

F.A.Y.B.A.N.

Screwball

Fuck all y'all bitches ass niggas from my heart
Everybody talkin shit but nobody want to start
Straight for QB, original shit starter
Welcome me back like Carter
My three pound semi-revolver
Make you part of the pavement quickly
Layin there pool of blood? and graved in
Your forehead, your crew came but they all dead
They in the meat market chillin with the boars head
Straight up and down I'm here to kncok you out the box
Word to my pops, sell records like I sold rocks
y'all bitch ass niggas I'll meet you at the top
Don't try to give me no love 'cause my shits blazin hot
Smack you with the mack, give you a speed knot
It be in the Source next issue, sayin why I dissed you
Punk motherfuckers, y'all don't want the ruckus
So called tough guys, I despise ya lies
I see it in ya eyes, you pussy and you frontin
Niggas smack ya moms you won't even do nothing
Fuck all y'all bitch ass niggas (Where my thugs at?)
Fuck all y'all bitch ass niggas (Where the money at?)
Fuck all y'all bitch ass niggas (Where my thug chicks?)
Fuck all y'all bitch ass niggas (? Word uuuuuppppp?)
Fuck all y'all bitch ass niggas, who want
it?

Just say something so I can spray something
I seen 'em in they videos, with them silly hoes
Actin like they boning 'em, they don't even be knowin 'em
I'm ready to smack the dog shit out of 'em
I don't give a fuck if they going plat'num
My rhyme flat'num like a ton of bricks
And my duns roll, pullin out all type of shit
'Bout time I flip, y'all niggas been livin good
Niggas gettin paid to say "fuck the hood"
No its fuck you bitch ass nigga, ya heard?
If they get robbed and murdered, they deserve it
Fuck 'em, with no grease I hate 'em like I hate the po-lice
If I get the chance I'll crash they dome piece
You pink panty wearin pussy fuckin coward
All of the sudden all y'all niggas bout it bout it
Niggas ain't even tryin cop no brick
Ain't even tryin worry about the cops and shit
Niggas need to stop they shit, before they get slave whipped
Niggas from the projects don't want to hear that fake shit

Come with what you got to come with
And stop actin like a little bitch
Screwball drops the illest shit
that's blessed the streets and all my sons
And for the rest of y'all niggas
>From the top of my lungs, I scream
Fuck all y'all bitch ass niggas (Where my thugs at?)
Fuck all y'all bitch ass niggas (Where the money at?)
Fuck all y'all bitch ass niggas (Where my thug chicks?)
Fuck all y'all bitch ass niggas (? Word uuuuppppp?) Fuck all y'all bitch ass niggas (Where the
Bridge at?)
Fuck all y'all bitch ass niggas (Where 43rd at?)
Fuck all y'all bitch ass niggas (Screwball what)
Fuck all y'all BITCH ASS NIGGAZ Word
QB shit (what?)
What, motherfucker
What, yeah
Screwball, Big Poet
Representin QB, knowhasayin?
Underground represent forever (forever)
'cause them niggas like Primo (yeah)
Not none of y'all bitch ass niggas (bitch ass niggas)
Fuck 'em (its QB forever nigga)

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>