

# ABN, Miss My Dawg

[\*\*feat. Billy Cook]

[Hook:]

Ain't a damn thang changed, we still up in this game  
And you know, I really miss my nigga Screw-U  
Everyday it be the same, we holding down the name  
If you haters guaranteed, that we gon do you  
Cause I really miss my dog, I really miss my dog  
I really miss my dog, I really miss my dog

[Z-Ro:]

You use to come, and scoop me  
In the sharp, from the trailer park in Hiram-Clarke  
Rolling blue over blades, daily many sherms we sparked  
A lil' old playa steady fucking, with yellow to dark women  
And we caught the munchies, had to hit that Horse Chicken  
And when everybody said fuck me, you stood next to me  
Gave me some game, then he told me I was S.U.C.  
My nigga never had a hateful bone, in his body  
And all he said was yes, he never said no to anybody  
I ain't never, had a friend like him  
I'm feeling vacated by destiny, wish I was in the wind like him  
He took me to the Kappa for the first time, plus the car show  
Late night ripping up the mic, and sipping bar slow  
If I was doing bad, he would chunk me some ends  
And if I was depressed, my dog'd get me laughing again  
Telling me that I would make it, and he'd be behind me  
Now every November 16th, niggas can't find me

[Hook:]

[Trae:]

What would I be without Screw, the only who ever showed me the way  
To get paid, for spitting rhymes and wrecking mics on the stage  
At the same time, the one who kept me keeping composure  
Now I'm losing it tripping quick, with a chip on my shoulder  
I remember living when we and you, would come and scoop us  
Telling us one day we would get big, when nobody knew us  
It was destined for you to shine, now the world Screwed up  
We gon rep it to the full, everyday we blued up  
Everything been feeling different, it'll never be the same  
Screw I promise it be hard, but I'm still holding down the name  
We the team and now the Click, is number one in the Dirty South  
We them street, them other niggas faking and selling out  
That ain't right, but God knows we keeping your name alive  
Niggas fly, they seen the opportunity when you died  
Really though, these niggas blinding people with the fog  
I ain't changed and I'ma rep you, and I really miss you dog

[Hook:]

[Billy Cook:]

It's the G-M, and S.L.A.B.  
And your boy Billy Cook, repping that BMG  
Mo City Gray Tapes, ain't the same without Screw  
Dog, we really miss you on the one's and two's  
Even when you pulled up, in the candy blue  
On chops, even made hating ass niggas have to give you props  
Because you gave back, to the streets  
You gave back to the hood, and now we miss you my nigga

[Singing]

Feel me, we really miss you my dog  
We really miss my dog, ooooooh-ooooh-oooooh  
Yeeeeeah, we really miss you DJ Screw oooooh  
Yeeeeeeah yeah-ay-yeah, ooooooooooh-yeah  
We really I miss my dog, yeah I really miss my dog  
I really miss my dog, I really miss my dog  
I really miss my dog, I really miss my dog  
I really miss my dog, DJ Screw yeeeeeeeeeeeah  
S-L-A-B help me out, GM yeah Trae, Z-Ro

Ooh yeeeeeeeeeeah, ooooooooooh yeeeeeah  
Yeeeeah-whooooooooa, we really miss you my dog  
Heey-ay-heey ha, heeey-ay-yeeeeeeah-yeah