

Screwed Up Click, We Don't Play

(*talking*)

My nigga Trae, Miggity-Mike D
Present that shit niggaz

(Hook - 2x)

We don't play that, we don't play that
We don't play that, fucking with that H-Town
We don't play that, we don't play that
We don't play that, you fuck around and get layed down

(Mike D)

Guns up, the war back on
Guard your grill mo'fucker, cause I'm right back home
Repping that Houston, figgas like que-bones
It's hood fella Corleone, back with them good songs
The streets is my backbone, I'm known to get packed stone
I came from a sack of stones, 22's I'm sitting on
T.V.'s by Clarion, platinum medallion
Black trucks on chrome, on top of my game huh
The city look pretty now, that I'm sitting on digits
But the city was looking shitty, when my ass couldn't get it
Now I'm gators on my waist, matching my feet's and arm
Rocks all up in my jaw, going off like car alarms

(Trae)

When I bomb the block, I'm certified to fuck a nigga up
Like I'm Biggie or Pac, I'm a lyrical threat unable to stop
A dark version of John Wayne, with the eight wheels of Jesse James
Giving out dome shots to the brain, and fucking they life up like cocaine
I'm a sinister to these streets, and a minister to these beats
Cause I'ma let a nigga know the real, the definition of being real is me
Trae and I'll bring the pain, all of my enemies gotta leave
Fucking with me I could make a nigga fold up, and make it hard for you to breathe
I'm a H-Town representer, with the H all across my back
Houston Texas till I'm dead, it's automatic like a hand gat

(Hook - 2x)