

# Z-RO, Screw Did That

(\*talking\*)

This for all the DJ A, B, C, D's, wanna be motherfuckers  
Whoever you is, my nigga DJ Screw created this style  
It's here to stay, you with the ?  
You gon respect my nigga Screw

[Hook]

What the fuck y'all niggaz talking bout, Screw did that  
You can chop it but respect the fact, Screw did that  
Who put this game or flag on the map, Screw did that  
What Screw did that, man Screw did that  
Who slowed you records down, and made the style, Screw did that  
Longest rappers up bout freestyle, Screw did that  
Now they sipping syrup worldwide, Screw did that  
Tip your motherfucking hats nigga, Screw did that

[Point Blank]

What the fuck y'all niggaz talking bout, time for me to break it down  
At home sucking your mama titty, when I was running the underground  
I been here done this, now you hoes got me pissed  
Fucking over my homie name, over one funky ass minute of fame  
If you true to the game act like it then, show some respect  
Y'all niggaz bore me, show some kind of motherfucking loyalty  
DJ Screw the king of the chop, yeah king of the chop  
He the reason now, a lot of these motherfuckers hot  
But they ain't hollin' at Mama and Papa Screw, like they supposed to  
Don't forget, don't nobody own shit but those two  
That go for friends and foes too, bitches and hoes too  
Don't stand there with your mouth wide open nigga, do what you do  
Sentimental Value, the only authentic original Screw  
We keeping the dream alive, and paying the family too  
Mama Screw told me, you got my permission to spill the gases  
And when you scream, scream loud, to set fire under they asses

[Hook]

[Z-Ro]

Who went from Chimmy Chang to worldwide, Screw did that  
Took me from nothing and made me something, you did that  
I owe it all to you my nigga, for helping me rise  
I thought you would get old with me, why the fuck you have to die  
Everybody S.U.C. now, Screwed and Chopped by who  
Probably never met the man, deserve the ghetto are you bent  
Bitch nigga you get, out of dodge fast  
5,000 Watts of skills, 5,000 pounds of trash  
Watch what you say in the magazines, old fat ass nigga  
Steady nibbling off my niggaz cheese, old rat ass nigga  
I call it like I see it, and I can't be nothing but real  
I guess they can't originate, so they do nothing but steal  
I'm sick and I'm tired, I'm not gon let it ride no mo'  
Better skip town, cause in Houston you hoes can't hide no mo'  
My partner Robert Earl Davis, was a man out of music  
But the world kicking so much they bitch made, bold niggaz be trying to do it

[Hook]

[Point Blank]

He slowed the record down and made the style, now everybody on dick  
Michael "5000" Watts in Murda Dog tal'n bout, he elevated this shit  
Screw's number one, always will be  
You got the game from him, the style was named after him  
One thing he promised, is that the world was gon be all screwed up  
I was on a first Screw tape to hit the market, All Screwed Up  
Yeah its hard to think, when yo mind go blank

Don't believe it, run yo ass in the paint  
See when that Keke Pimpin' Pens, we all was making paper  
Drank up and dripped out, while they got high with the Blanksta  
All I wanna do is remember the good times  
Botany Boyz and still, the block that stayed crunk at all times  
Al-D and Z-Ro, and the S.U.C. is still in effect  
Screw you resting in peace, and they still on yo motherfucking dick

[Z-Ro]

Candy blue Impala matter of fact, Screw-Blue  
Touching nothing but real records, cause no jamming no doo-doo  
But fuck the melody, that was my man  
When I was slipping he would reach out, and take my hand  
Cause it was nothing but love for my nigga, nigga had love for me  
So disrespect him, and its gonna be some slugs to see  
Bitch we the Screwed Up Click, down South we the shit  
Body rocking like this, with Mama Screw up in the mix

(\*talking\*)

S.U.C., let's keep the dream alive man  
Original members, extended members  
Everybody stand taller, know I'm saying

[Hook]