

# Hostyle

## Screwball

That's right ugh, check it out  
Back in the days where the people were fresh  
It was one MC who had to pass the test  
He was down by law and he's ready to play  
That's right yawl, it's hostyle today Yo yo, yo  
Woke up in the morning and my eggs was part  
Turned on the boob toob saw the million man march  
Tha cops in DC had to play scared  
Gotta a, warn in plans looking at the quarters of France  
Ants in my pants so I dips in the door  
Picked up the keys, caught a telephone call  
She yelling bones in my sounds swell  
I'm like why can't a brother can't rise up  
All I'm hearing is clobbers, hung up  
Lighted some butter, wu tighten my gutter  
Shouted lover to those hungry  
Put holes in they clothes  
Bitch niggas throwing weak shit in the game  
On the streets, smoking dough and leak on the heap H-o-s-t-y-l-e  
(The drug pushers and face musher's)  
Those them types that fuck with me  
(Throw ya Henny in the sky) H-o-s-t-y-l-e  
(The bread winners, the money getters)  
Those them types that fuck with me  
(Let's get this m-o-n-e-y) H-o-s-t-y-l-e  
(The Henny guzzlers and the Henny huzzelers)  
Those them types that fuck with me  
(This is serious b-i)  
H-o-s-t-y-l-e  
(The thug chicks who loved it)  
Those them types that fuck with me  
(Let's get this money till we die) Climax a vocal like the local weed spot  
Dimebags I go through, I'm at the penical of smoke signals  
Tree's in a tight squeeze, night breeze  
For I blow hair might freeze, somebody give me a light please  
Matter fact I got matches I strike  
these don  
Son where you coming from Vernon forty one  
Here ya shorty come, know she calling me for what  
She ignoring me unless she horny and I got some Trojans on me  
I just stop start smiling, hands  
on her hips posing for me  
I limped over with laughter  
Told me to meet me a quarter after three  
And smacker her on the ass cheek

Ghetto thug classy, if you ask me, if you ask me H-o-s-t-y-l-e  
 (The drug pushers and face musher's)  
 Those them types that fuck with me  
 (Throw ya Henny in the sky) H-o-s-t-y-l-e  
 (The bread winners, the money getters)  
 Those them types that fuck with me  
 (Let's get this m-o-n-e-y) H-o-s-t-y-l-e  
 (The Henny guzzlers and the Henny huzzelers)  
 Those them types that fuck with me  
 (This is serious b-i) H-o-s-t-y-l-e  
 (The thug chicks who loved it)  
 Those them types that fuck with me  
 (Let's get this money till we die) To all dem types that fuck with me  
 For qb and so on, the hydro crew  
 Mike Heron, Jerry Familiar  
 And my engineer, Max Zzzzz  
 (Zzzzz zzzzz) Mo greens baby  
 To my man untouchable violence, what up  
 This our dudes, prince from pa rule  
 Yeah to the Mobb Deep and to the infamous Mobb  
 That's right, girl J Nicky Brown To my three kids, get down baby  
 Yeah, it's on, Fredrick and my man Calito  
 What to all my people, ugh  
 The who hand clique, terrific mud explicit H-o-s-t-y-l-e  
 (The drug pushers and face musher's)  
 Those them types that fuck with me  
 (Throw ya Henny in the sky) H-o-s-t-y-l-e  
 (The bread winners, the money getters)  
 Those them types that fuck with me  
 (Let's get this m-o-n-e-y) H-o-s-t-y-l-e  
 (The Henny guzzlers and the Henny huzzelers)  
 Those them types that fuck with me  
 (This is serious b-i) H-o-s-t-y-l-e  
 (The thug chicks who loved it)  
 Those them types that fuck with me  
 (Let's get this money till we die)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>