H-O-S-T-Y-L-E

Screwball

[Intro]
That's right ugh, check it out
Back in tha days where tha people were fresh
It was one mc who had to pass tha test
He was down by law, and he's ready to play
That's right yawl, it's hostyle today[Verse 1]
Yo yo, yo
Woke up in tha morning and my eggs was part
Turned on tha boob toob saw tha million man march
Tha cops in dc, had to play scared
Gotta a, warn in plans looking at tha quaters of france
Ants in my pants so i dips in tha door
Picked up tha keys, caught a telephone call
She yelling bones in my sounds swell
I'm like why can't, a brother can't rise up
All i'm hearing is clobbers, hung up
Lighted some butter, wu tighten my gutter
Shouted lover, to those hungry
Put holes in they clothes
Bitch niggas throwing weak shit in tha game
On tha streets, smoking dough and leak on tha heap[Chorus]
H-o-s-t-why-l-e
(tha drug pushers and face mushers)
Those them types that fuck wit me
(throw ya henny in tha sky)
H-o-s-t-why-l-e
(tha bread winners, tha money getters)
Those them types that fuck wit me
(lets get this m-o-n-e-y)
H-o-s-t-why-l-e
(tha henny guzzelers, and tha henny huzzelers)
Those them types that fuck wit me
(this is serious be-i)
H-o-s-t-why-l-e
(tha thug chicks who loved it)
Those them types that fuck wit me
(lets get this money till we die)[Verse 2]
Climax a vocal, like tha local weed spot
Dime bags i go through, i'm at tha penical of smoke signals

Tree's in a tight squeeze, night breeze
For i blow hair might freeze, somebody give me a light please
Matter fact i got matches i strike these don
Son where you coming from, vernon forty one
Here ya shorty come, know she calling me for what
She ignoring me, unless she horny and i got some trojans on me
I just stop start smiling, hands on her hips posing for me
I limped over wit laughter
Told me to meet me a qauter after three, and smacker her on tha ass cheek
Ghetto thug classy, if you ask me, if you ask me[Chorus]
H-o-s-t-why-l-e
(tha drug pushers and face mushers)
Those them types that fuck wit me
(throw ya henny in tha sky)
H-o-s-t-why-l-e
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Those them types that fuck wit me
(lets get this money till we die)[Bridge]
To all dem types that fuck wit me
For qb and so on, tha hyrdro crew
Mike heron, jerry familar
And my enginer, max zzzzz (zzzzz zzzzz)
Mo greens baby
To my man untouchable violence, what up
This our dudes, prince from pa rule
Yeah to tha mobb deep, and to tha infamous mobb
That's right, girl j nicky brown
To my three kids, get down baby
Yeah, it's on, fredrick and my man calito
What, to all my people, ugh
Tha who hand clique, terrific mud explicit[Chorus]
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(tha drug pushers and face mushers)
Those them types that fuck wit me
(throw ya henny in tha sky)
H-o-s-t-why-l-e
(tha bread winners, tha money getters)

Those them types that fuck wit me
(lets get this m-o-n-e-y)
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