

Screw Done Already Warned Me

Trae

Screw done already warned me
I'm fin to come through, with a tilted bumper kit

Screw done already warned me, bitches ain't shit
I'm fin to come through, with a tilted bumper kit

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 u
nder 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

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'

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