

Take It There

Screwball

What what what what
Yeah yeah
Who the fuck want it?
Yeah yeah, set it off niggas
Transform transform

Yo, I'm at cha'll niggas, assault and battle why'all niggas
My gat splatter niggas, my style dazzle niggas
Screwball empire, Poet spit fire (Fire)
Niggas want to die, come try'a...piledriver
My family's Hydra, but we smoke HY-DRO
Mixed with the chronic, some niggas sniff blow
Some niggas smoke dust, fuck around get bust
Severly touched, crushed, your times up
Ya rhyme sucks, ya crew's weak
When the smoke clears, I'll be there, standin on my two feet
With the mic in one hand, and the otha my heat
Represent Vernon, tenth, and twelth street

Man, I brake a broom stick off in yo' ass
For long cash, Screwball blasts the raw facts
And its long lastin, yeah
A lot of crews are soft like puddy
They see me they runnin from me, my rhymes they study
Subject, art of desctruction, come to reck
want to give props to Mercy for your ??? drops
Set it on my man Phil, then my eyes get chinky
Here's kinky, then I'm ghost like blinky
I'm PacMan, lyrics that's written by a mad man
And my grip is like a mental asylum when I write 'em
Ignite 'em like a bullet from my glock when you pull it
To all pieces, when the rough shit releases, yeah

Chorus: Screwball and Capone
(Do what?) Pushin' weight back (Nigga we'll win)
(What, what) clack clack clack clack (Screwball)
(We're the illest) Can you dig that? (I can dig that)
You didn't know, only time keep 'em villians (Take it there)
I want to hurt something (Nigga we'll win) I want to hurt something
Don't make me do something (We're the illest) (What)
Pull the curtains on 'em (Yeah yeah yeah)
You didn't know, only time keep 'em villians

Yo, understand this I aim rich, aim stainless steel
Aim at the beast when the game get real
Yo, them corna's I been played, got schooled by fame
Said the streets is still watched through closed curtains and screens
QB is like the villain'est life, all across the world thugs, pushers, pimps
and whores
From a blimp I glimpse at the raws
Tears fall, and radioactive street thugs hearin me callin
To you my name respect the game, ?sixty days home?
Copped the buggy, showed me the love, ghetto niggas gotta love me
Pop the bubbly why'all, salute the reign of QB (Yeah yeah yeah)

Aiyyo, you niggas sleepwalkin out here, a technicality
Nigga we blaze infront of the kids ''cause that's how foul it be

I shit on you, take you to the flicks, put a hit on you
Dump ya head in popcorn, turn around and spit on you
I take it there, with ghetto po' niggas, who never had nothin
We hangin in the club just to bag som'thin
Catch a roly mercin out about to crash som'thin
So just get the fuck up out this life unless you have som'thin
You don't hustle around, you wouldn't mind time
Bitch you ain't a dime, if you ain't improvin mine
Who why'all, I see through why'all
Fuckin with Kyron, you fuckin Screwball
We do some ugly shit to why'all

Chorus

The reign of QB (Salute this shit)
Screwball (Screwball nigga)
Capone 'n' Noreaga
Thugged out (Thugged out)
Kno'imsayin? (Hear me?)
why'all get this money, or we get that thug shit poppin
Kno'imsayin?
Its our fuckin world