

RIP Pokey Freestyle (Screwed)

Sauce Walka

(Chamberlain, he's got it)
Know what I'm saying?
Spill me?
Gohan say, how I do it? I'm trippin'
Free Train

My hand full of water
Every day, I'm walkin' with the rock, Sean Carter
Nation in my hands, on the team, I'm the starter
Maybach parked outside, lookin' harder
Shoot like Harden
Bitch steady dodgin' with that Hellcat
Niggas snitching on they own mans, get them cells back
I was a young nigga in a treesh, tryna sell crack
'Til a bitch came with the bread and that ass fat
Fuck that
How did I do it? Got to it like fluid
TSF be the business, in the city, we the movement
Niggas know I don't play when it coe to them birdies
Frirt, they gon' fly with them switches, you heard me?
That's a war I'ma start, AR in the car
Sip Barre, TSF business, write it on the jar
Lil' bitch, why you callin'?
Don't you see me in that black Maybach crawlin'?
Standin' in the middle of the gym, just ballin'
Drippin' on I-10 in the Benz to New Orleans
Sippin' on that syrup, mix the lean, it got me hollerin'
Feelin' liek a wolf, I'm in the woods until the morning
Know that splicker on me, South Side big homie
Ain't no question that
Nigga touch a feather on my birds, then we stretchin' that

Let 'em throw a play up in the air, you know I'm catchin' that
Big dog Wood, I'm big dog, you know I'm fetchin' that
Niggas play, we stretchin' that, I'm up in the trap though
I ain't even trippin', I move shit like a chat though
I be runnin' shit around this bitch, I'm like a lap though
I ain't even playin', I'm comin' straight up off my cap, ho
Big Wood, H Town, South Side, keep it live
I ain't even trippin', I got a fifty piece right in my outh
Sauce Wood drippin' all trthrough the streets, I'm out the Springs
Poured up a four, I'm- We call that shit some lean
Yeah, I'm goin' off the head, never scared, stripes on me, I ain't Fred
I don't give a fuck what a bitch nigga tried to said
Tried to say, I don't play, bitch, I'm out of DA
I run up on you with these things and blow your ass away
These fans on me, these bands on me, bitch, I'm poppin'
You run up, nigga, and everything about you stoppin'
That mean your heart, that mean your brain, that mean everything you live
I don't give a fuck, nigga, I'm out that motherfuckin' Ville
That's that South Side, South Sill for Lil'
RIP to Podina, I just shed a fuckin' tear
Seen that shit up on my-

Hold up, man