

# Screwed Up Click, Hate In Yo Blood

(\*talking\*)

Yeah it's gutter nigga, Fat Rat Wit Da Cheeze nigga  
Southwest nigga, Screwed Up Click nigga whoa

(Lil' O)

This is mean rap, hop out of the Houptie burn a nigga flee the scene rap  
Chop a nigga head off with, call it guillotine rap  
Motherfuck you pussy, if you ain't about your green stacks  
Lil' O's a hustler, what  
This is for my niggaz, with the coedine in the cup  
And my hustlers in the trap, moving rocks up on the cut  
Money over bitches nigga, keep your money up  
Motherfuck a piece of pussy, they bop when they see the truck  
On 24's, nigga I got plenty hoes  
If you want a bunch of bitches, nigga get you plenty do'  
They come with the territory, nigga wanna hear a story  
Bout how a real nigga named O, came to glory  
First thing first I got superdrive, dog I'm not your average dude  
Lil' bro, I'm super live  
Hopped out the Lac, on 4's like Super Fly  
Play a nigga like a hoe, I guarantee do or die you got me fucked up  
See me in the big Benz, getting sucked up  
By a yellow hair under there, love to swallow nut  
If I shoot or miss, then I'm gonna follow up  
I got killas on the payroll, don't make me call 'em up  
It is not a thang, come through popping thangs  
Dog there's a price on your head, and I drop the change pussy  
No I'm not a joke, I'm not broke  
Man I let the thang smoke, I'll leave ya dead like the Pope don't push me nigga

(H.A.W.K.)

Ten-nine-eight-seven-six-five-fo'  
That was the countdown, to some monstrous flow  
You already know, I got monstrous do'  
And the ice that I rock, got a monstrous glow  
6-4 weighing, and a 2-84  
And I throw a blow, that'll knock 'em all to the flo'  
Remarkable, not your average dude  
And I spit shit, that makes parpalegics screwed  
All H.A.W.K. do, is make strategic moves  
And the flames that I spit, are so hard to refuse  
If you confuse, peep the context clues  
Or was it like Larry Hughes, on my P's and Q's  
I'm bolt to this screw, with a pair of pliers  
And most of these rappers, are compulsive liars  
Claiming they the best, since Hov' retired  
They need to be comedians, like Richard Pryor  
Show me the money, like Jerry McGuire  
And I'll spit a flow, that set the booth on fire  
You might of seen my posters, stickers and fliers  
I'm the five-star general, of the Screw empire  
You the type of nigga, that's under required  
Cause skills like mine, are really hard to acquire  
Pouring up a deuce, it'll piece the pie-a  
You just gotta admit it, the kid's on fire

(Big Pokey)

These other playas hurt, they be hugging my belly  
And a nigga tired of eating, peanut butter and jelly  
I treat mic's like confeddi, clock punching is steady  
Don't have to rap everyday, cause my Columbians is heavy  
Go with it I'ma fade it, if the money is heavy  
Bet the title too line 'em up, Hummers and Cheves  
I like my money like lettuce nigga, crispy and green

Conversation for a bitch, make her piss in her jeans  
A grown can't be chilling, with no chicken or teen  
Even if she thick in the jeans, thick in between  
Already found my queen, and she gave me a princess  
Soon to be a nigga bride, watch the backside slide  
Watch the backside glide, when I'm working the three-wheel  
Sensei Mob boss, M.O.B. real  
Girl get your hair did, peticure and a refill  
In the morning, I'ma check up on my nigga and be real  
For my niggaz on lock, Black Magic D.Hill  
Nonproof, Hard Plack, Erik and P. Real  
Nigga need three shields, and a vest to put on  
Go on and stunt, I got a clip that'll shoot for a month  
Grinding, everything shining in the diamond  
Tee-tiller, block in the wind like it's a limon  
Fuck consignment, we ain't giving you shit  
S.U.C. means suck my dick, motherfucker