

## Communications

### Screwball

Yo, yo, yo, yo, yo  
Just got off the jack with my son thats up north  
Tellin me he's comin home, and how he's gettin off  
'Cuz his game was weak, killed two months, he's back in the streets  
With new plans, to expand, to jerk his mans man  
We had the ultimate stick up, drop, on the brick pick up  
But yo he can't, 'cuz he's still locked up  
Jump back on the horn 'cuz his vibe was strong  
Contacted the kid and told him lets be gone  
I talked to Poet first, yo son, I got a mish-shon  
Grab the ammunish-shon, pump up your pythons  
I know a spot where niggas gettin it, and we can flip on  
Son they frustrate me, 'cuz these niggas pump with no heat  
They play the night time sweet, like they can't get beat  
I got their address, to where they rest and stash their shit  
Yo, I peeped it out how we can creep, yo yo yo  
These niggas stay sleep  
Makin sales, smokin out, and they all get ?geeked?  
Lets catch 'em zoning, brain under, high and headed home and  
When they least expect it, lets put the gat to his dome  
He stuck the key in the door, we ??? four four  
We pushed our way in, we wasnt playin  
Ready to spray 'em, tied him down to the A.M.  
Now we layin, for a beamer, and some bitch named Fatima

Communicate for the cake, polly for weight outta state  
Down on digits on the Isle with son we can't be late  
We got moves to make, flood the whole New York state  
Time to skate to other lands to put food on our plate  
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Now we travel with the ?Crills Rock?  
P, Noyd, Onslaught on the hottest road with a car load'a shit  
Isolated on ya whip, on the south I-95, lightin off and more drive  
?Diggy with the seats sung?  
half a pie in the trunk with the music blastin  
Clouds of smoke, yo this lifes no joke  
We from QB son, we ain't tryin to be broke  
We makin moves to where the money's at, get it up and bring it back  
New cats the boogie OT knew how to work it  
Get the money, couldn't keep it 'cuz they jerked it  
Bad habits, livin lavish, rockin front and cabbage  
Tyrin to follow the leader, but paul paid for peter  
The dirty south ain't the place to sign, son keep ya heat up  
I'm from NY, city slicker, beat'choo with the G quicker  
Business so well I'll have your towns clientele  
Kyron but me on through the cell, my OT  
Get that brick money son, I'll meet you back in QB  
See we flee off, know how to gee off, know how to eat off  
Know how to make moves so we can keep the heat off  
See we prefer to skate, to get this food on our plate  
And keep our name low key on this New York state  
You know how ?rule? quiet is kept, lets get this money fool

[Chorus]