

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