

Screwed Up

Tito B

Aight look I'm a bout tha mike nd I'm a flip it
Well bugzy laced the beat nd tito B is about to rip it
I grip it
The mike just like a muthafukin pistol
My flow goes to yo brain nd have you anxious like some crystal
I whistle nd have my homies creepin out the wood works
Some hittaz with some heataz dat kan leave yo whole hood merked
We hood lurk nd do dirt
Nd leave you suckaz layed down
Den seperate yo ass like some dro after it's wayed down
Get stomped out nd smashed on
Nigga we get our blast on
See in da bay if you is a scrap you won't last long
We get our cash on
Grinding az nessecary but if you slippin you go end up in da cemetary
Like what

(Sped Up)

It's tito b from the mission st.
I'm creepin and packin a machine
Nd I'm a sharper than a crease
Just smokin wankstaz on the scene
Now screw nd chop the speed nd slow for all my focus
Everybody sip yo literz smoke yo purp for all my smokerz

(Chopped nd Skrewd)

I lean back in my lac when I take a stroll
I roll in white with peanut butter when I cruise control
I'm coutin hella dough
I'm tryna touch myself a mil
I'm freezin thangz wen I talk so you should see my grill
Nd fuck a major deal I'm reppin 4 ma homiez I
M da 1 nd only nd neva could you clone me
Them otherz phoney
We call them suckaz knock offs
They always run nd hide wen it pops off them
Cats is weak son neva in my category jump up in da cicle if you heard anotha story
Them catz is weak son neva in my category jump up in da circle if ya heard anoother story like whaa

Lyrics submitted by Valley.

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