

RIP DJ Screw
Hold up, I'm swinging off that off side
Bopping soft side
Two fifteen's in the truck
You hit me outside
Pistol on my dick
Wing stop on my right side
H -Town, trill nigga put these holes in
When I was broke they use to curve
Now it's so easy
Get that bread, get that head
Then these Hoes leave
They were suppose to hit records worth DoughBeezy
We be in and out of traffic
Swinging down that two ninety
Finna hit up D T Blanco
She got Hoes look like Rihanna
Club Godzilla bitch I just keep them comments
Bitch I'm tipping down
And your bitch how she sucking dick
Another bitch behind
Hold up

Would you run
If I took two to the ground
I be dealing with this shit
So I'm bracing every sip
Who gonna call me up
Who gonna call me up
See I'm ready to reach the pello yellow I'm in love
Pineapple chunk stains on my tongue
Getting further and beyond
Got this thing called Deno
She's so raw, better see her
That crushed pills called soda
Little more ice make it colder
Bitch I'm holy like a pastor
It's that nine age school
Choosing war over liquor
Pulling bras like I miss you
Unable to transcribe the line; words are not clear
Body hot and I rock you up
Reminiscing on that acu rush
Unable to transcribe the line; words are not clear
We on that codeine

First time pull out the coop
Then I drop the roof
And then I chunk the deuce
Before I dunk a deuce
And that juice they were sipping that's screw house
But, before I sip the cup
I roll a switcher up to roll a new ounce
I know screw in heaven on a blue couch
Get my tongue and then I lick my gums
When I'm sipping like when kids pull a tooth out
Truth out, me I'mma sip till I can't no more

It look bate, but it ain't no more
And even if you find a bread
You can't afford to buy it
You don't even wanna know the price of paying go for
Now the whole on red from here to Homestead
Boys calling for a telephone dead
And if you really sip codeine
You know that when you get old lean
The other two don't add
So please stay the fuck from round me
Only fuck with day one's
Remember back then when I use to fuck with play guns
And roll up Reggie
I don't scared the hell of you
But now I smoke so much buns
You would think I got eight lungs
And stacks so much bags
You would think that I beg buns
I'm done making friends unless they helping me making funs
Tried to quit sipping but a nigga had no luck
So when this verse over Imma poll me a phonebook
Sipping codeine nigga
No beef