

Screwed Up Click, Down But Not Out

(*talking*)

They thought, we was down and out
Nigga we up like a motherfucker, on feet
Believe that punk, Fat Rat said that

(Lil' Keke)

I'm in the water trying to swim, but my chance is slim
I was born not to fold, and let it swallow me whole
I cross these H-Town streets, but I've been ten toes in
How many independent rappers, really eating off their ends
And I rap vicious, you false and perticious
I'm true to my riches, it's money over bitches
And I'm down never out, so I came with a new plan
Now I'm on a fast break, laying it with my left hand
I play the game day for day, cause it's costing
These niggaz like snails in the street, and they salty
I watch 'em melt, as the pain is felt
And I go fishing in the pond, with the cards I'm dealt
We entertain for a living, S.U.C. on fire
I'm the teflon Don, independent empire
Now the fo' do' truck, is 24's with buttons
South Park-Herschelwood, I done came from nothing yeah

(*talking*)

S.U.C., we might be down
W ain't never out, believe that

(H.A.W.K.)

I spit verses, like M-16's
And pounce on top of niggaz, like trampalenes
It's just in my jeans, flows through my bloodstream
I must fulfill, Fat Pat's ghetto dream
I'm in between, a rock and a hard place
I spit 16's, that rock over hard bass
And when you see my face, you know you seen the best yet
A seasoned vet, a beast like Garnett
I ain't wanted yet, but that won't stop a nigga
Get in my way, I'ma break you off proper nigga
I'm grinding mayn, trying to make my name bigger
I wanna leave the game, on top of Jigga
I know niggaz hating, but those are my aspirations
I'm on a battlefield, with scars and asserations
My mind elevating, my flow is ice cold
I got the heart of T.O., in the Super Bowl
It's fourth and goal, so please give me the rock
I wanna certify my place, up in hip-hop
And when my shit drop, I'ma squash all talk
The next name you'll be screaming, is Big H.A.W.K.

(*talking*)

Mo'fuckers act, like they don't know what time it is
It's our time to shine, get the fuck up outta here
E to the S to the G
Big H.A.W.K., Lil' Ke, Poke and Mike D

(E.S.G.)

Down South getting money, but some road blocking
The mo' they run they mouth, that's my hoes I stick my cock in
Underground bully, I ain't settling for less
One mic one chopper, one brick in the vest
Bout to turn your city round, by word of mouth
Atlanta Falcons in my sofa, yep it's birds in my couch
Rap game vet, I spit a lot of bars
Independent entrepreneur, I made a lot of stars

This the real house yeah, you niggaz play the back
I'm past hogg status, call me razor back
Hollywood to the hood, on the block you can find me
Spitting flows in the booth, like Screw was behind me
I know H.A.W.K. was there, Mike D and that Poke
Grace, Den, Ke and Ro, Big Moe fa sho
There's too many to name, so I'ma leave it at that
You ain't a real Screwed Up Click, if you ain't roll with Fat Pat
So nigga back back, I'll leave ya dick in the dirt
E.S.G. won't back up, my reverse don't work
See I'm selling one-way tickets, to ride in a hearse
Rappers wanna play gangsta, get fly in ya verse
Oh no no love, so fuck it in this song
It's E.S to the G, and Lil' 3rd riding chrome
Putting it fucking down, for the Screwed Up Click
So all ya fake niggaz, stop riding our dick g'eah

(Mike D)

Man who hold ya down, like a real nigga 'pose to
From via Monte, to hardtop pochious
Kool-Aid'ing on yachts, where everythang is cosure
Cotail derrik, viewing the ocean
It's me and my bitch, I'm holding ya down
You know I got ya back, and I keep that fo' pound
I'd ride for my niggaz, I'd die for my niggaz
It's Screwed Up Click, I can't lie my nigga
Boss Hogg Corleone, I'm rolling with 3rd
I'ma hold that nigga down, nigga that's my word

(*talking*)

Yeah, believe that Corleone
E.S.G., Big H.A.W.K., Keke
Lil' 3rd, Screwed Up Click

(Lil' 3rd)

I got the fire in my eyes, and the heat in my heart
Some'ing like a Lord in war, it's unbeatable boy
My shoes too fly, you ain't beating me boy
Half a brick purple smoke, and the heat in the car
Watch what ya saying pimp, when ya greeting me boy
Cause I'm a young veteran, you ain't seen what I saw
Mack match bust heads, razor cuts to the jaw
42 pounds and 64, bricks in the drawer
Clit hitting getting head, if I ain't playing it raw
And shorty I don't just want head, I wanna skeet in your jaw
I want ya to imitate, that old drunk at the bar
Cause they ain't wanna fuck with me, till they think I'm a star
Got stress in my head, for my brother in Bed's
And my cousin D-5, they all locked in the FED's
I feel it woulda never happened, if I had mo' bread
They put 'em all on my back, but I just got two legs
I guess I'm sick of brainstorming, I got down two heads
Trying to scramble to plug along, like I cook to eggs
And I never kiss ass, just to make no ends
I'ma keep it one hundred, as the world spins yeah