

# Screwed Up Click, If It Ain't Broke

(\*talking\*)

H.A.-dub, (go getter music baby)  
(hard coat to the bone, slowed up  
Showed up), feel it

[Hook]

If it ain't broke, don't fix it  
If it ain't drank don't mix it, never be a stray dog business  
The flow, is unrealistic  
The best unheard of, check my statistics

[H.A.W.K.]

You'll see, I'm the go to guy  
Before I die, H.A.W.K. must sell multi  
I ain't gon lie, I want more then a piece of the pie  
I'm ready to die like B.I., so now you see why  
I'm one of the best, ahead of the rest  
Having success, I guess you could say I'm blessed  
North and Southwest, I'm the number one reason  
There's a motherfucking buzz, in the Southern region  
Your flow is seasoned, I leave other MC's grieving  
I'm fire breathing, so gon 'head retire a heathen  
Now hate it for weak, I leave ya for dead  
You heard what I said, don't play with my bread  
Or blood gon shed, I'll lay your head  
Or I'll have ya, using wheels for legs enough said

[Grace]

The flow is unreal, G-R possess skills  
Untamed and off the chain, spit lyrics that can kill  
Wreck tracks and stack bills, the boss among bosses  
Undeclared for real, mo' wins and no losses  
Purple potion mixed with poem, jump on down the road  
Pen pimp a pad, plus it keep the two of mine thoed  
Under rated overlooked, but daddy check out my stats  
Gor the potentials to match, that show my ass on tracks  
Greenstone game runner, let me do what I do  
Jump in the booth and spit the real, bout P-A-T and the Screw  
It's plain to see G-R a G, to the highest degree  
And my mission is motivated, by the S.U.C.  
Stand tall and go hard, makes it foes are fraud  
Separate the real from fake, and put it down for the mob  
Lace 'em up and tie your shoes, bitch I'm one the trues  
Spit it hit it sick with it, blow a hoe nigga fuse

[Mike D]

It's Boss Hogg Corleone, Miggity Mike D  
Give me a second, and these hoes gon feel me  
Ain't a Crip or Loc, but I ride with my folk  
My nigga Den Den, got me in this position  
That I'm sitting in, him and that MJ  
So I'ma make power moves, nigga push play  
S.U.C., we coming this summer  
Leave it up to me, we be back to back Hummers  
Harley bikes, matching trucks give a fuck  
Y'all know, Corleone stay buck  
I'm on my note, I swear to God nigga  
Y'all ain't ready to go, dollar for dollar figga for figga  
Bitch, I'm seven months free  
Touching more money, than these niggaz on the streets  
Y'all been out here bullshitting, playing hoe games  
I'm about my do', better ask Duke mayn  
We some out of town riders, we some out of town gliders  
On I-10, with them birds inside her

[Lil' O]

Ay I'm a fool with the tool, nigga ask about rap  
Pick up this pen go to war like Iraq, bitch I'm back  
Slugs hit your chest, and they come out your back  
Man we shake niggaz down, make 'em come out they stacks  
This is Texas, punk I make ya come out your Lac  
Screwed Up Click, we pull the guns out for Pat  
Rest in peace, go hard stay we make a mess of the weak  
Left his head on the curb, and his chest in the street  
This is mean and vicious, you seem suspicious  
Everytime I cook my work, I always clean the dishes  
I write rhymes for hustlers, with crack dreams and wishes  
I don't really fuck with niggaz, always seen with bitches  
The baddest hoes, Gucci shirts and Vesil jeans  
The baddest clothes, boss among bosses how my status goes  
See me at the table, watch me add this do'  
So I can hit the boulo', and act bad on 4's  
A hustler's hustler  
A gangsta's gangsta, you a buster's buster  
A snitch among snitches, Lil' O don't trust ya  
With my hand behind my back, I'll just wink and they'll touch ya

[Lil' Keke]

Young Don the Boss, and there's not one colder  
It's S.U.C., me teflon soldier  
It's A-1 yola, or it won't mix  
And my price range change, if you coming for six  
Live life like a star, cause it's meant for me  
And my game orchestrated, like the symphony  
It's a death wish, like the black Charles Bronson  
Pass and push rocks, like the great Magic Johnson  
The streets bred me, them crack rocks fed me  
The weapon that I pack, is still black and deadly  
Chit-chat, this and that while I'm gone  
Back with big nuts, and my game face on  
Your ass don't cash, I'ma murder your crew  
That's the shit, that a Custom Made Gangsta do  
Don Ke S.U.C., man we do it with endurance  
I hope your fam, got the plot and the insurance

(\*talking\*)

Do you hear this shit nigga  
We ain't playing no games  
We on your motherfucking ass mayn  
This the take over bitch, (S.U.C. baby)