

Screw Done Already Warned Me

Trae tha Truth

[Intro:]

Screw done already warned me (4x)

I'm fin to come through, with a tilted bumper kit

[Hook: x4]

Screw done already warned me, bitches ain't shit

I'm fin to come through, with a tilted bumper kit

[Trae:]

Guess who never left, but he back for the first time doing it like a star

Plus it's certified, by the way that I tip my car

Screw done told me back in the gap, that half these bitches wasn't shit

So I'm banging up the block one deep, while the slab recline a kit

Let it be known that we the shit, candy dripping and the dropper's got you under pressure

I bet ya that these haters sick, they better go get they ass a stretcher

This the South, home of the chrome shoes and the bang inside the trunk

We been holding since '99, I coulda taught you how to stunt

Haters love to see you fall off, but I just ain't gon fall off

Them tops be on the slab, but watch how fast I knock 'em all off

Them jackers I'm gon haul off, in the H we gon be joking

We gon shining until the death, and hope our wheels don't come up broken

Lamborghini do's, on the slab only for the hood

Ghetto superstars gon show ya, how it feel to be looking good

Tell me what ya know about Screwed Up Click, the ones who slowed the pace

And the ones who dropped the kit, and waved the trunk all in your face

[Hook x4]

[Lil' Keke:]

Screw, done already warned me

That the S.U.C. army, is bout to start busting like a tommy

Stayed up in H-Town, where bumper kits lay down

Terrorizing the streets, like they school yard playgrounds

Bitches ain't shit, so I do it my way

In the 500 CL, just banging some Trae

We got some soldiers in the sky, and even mo' in the Penn

So that's mo' work to do, for C.M.G. and A.B.N

Threw 4's on a old school, cause slab is true

Laced it up with butter guts, over midnight blue

My click is on feet, my whole team gon eat

And I'm strapped with black heat, it make the ride complete

In the new driver seat, always be balling

If the trunk raise up, the bumper kit start falling

A Screwed Up legend, shit who else could it be

Then the resurrected reborn, infamous Don Ke'

[Hook x4]

[Trae]

Screw done already warned me, they wanna harm me

I ain't worried about em, messing with Trae I got a army

Plus a line of blue and red cars, that don't know how to sit still

Neon lights get woke up everytime, that they drop another 5th wheel

Better call the coroner, cause it's fin to get reckless in Texas

Plexers ain't never been a problem, I stay strapped for the jealous

And for Screw, you know we represent for the hood and the swanging zone

We draped up and dripped out, grey tapes we was banging on
Now them assholes done came, and we ain't playing homie
Anything less than real, we rearrange what niggaz hanging homie
Matters what you banging homie, cause you know the South ain't on no hating
shit
We represent the click, with ice that cost enough to buy a brick
The North back to the Southwest, my section gon ride for Trae
Don't think that it's a game, run up and watch how you slide away
The gangstas love it, cause I stay providing 'em with hits
So if you love the game, that took the bumper kit like you the shit

[Hook x8]