

Paul Wall, Bangin' Screw

[Chorus:]

Flyyy, heyy,hey

I Got dat trunk craked windows tinted, trunk craked windows tinted

Slowly rollin I'm banging screw

Slowly rollin I'm banging screw

Comin down so fly-y-y-y

Smokin leaf so high-i-i-i

Slowly rollin I'm banging screw,

Slowly rollin I'm banginig screw.

What it do it's paul to the wall,

Chunk up tall, let the 4 screens fall,

Spider's crawl gon turn up that dial and make they heads all nodd like a bobble head doll,

Bendin corners up and down wayside,

From greens road to that antoine drive,

Crew on da side playin nba live,

I'm too cool for school ridin on buckhide,

Turnin heads when I'm on dat scott

Hit that french's for a quick pit stop,

Boys in the mail talkin bout they on top,

8 Months later all them boys flop.

Like it or not I'm the game and I'm showin up, keke got dat oil and we pourin up,

Hit the club wit captain jack and big steve representin my hood still throwin up.

Big money in the gang as the bread grow,

Candy old school drop top for the low,

Boys used to be sleepin on me but the champ is here I gaurantee that they ass woke,

Ridin on spoke, dats the elbow, still rockin in da ice white shell toe,

Dis for my boys by dat kelso and you already know.

[Chorus]

Yeah, I'm still on that five-9,

But might see me on that five-8 comin down,

All over the town I like to get around,

Jammin my fat pat screwed up underground,

Comin down in the lime green eighty eight,

While them boys on the sideline wanna hate,

Bump a kid for fuckin up the state plate,

I Must admit my life's great,

T-Farris wit me in the snowbunny benz,

Lookin through a louey lens and we stackin up ends,

Bros over hoes yea I'm talkin bout friends,

Got freedom on my arm for my dawg lil twin,

Dubs on the rim that's t.i.s,

Just like pretty Todd I'm g-boy fresh,

Got oil comin in and it's strait from da west,

And grill throwin mesh on the cadillac crest,

Head of the best I ain't messin wit da rest,

Santa clause sled thats pomegranite red,

Sippin that taste i take it straight to da head,

And dat swisha house is wat I rep till I'm dead.

[Chorus]

Im tippin fo's and I'm sippin fo's and I'm flippin hos with my partner clue,

Posted up at dat TSU or dat Prarie View wit my patna Lew-

Hawk, boys get outlined in chalk,

Tryin to run up and jack my slab,

This one here for my boy lil kee I'm throwin duece up and gettin boys dab,

Pourin da juice up and grippin that ab,

Wavein hoods so the base showcase

Settin the trends steady choppin up wind with a diamond ice grin, that paper I chase,

Taper fade by that bad boy shop,

Tippin slow I'm screwed up and chopped,

Listening to some of that bobby merl, them choppaholics, maybe that michael watts,

Choppin the block up, holdin a full cup,

Breakin a strut, now I'm on them swangs,

Grill and woman popped trunk full of bang,

I'm third coast raised and I'm drippin stains,

Im hittin stank tryin to break that bread,
Slowed and throwed till the day I'm diseased,
Leaning tuff, i got cup full of stuff with a starched crease and a johnny dang peice.
[Chorus]