

# 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 hostile 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  
(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)[Bridge]  
To all dem types that fuck wit me  
For qb and so on, tha hydro 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]  
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  
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Songwriters

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