

Screwed Up Click, Keep Em High

(*talking*)

Yeah-yeah, C. Ward baby, uh
C-Wigga one baby, uh yeah-yeah C. Weezie baby
(Ghetto Dreams, Screwed Up Click)

(Chris Ward)

I got so many flows, they build up like bacteria
So many O's, I call it crack-teria
I got 'em in you, like Luda's cafeteria
Place your order my nigga, I'm that serious
Yeah, I got the goodies on the block
Out of all these so called gangstas, I'm the hoodest from the block
And I'm the goodest with a glock, especially a 4-0
I knock the man off of the horse, off of the Polo
These niggaz is so, so gay
They nothing like us no, no way
Hey I ain't come here to play, I come to collect pay
Say what I say, and be on my way
Now if you feeling real fly, let your hands touch the sky
And keep 'em high (keep 'em high), keep 'em high (keep 'em high)
Now if you feeling real fly, let your hands touch the sky
And keep 'em high (keep 'em high), keep 'em high (keep 'em high)
See can't nobody do it, like I just did
Pulled up in a Coupe, and make the whole backside slid
Drop that top, left the fucker hid
Then what, peeled it back like a lid
On a can opener
Do the top like a can opener, once the can open up
Yeah I'm dope, and I'm up like a can of
Opium, I'm scoping em
Ooooh, you see this badge on my chest
Ooooh, that's why you looking sad and depressed
Noooo, you just mad we the best
And the bling's worth more, than your Jag or your Lex
That's if, you ever had one
I'm bout to cop some'ing new and stupid, think I'm bout to go and get a Magnum
(no you're not), the yellow and the green one fuck it
I'ma do the plain, platinum over black one nigga
Keep 'em high, keep 'em high
Now if you feeling real fly, let your hands touch the sky
And keep 'em high, keep 'em high

(*talking*)

Yeah-yeah, C-Wiggity-Whoadi-Weezie-Ward
Ha-ha-ha, some'ing to bang and bump that's how we do it nigga
(S.U.C. in a store near you, 2005, summer nigga this our summer)