

# Screwed Up Click, I Can Feel It

(\*talking\*)

My spidee-senses is tingling, I can feel it (feel it)  
It's coming (it's coming), we done worked hard for it  
I feel it, it's coming

(H.A.W.K.)

It all started, back in '92  
That's when I met Screw, and our relationship grew  
Right then, I knew  
He was on to a breakthrough, that he turned me onto  
This what we gon do  
We gon make you a Screw tape, I'ma build you a fan base  
Deal signed, with a handshake  
I showcased over hard tapes, moved at a fast pace  
They lined up, at the front gate  
And by day break, Screw sold out of tapes  
The city's going ape, laws trying to hate  
Screw had the hood, hotter than a fireplace  
This is the birthplace, of S.U.C  
And I wanted, to be a part of history  
Before I'm done with it, I must do one thang  
Hold a Grammy up, and scream out Screw's name

(\*talking\*)

(DJ Screw) I can feel it, it's destined to happen  
The grind been too hard, S.U.C. we fin to do it

(H.A.W.K.)

Botany had the streets up fiending  
They came out with "Smokin' & Leanin'", the whole click was plotting and scheming  
E, made 'em "Swang & Bang";  
He was doing his thang, then he got locked up mayn  
Ke' dropped "Don't Mess With Texas";  
Sold a hundred thousand records, the buzz is getting real hectic  
Next up to bar, was a cat named Fat Pat  
It was a proven fact, he was the leader of the pack  
Then Fat Pat was killed, things were going downhill  
The whole click, had a void to fill  
The click had to reveal, it was real in the field  
We was all, trying to get deals  
Pokey got one, then Lil' O  
Ke' got in the do', and then Big Moe  
Even though, they were all that go  
The click got a foot in the do', we coming back though

(\*talking\*)

Time moves on baby, we grown men now  
We gon make this here happen, for DJ Screw  
Fat Pat, Mafio, I can feel it-I can feel it

(H.A.W.K.)

My intuitions, got my palms itching  
Got my eyes twitching, that y'all niggaz ain't listening  
This to show, is I'm a true Christian  
I'm on a new mission, to put the group in position  
To break out, of rap prison  
I got Pat's vision, to add along with my wisdom  
And I feel, like Jadakiss  
I get's the least recognition, but I spit the hardest shit  
16 bars, or 18 hard  
I'll bring it to ya raw, straight to your front yard  
I don't bar, my click don't either  
Not Nas, but I spit that ether  
If I shine, then we all gon glisten

We a team, like the Detroit Pistons  
H.A.W.K. is the name, remember it mayn  
Can't nan nigga shield my reign, I'm coming mayn