick
Michael "5000" Watts in Murda Dog tal'n bout, he elevated this shit
Screw's number one, always will be
You got the game from him, the style was named after him
One thing he promised, is that the world was gon be all screwed up
I was on a first Screw tape to hit the market, All Screwed Up
Yeah its hard to think, when yo mind go blank
Don't believe it, run yo ass in the paint
See when that Keke Pimpin' Pens, we all was making paper
Drank up and dripped out, while they got high with the Blanksta
All I wanna do is remember the good times
Botany Boyz and still, the block that stayed crunk at all times
Al-D and Z-Ro, and the S.U.C. is still in effect
Screw you resting in peace, and they still on yo motherfucking dick

Candy blue Impala matter of fact, Screw-Blue
Touching nothing but real records, cause no jamming no doo-doo
But fuck the melody, that was my man
When I was slipping he would reach out, and take my hand
Cause it was nothing but love for my nigga, nigga had love for me
So disrespect him, and its gonna be some slugs to see
Bitch we the Screwed Up Click, down South we the shit
Body rocking like this, with Mama Screw up in the mix

S.U.C., let's keep the dream alive man
Original members, extended members
Everybody stand taller, know I'm saying