

Screwed Up Click, Black Superman

(*talking*)

Yeah, West-West y'all
It's the Fat Rat with the Cheeze, Lil' O nigga
Did you miss me nigga, hey

(Lil' O)

It's been, a long-long time
But you waited patiently, like a long-long line
Now I'm back with the crack, and the stracks on the grind
Got the jugs from the drank, and a trunk full of nines
If you need it then I got it, cause believe a nigga bought it
Just to sell it back to you, trying to see a lil' profit
If you ask me if I ball, if I feel the need to cop it
And it cost a hundred thou', best believe that I can drive it
So you do the math, nigga do the analysis
I'll be in the kitchen whipping chickens, till my hand gets calises
This hand costs ten, when I'm done
Can you tell me what they value is, I bet you can't nigga
Lil' O certified, bet you ain't nigga
But these rocks, on my wrist'll make a nigga think nigga
Like man, I ain't hustling right
How the fuck that boy shine, like the sun in the night
I heard he just went to the jeweler, and he done him so right
That if you stare up at his chest, it'll fuck up your sight
But if you jack, thinking that you gone luck up tonight
You better know the P-89, ain't nothing nice
In fact, nigga I got choppers that can cut up your pints
I got goons that can rope your kids, and tuck in your wife
In other words lil' daddy, I can fuck up your life
You better stop playing with me nigga, I'm black Superman

(*talking*)

West-West y'all, yeah
This the Screwed Up Click underground nigga
It don't get no more gutter than this nigga

(Lil' O)

I'm the from the group, where the niggaz hearts cold
But the block's on fire
Boys in the Penn or the jail, they do not retire
Nobody snitch where shots get fired, it is what it is
If you gotta go to war, then you handle your biz'
And I'd for my pride, you can't handle the kid
And I'd box for my pride, you can't handle the kid
Nigga win lose or draw mayn it is what it is, hey
Somebody better tell em
I got million dollar thoughts, all up in my cell-bellum
Anybody try to stop it, best believe they end up smelling
Found asleep in his car, with a hole in his melon nigga
This is mobster shit
Nigga S.U.C., we a mobster click
Some of us got the drank, others got them bricks
But we all got flow, nigga knock this shit
This is real, like Pac and shit
This is pull it out music, go on ahead and drop your top and shit
Man my flow will make a nigga, wanna cop a brick
Knock off a piece and chain, and go rock his wrist
Cause I'm gutter nigga

(*talking*)

S.U.Ceezy baby, Fat Rat with the Cheezy baby
It's Lil' O nigga, South West-West y'all whoa