

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
Undefeated 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)