

# Bangin Screw

Paul Wall

[Chorus]

Fly, hey, 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 banging 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 nod like a bobble head doll,

Bendin' corners up and down wayside,

From greens road to that Antoine drive,

Crew on da side playin' N-B-A 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 guarantee that they ass woke,

Ridin' on spoke, dat's 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 snow bunny 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 dog 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 that's pomegranate red,  
Sippin' that taste I take it straight to da head,  
And that swisha house is what I rep till I'm dead.[Chorus]I'm tippin' fo's and I'm sippin' fo's and  
I'm flippin' hos with my partner clue,  
Posted up at that TSU or that 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' deuce 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,  
I'm 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 piece.[Chorus]  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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